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THE NEWCOMES.

MEMOIRS
OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

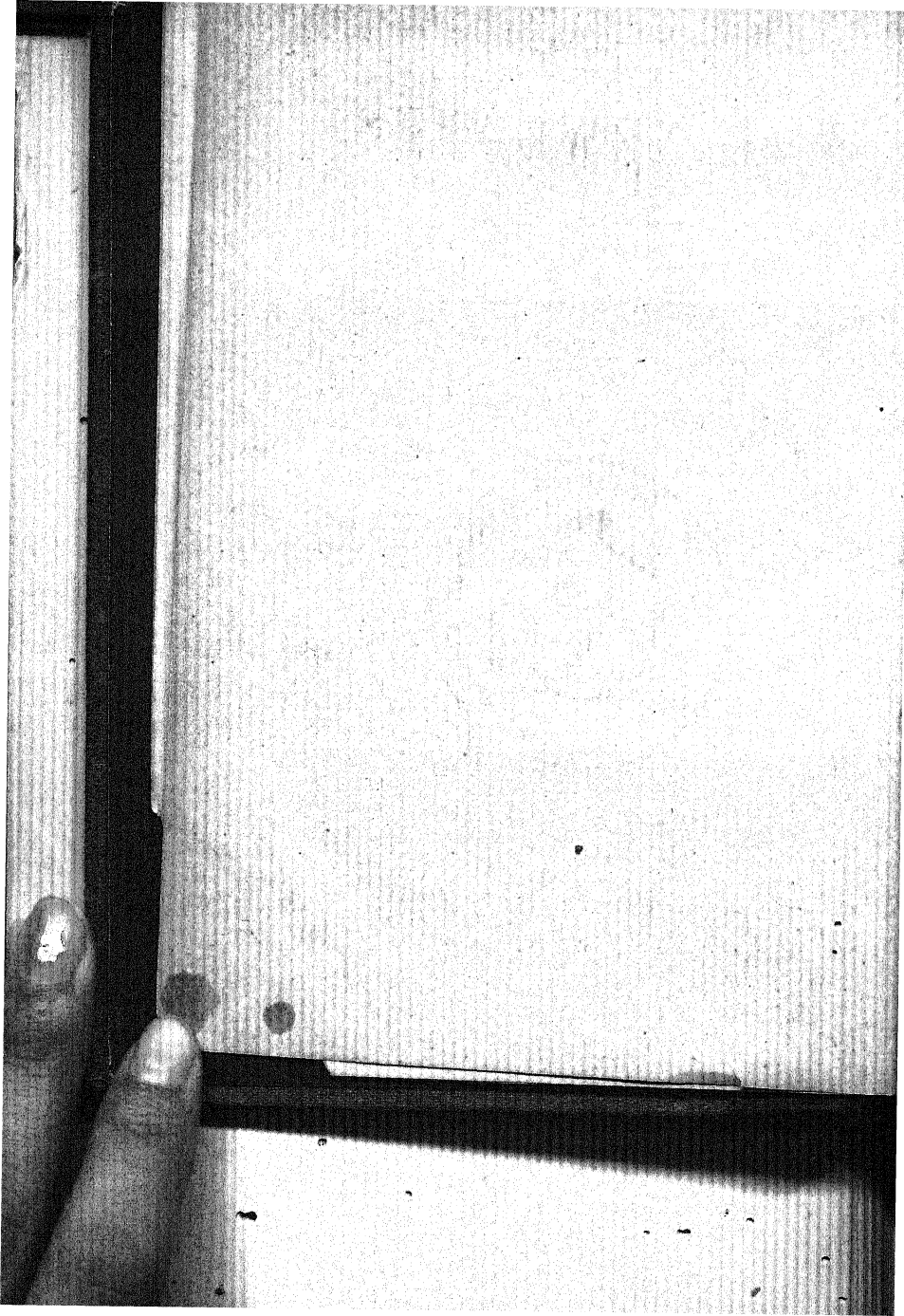
BY

W. M. THACKERAY.



BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

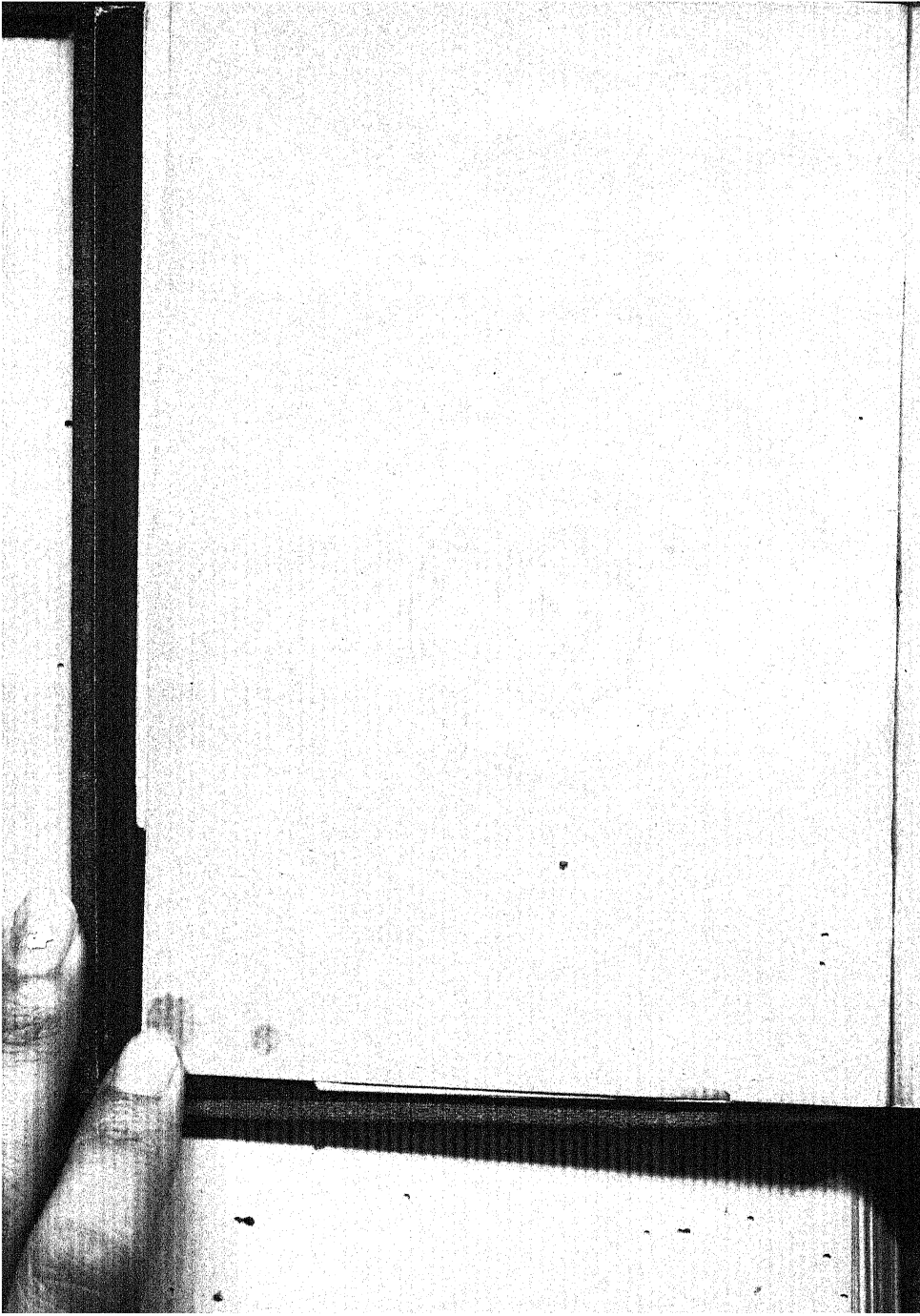
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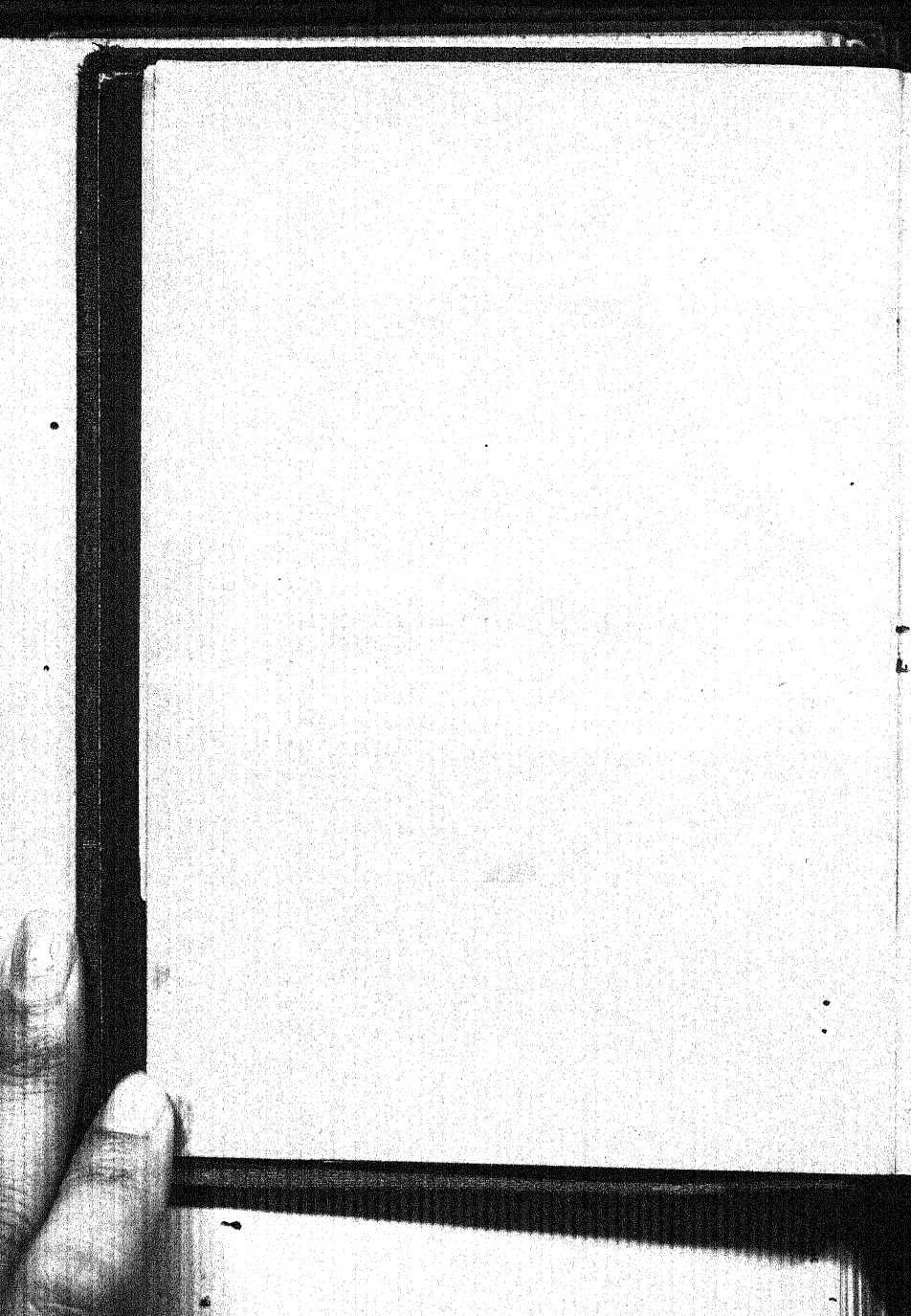
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THE NEWCOMES.

VOL. III.

CHAPTER I.

In which M. de Florac is Promoted.

HOWEVER much Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry was disposed to admire and praise her own conduct in the affair which ended so unfortunately for poor Lord Kew, between whom and the Gascon her grace vowed that she had done everything in her power to prevent a battle, the old Duke, her lord, was, it appeared, by no means delighted with his wife's behaviour, nay, visited her with his very sternest displeasure. Miss O'Grady, the Duchesse's companion, and her little girl's instructress, at this time resigned her functions in the Ivry family; it is possible that in the recriminations consequent upon the governess's dismissal, the Miss Irlandaise, in whom the family had put so much confidence, divulged stories unfavourable to her patroness, and caused the indignation of the Duke, her husband. Between Florac and the Duchesse there was also open war and rupture. He had been one of Kew's seconds in the latter's affair with the Vicomte's countryman. He had even cried out for fresh pistols and proposed to engage Castillonnes when his gallant principal fell; and though a second duel was luckily

averted as murderous and needless, M. de Florac never hesitated afterwards and in all companies to denounce with the utmost virulence the instigator and the champion of the odious original quarrel. He vowed that the Duchesse had shot *le petit Kiou* as effectually as if she had herself fired the pistol at his breast. Murderer, poisoner, Brinvilliers, a hundred more such epithets he used against his kinswoman, regretting that the good old times were past — that there was no *Chambre Ardent* to try her, and no rack and wheel to give her her due.

The biographer of the Newcomes has no need (although he possesses the fullest information) to touch upon the Duchesse's doings, farther than as they relate to that most respectable English family. When the Duke took his wife into the country, Florac never hesitated to say that to live with her was dangerous for the old man, and to cry out to his friends of the Boulevards or the Jockey Club, "*Ma parole d'honneur, cette femme le tuera!*"

Do you know, O gentle and unsuspecting readers, or have you ever reckoned as you have made your calculation of society, how many most respectable husbands help to kill their wives — how many respectable wives aid in sending their husbands to Hades? The wife of a chimney-sweep or a journeyman butcher comes shuddering before a police magistrate — her head bound up — her body scarred and bleeding with wounds, which the drunken ruffian, her lord, has administered: a poor shopkeeper or mechanic is driven out of his home by the furious ill temper of the shrill virago his wife — takes to the public-house — to evil courses — to neglecting his business — to the gin-

bottle — to delirium tremens — to perdition. Bow Street, and policemen, and the newspaper reporters, have cognisance and a certain jurisdiction over these vulgar matrimonial crimes; but in politer company how many murderous assaults are there by husband or wife — where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under blows quite as cruel and effectual; where, with old wounds yet unhealed, which she strives to hide under a smiling face from the world, she has to bear up and to be stricken down and to rise to her feet again, under fresh daily strokes of torture; where the husband, fond and faithful, has to suffer slights, coldness, insult, desertion, his children sneered away from their love for him, his friends driven from his door by jealousy, his happiness strangled, his whole life embittered, poisoned, destroyed! If you were acquainted with the history of every family in your street, don't you know that in two or three of the houses there such tragedies have been playing? Is not the young mistress of number 20 already pining at her husband's desertion? The kind master of number 30 racking his fevered brains and toiling through sleepless nights to pay for the jewels on his wife's neck, and the carriage out of which she ogles Lothario in the park? The fate under which man or woman falls, blow of brutal tyranny, heartless desertion, weight of domestic care too heavy to bear — are not blows such as these constantly striking people down? In this long parenthesis we are wandering ever so far away from M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, and from the vivacious Florac's statement regarding his kinsman, that that woman will kill him.

There is this at least to be said, that if the Duc

d'Ivry did die he was a very old gentleman, and had been a great *viveur* for at least three-score years of his life. As Prince de Moncontour in his father's time before the Revolution, during the Emigration, even after the Restoration M. le Duc had *vécu* with an extraordinary vitality. He had gone through good and bad fortune; extreme poverty, display and splendour, affairs of love — affairs of honour, — and of one disease or another a man must die at the end. After the Baden business — and he had dragged off his wife to Champagne — the Duke became greatly broken; he brought his little daughter to a convent at Paris, putting the child under the special guardianship of Madame de Florac, with whom and with whose family in these latter days the old chief of the house effected a complete reconciliation. The Duke was now for ever coming to Madame de Florac; he poured all his wrongs and griefs into her ear with garrulous senile eagerness. "That little Duchesse is a *Médée*, a monstre, a femme d'Eugène Sue," the Vicomte used to say; "the poor old Duke he cry — *ma parole d'honneur*, he cry and I cry too when he comes to recount to my poor mother, whose sainted heart, is the *asile* of all griefs, a real *Hôtel Dieu*, my word the most sacred, with beds for all the afflicted, with sweet words, like Sisters of Charity, to minister to them: — I cry, *mon bon Pendennis*, when this *vieillard* tells his stories about his wife and tears his white hairs to the feet of my mother."

When the little Antoinette was separated by her father from her mother, the Duchesse d'Ivry, it might have been expected that that poetess would have dashed off a few more *cris de l'âme*, shrieking ac-

cording to her wont, and baring and beating that shrivelled maternal bosom of hers, from which her child had been just torn. The child skipped and laughed to go away to the convent. It was only when she left Madame de Florac that she used to cry; and when urged by that good lady to exhibit a little decorous sentiment in writing to her mamma, Antoinette would ask, in her artless way, "Pourquoi? Mamma used never to speak to me except sometimes before the world, before ladies that understands itself. When her gentleman came, she put me to the door; she gave me tapes, *o oui*, she gave me tapes! I cry no more; she has so much made to cry M. le Duc, that it is quite enough of one in family." So Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry did not weep, even in print, for the loss of her pretty little Antoinette; besides, she was engaged, at that time, by other sentimental occupations. A young grazier of their neighbouring town, of an aspiring mind and remarkable poetic talents, engrossed the Duchesse's platonic affections at this juncture. When he had sold his beasts at market, he would ride over and read Rousseau and Schiller with Madame la Duchesse, who formed him. His pretty young wife was rendered miserable by all these readings, but what could the poor little ignorant countrywoman know of Platonism? Faugh! there is more than one woman we see in society smiling about from house to house, pleasant and sentimental and *formosa supernè* enough; but I fancy a fish's tail is flapping under her fine flounces, and a forked fin at the end of it!

Finer flounces, finer bonnets, more lovely wreaths,

more beautiful lace, smarter carriages, bigger white bows, larger footmen, were not seen, during all the season of 18—, than appeared round about St. George's, Hanover Square, in the beautiful month of June succeeding that September when so many of our friends, the Newcomes, were assembled at Baden. Those flaunting carriages, powdered and favoured footmen, were in attendance upon members of the Newcome family and their connexions, who were celebrating what is called a marriage in high life in the temple within. Shall we set down a catalogue of the dukes, marquises, earls, who were present; cousins of the lovely bride? Are they not already in the *Morning Herald*, and *Court Journal*, as well as in the *Newcome Chronicle* and *Independent*, and the *Dorking Intelligencer* and *Chanticleer Weekly Gazette*? There they are, all printed at full length sure enough; the name of the bride, Lady Clara Pulleyn, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dorking; of the beautiful bridesmaids, the Ladies Henrietta Belinda Adelaide Pulleyn, Miss Newcome, Miss Alice Newcome, Miss Maude Newcome, Miss Anna Maria (Hodson) Newcome; and all the other persons engaged in the ceremony. It was performed by the Right Honourable Viscount Gallowglass, Bishop of Ballyshannon, brother-in-law to the bride, assisted by the Honourable and Reverend Hercules O'Grady, his lordship's Chaplain, and the Reverend John Bulders, Rector of St. Mary's, Newcome. Then follow the names of all the nobility who were present, and of the noble and distinguished personages who signed the book. Then comes an account of the principal dresses, chefs-d'œuvre of Madame Crinoline; of the

bride's coronal of brilliants supplied by Messrs. Morr and Stortimer; of the veil of priceless Chantilly lace, the gift of the Dowager Countess of Kew. Then there is a description of the wedding breakfast at the house of the bride's noble parents, and of the cake, decorated by Messrs. Gunter with the most delicious taste and the sweetest hymeneal allusions.

No mention was made by the fashionable chronicler, of a slight disturbance which occurred at St. George's, and which indeed was out of the province of such a genteel purveyor of news. Before the marriage service began, a woman of vulgar appearance, and disorderly aspect, accompanied by two scared children who took no part in the disorder occasioned by their mother's proceeding, except by their tears and outcries to augment the disquiet, made her appearance in one of the pews of the church, was noted there by persons in the vestry, was requested to retire by a beadle, and was finally induced to quit the sacred precincts of the building by the very strongest persuasion of a couple of policemen; X and Y laughed at one another, and nodded their heads knowingly as the poor wretch with her whimpering boys was led away. They understood very well who the personage was who had come to disturb the matrimonial ceremony; it did not commence until Mrs. De Lacy (as this lady chose to be called), had quitted this temple of Hymen. She slunk through the throng of emblazoned carriages, and the press of footmen arrayed as splendidly as Solomon in his glory. John jeered at Thomas, William turned his powdered head, and signalled Jeames, who answered with a corresponding grin, as the woman with sobs, and wild imprecations, and frantic appeals,

made her way through the splendid crowd, escorted by her aides-de-camp in blue. I dare say her little history was discussed at many a dinner-table that day in the basement story of several fashionable houses. I know that at clubs in St. James's, the facetious little anecdote was narrated. A young fellow came to Bays's after the marriage breakfast and mentioned the circumstance with funny comments; although the *Morning Post*, in describing this affair in high life, naturally omitted all mention of such low people as Mrs. De Lacy and her children.

Those people who knew the noble families whose union had been celebrated by such a profusion of grandees, fine equipages, and footmen, brass bands, brilliant toilets, and wedding favours, asked how it was that Lord Kew did not assist at Barnes Newcome's marriage: other persons in society inquired waggishly why Jack Belsize was not present to give Lady Clara away.

As for Jack Belsize, his clubs had not been ornamented by his presence for a year past. It was said he had broken the bank at Hombourg last autumn; had been heard of during the winter at Milan, Venice, and Vienna; and when a few months after the marriage of Barnes Newcome and Lady Clara, Jack's elder brother died, and he himself became the next in succession to the title and estates of Highgate, many folks said it was a pity little Barney's marriage had taken place so soon. Lord Kew was not present, because Kew was still abroad; he had had a gambling duel with a Frenchman, and a narrow squeak for his life. He had turned Roman Catholic, some men said; others vowed that he had joined the Methodist per-

suation. At all events Kew had given up his wild courses, broken with the turf, and sold his stud off; he was delicate yet, and his mother was taking care of him; between whom and the old dowager of Kew, who had made up Barney's marriage, as everybody knew, there was no love lost.

Then who was the Prince de Moncontour, who, with his princess, figured at this noble marriage? There was a Moncontour, the Duc d'Ivry's son, but he died at Paris before the revolution of '30: one or two of the oldsters at Bays's, Major Pendennis, General Tufto, old Cackleby — the old fogies in a word — remembered the Duke of Ivry when he was here during the Emigration, and when he was called Prince de Moncontour, the title of the eldest son of the family. Ivry was dead, having buried his son before him, and having left only a daughter by that young woman whom he married, and who led him such a life. Who was this present Moncontour?

He was a gentleman to whom the reader has already been presented, though when we lately saw him at Baden, he did not enjoy so magnificent a title. Early in the year of Barnes Newcome's marriage, there came to England, and to our modest apartment in the Temple, a gentleman bringing a letter of recommendation from our dear young Clive, who said that the bearer, the Vicomte de Florac, was a great friend of his, and of the Colonel's, who had known his family from boyhood. A friend of our Clive and our Colonel was sure of a welcome in Lamb Court; we gave him the hand of hospitality, the best cigar in the box, the easy chair with only one broken leg; the dinner in chambers and at the club, the banquet at Greenwich

(where, *ma foi*, the little *whites baits* elicited his profound satisfaction); in a word, did our best to honour that bill which our young Clive had drawn upon us. We considered the young one in the light of a nephew of our own; we took a pride in him, and were fond of him; and as for the Colonel, did we not love and honour him; would we not do our utmost in behalf of any stranger who came recommended to us by Thomas Newcome's good word? So Florac was straightway admitted to our companionship. We showed him the town, and some of the modest pleasures thereof; we introduced him to the Haunt, and astonished him by the company which he met there. Between Brent's "Deserter," and Mark Wilder's "Garryowen," Florac sang —

Tiens voici ma pipe, voilà mon bri—quet;
Et quand la Tulipe fait le noir tra—jet
Que tu sois la seule dans le régi—ment
Avec la brûle-gueule, de ton cher z'a—mant;

to the delight of Tom Sarjent, who, though he only partially comprehended the words of the song, pronounced the singer to be a rare gentleman, full of most excellent differences. We took our Florac to the Derby; we presented him in Fitzroy Square, whither we still occasionally went, for Clive's and our dear Colonel's sake.

The Vicomte pronounced himself strongly in favour of the *blanche misse*, little Rosy Mackenzie, of whom we have lost sight for some few chapters. Mrs. Mac he considered, my faith, to be a woman superb. He used to kiss the tips of his own fingers, in token of his admiration for the lovely widow; he pronounced her again more pretty than her daughter; and paid her a

thousand compliments which she received with exceeding good humour. If the Vicomte gave us to understand presently, that Rosy and her mother were both in love with him, but that for all the world he would not meddle with the happiness of his dear little Clive; nothing unfavourable to the character or constancy of the before-mentioned ladies must be inferred from M. de Florac's speech; his firm conviction being, that no woman could pass many hours in his society without danger to her subsequent peace of mind.

For some little time we had no reason to suspect that our French friend was not particularly well furnished with the current coin of the realm. Without making any show of wealth, he would, at first, cheerfully engage in our little parties: his lodgings in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, though dingy, were such as many noble foreign exiles have inhabited. It was not until he refused to join some pleasure trip which we of Lamb Court proposed, honestly confessing his poverty, that we were made aware of the Vicomte's little temporary calamity; and, as we became more intimate with him, he acquainted us, with great openness, with the history of all his fortunes. He described energetically, that splendid run of luck which had set in at Baden with Clive's loan: his winnings, at that fortunate period, had carried him through the winter with considerable brilliancy, but Bouillotte and Mademoiselle Atala, of the Variétés, (*une ogresse, mon cher!* who devours thirty of our young men every year in her cavern, in the Rue de Bréda), had declared against him, and the poor Vicomte's pockets were almost empty when he came to London.

He was amiably communicative regarding himself,

and told us his virtues and his faults, (if indeed a passion for play and for women could be considered as faults in a gay young fellow of two or three-and-forty), with a like engaging frankness. He would weep in describing his angel mother: he would fly off again into tirades respecting the wickedness, the wit, the extravagance, the charms of the young lady of the Variétés. He would then (in conversation) introduce us to Madame de Florac, née Higg, of Manchester. His prattle was incessant, and to my friend Mr. Warrington especially, he was an object of endless delight and amusement and wonder. He would roll and smoke countless paper cigars, talking unrestrainedly when we were not busy, silent when we were engaged: he would only rarely partake of our meals, and altogether refused all offers of pecuniary aid. He disappeared at dinner-time into the mysterious purlieus of Leicester Square, and dark ordinaries only frequented by Frenchmen. As we walked with him in the Regent Street precincts, he would exchange marks of recognition with many dusky personages, smoking bravos, and whiskered refugees of his nation. "That gentleman," he would say, "who has done me the honour to salute me, is a coiffeur of the most celebrated; he forms the *délices* of our table d'hôte. 'Bon jour, mon cher monsieur!' We are friends, though not of the same opinion. Monsieur is a republican of the most distinguished; conspirator of profession, and at this time engaged in constructing an infernal machine to the address of His Majesty, Louis Philippe, King of the French." "Who is my friend with the scarlet beard and the white paletôt?" "My good Warrington! you do not move in the world: you make yourself a

hermit, my dear! Not know Monsieur! — Monsieur is secretary to Mademoiselle Caracoline, the lovely rider at the circus of Astley; I shall be charmed to introduce you to this amiable society some day at our table d'hôte."

Warrington vowed that the company of Florac's friends would be infinitely more amusing than the noblest society ever chronicled in the *Morning Post*; but we were neither sufficiently familiar with the French language to make conversation in that tongue as pleasant to us as talking in our own; and so were content with Florac's description of his compatriots, which the Vicomte delivered in that charming French-English of which he was a master.

However threadbare in his garments, poor in purse, and eccentric in morals our friend was, his manners were always perfectly gentleman-like, and he draped himself in his poverty with the grace of a Spanish grandee. It must be confessed, that the grandee loved the estaminet where he could play billiards with the first comer; that he had a passion for the gambling house; that he was a loose and disorderly nobleman: but, in whatever company he found himself, a certain kindness, simplicity, and politeness distinguished him always. He bowed to the damsel who sold him a penny cigar, as graciously as to a duchess; he crushed a *manant's* impertinence or familiarity, as haughtily as his noble ancestors ever did at the Louvre, at Marli, or Versailles. He declined to *obtempérer* to his landlady's request to pay his rent; but he refused with a dignity which struck the woman with awe: and King Alfred, over the celebrated muffin, (on which Gandish and other painters have exercised their genius,) could

not have looked more noble than Florac in a robe-de-chambre, once gorgeous, but shady now as became its owner's clouded fortunes; toasting his bit of bacon at his lodgings, when the fare even of his table d'hôte had grown too dear for him.

As we know from Gandish's work, that better times were in store for the wandering monarch, and that the officers came acquainting him that his people demanded his presence, *à grand cris*, when of course King Alfred laid down the toast and resumed the sceptre; so in the case of Florac, two humble gentlemen, inhabitants of Lamb Court, and members of the Upper Temple, had the good luck to be the heralds as it were, nay indeed the occasion of the rising fortunes of the Prince de Moncontour. Florac had informed us of the death of his cousin the Duc d'Ivry, by whose demise the Vicomte's father, the old Count de Florac, became the representative of the house of Ivry, and possessor, through his relative's bequest, of an old chateau still more gloomy and spacious than the count's own house in the Faubourg St. Germain — a chateau, of which the woods, domains, and appurtenances, had been lopped off by the Revolution. "Monsieur le Comte," Florac says, "has not wished to change his name at his age; he has shrugged his old shoulder, and said it was not the trouble to make to engrave a new card; and for me," the philosophical Vicomte added, "of what good shall be a title of prince in the position where I find myself?" It is wonderful for us who inhabit a country where rank is worshipped with so admirable a reverence, to think that there are many gentlemen in France who actually have authentic titles and do not choose to bear them.

Mr. George Warrington was hugely amused with this notion of Florac's ranks and dignities. The idea of the Prince purchasing penny cigars; of the Prince mildly expostulating with his landlady regarding the rent; of his punting for half-crowns at a neighbouring hall in Air Street, whither the poor gentleman desperately ran when he had money in his pocket, tickled George's sense of humour. It was Warrington who gravely saluted the Vicomte, and compared him to King Alfred, on that afternoon when we happened to call upon him and found him engaged in cooking his modest dinner.

We were bent upon an excursion to Greenwich, and on having our friend's company on that voyage, and we induced the Vicomte to forego his bacon, and be our guest for once. George Warrington chose to indulge in a great deal of ironical pleasantry in the course of the afternoon's excursion. As we went down the river, he pointed out to Florac the very window in the Tower where the captive Duke of Orleans used to sit when he was an inhabitant of that fortress. At Greenwich, which palace Florac informed us was built by Queen Elizabeth, George showed the very spot where Raleigh laid his cloak down to enable her Majesty to step over a puddle. In a word he mystified M. de Florac: such was Mr. Warrington's reprehensible spirit.

It happened that Mr. Barnes Newcome came to dine at Greenwich on the same day when our little party took place. He had come down to meet Rooster and one or two other noble friends whose names he took care to give us, cursing them at the same time for having thrown him over. Having missed his own com-

pany, Mr. Barnes condescended to join ours, Warrington gravely thanking him for the great honour which he conferred upon us by volunteering to take a place at our table. Barnes drank freely and was good enough to resume his acquaintance with Monsieur de Florac whom he perfectly well recollected at Baden, but had thought proper to forget on the one or two occasions when they had met in public since the Vicomte's arrival in this country. There are few men who can drop and resume an acquaintance with such admirable self-possession as Barnes Newcome. When, over our dessert, by which time all tongues were unloosed and each man talked gaily, George Warrington feelingly thanked Barnes, in a little mock speech, for his great kindness in noticing us, presenting him at the same time to Florac as the ornament of the city, the greatest banker of his age, the beloved kinsman of their friend Olive who was always writing about him; Barnes said, with one of his accustomed curses, he did not know whether Mr. Warrington was "chaffing" him or not, and indeed could never make him out. Warrington replied that he never could make himself out: and if ever Mr. Barnes could, George would thank him for information on that subject.

Florac, like most Frenchmen, very sober in his potations, left us for a while over ours, which were conducted after the more liberal English manner, and retired to smoke his cigar on the terrace. Barnes then freely uttered his sentiments regarding him, which were not more favourable than those which the young gentleman generally emitted respecting gentlemen whose backs were turned. He had known a little of Florac the year before, at Baden: he had been mixed up with

Kew in that confounded row in which Kew was hit: he was an adventurer, a pauper, a blackleg, a regular Greek; he had heard Florac was of old family, that was true: but what of that? He was only one of those d— French counts; every body was a count in France, confound 'em! The claret was beastly — not fit for a gentleman to drink! — He swigged off a great bumper as he was making the remark: for Barnes Newcome abuses the men and things which he uses, and perhaps is better served than more grateful persons.

"Count!" cries Warrington, "what do you mean by talking about beggarly counts? Florac's family is one of the noblest and most ancient in Europe. It is more ancient than your illustrious friend, the barber-surgeon; it was illustrious before the house, aye, or the pagoda of Kew was in existence." And he went on to describe how Florac, by the demise of his kinsman, was now actually Prince de Moncontour, though he did not choose to assume that title. Very likely the noble Gascon drink in which George had been indulging, imparted a certain warmth and eloquence to his descriptions of Florac's good qualities, high birth, and considerable patrimony; Barnes looked quite amazed and scared at these announcements, then laughed and declared once more that Warrington was chaffing him.

"As sure as the Black Prince was lord of Aquitaine — as sure as the English were masters of Bordeaux — and why did we ever lose the country?" cries George, filling himself a bumper, "every word I have said about Florac is true;" and Florac coming in at this juncture, having just finished his cigar, George turned round and made him a fine speech in the French language, in which he lauded his constancy,

and good humour under evil fortune, paid him two or three more cordial compliments, and finished by drinking another great bumper to his good health.

Florac took a little wine, replied "with effusion" to the toast which his excellent, his noble friend had just carried. We rapped our glasses at the end of the speech. The landlord himself seemed deeply touched by it as he stood by with a fresh bottle. "It is good wine — it is honest wine — it is capital wine," says George, "and honni soit qui mal y pense! What business have you, you little beggar, to abuse it? my ancestor drank the wine and wore the motto round his leg long before a Newcome ever showed his pale face in Lombard Street." George Warrington never bragged about his pedigree except under certain influences. I am inclined to think that on this occasion he really did find the claret very good.

"You don't mean to say," says Barnes, addressing Florac in French, on which he piqued himself, "*que vous avez un tel manche à votre nom, et que vous ne l'usez pas?*"

Florac shrugged his shoulders; he at first did not understand that familiar figure of English speech, or what was meant by 'having a handle to your name.' "Moncontour cannot dine better than Florac," he said. "Florac has two louis in his pocket, and Moncontour exactly forty shillings. Florac's proprietor will ask Moncontour to-morrow for five weeks' rent; and as for Florac's friends, my dear, they will burst out laughing to Moncontour's nose!" "How droll you English are!" this acute French observer afterwards said, laughing, and recalling the incident. "Did you not see how that little Barnes, as soon as he knew my title of Prince,

changed his manner and became all respect towards me?" This, indeed, Monsieur de Florac's two friends remarked with no little amusement. Barnes began quite well to remember their pleasant days at Baden, and talked of their acquaintance there: Barnes offered the Prince the vacant seat in his brougham, and was ready to set him down anywhere that he wished in town.

"Bah!" says Florac; "we came by the steamer, and I prefer the *péniboa*." But the hospitable Barnes, nevertheless, called upon Florac the next day. And now having partially explained how the Prince de Moncontour was present at Mr. Barnes Newcome's wedding, let us show how it was that Barnes's first cousin, the Earl of Kew did not attend that ceremony.

CHAPTER II.

Returns to Lord Kew.

WE do not propose to describe at length or with precision the circumstances of the duel which ended so unfortunately for young Lord Kew. The meeting was inevitable: after the public acts and insult of the morning, the maddened Frenchman went to it convinced that his antagonist had wilfully outraged him, eager to show his bravery upon the body of an Englishman, and as proud as if he had been going into actual war. That commandment, the sixth in our decalogue, which forbids the doing of murder, and the injunction which directly follows on the same table, have been repealed by a very great number of Frenchmen for many years past; and to take the neighbour's wife, and his life subsequently, has not been an uncommon practice with the politest people in the world. Castillonnes had no idea but that he was going to the field of honour; stood with an undaunted scowl before his enemy's pistol; and discharged his own, and brought down his opponent with a grim satisfaction, and a comfortable conviction afterwards that he had acted *en galant homme*. "It was well for this Milor that he fell at the first shot, my dear," the exemplary young Frenchman remarked, "a second might have been yet more fatal to him; ordinarily I am sure of my *coup*, and you conceive that in an affair so grave it was absolutely necessary

that one or other should remain on the ground." Nay, should M. de Kew recover from his wound, it was M. de Castellonnes' intention to propose a second encounter between himself and that nobleman. It had been Lord Kew's determination never to fire upon his opponent, a confession which he made not to his second, poor scared Lord Rooster, who bore the young Earl to Kehl; but to some of his nearest relatives, who happened fortunately to be not far from him when he received his wound, and who came with all the eagerness of love to watch by his bed-side.

We have said that Lord Kew's mother, Lady Walham, and her second son were staying at Hombourg, when the Earl's disaster occurred. They had proposed to come to Baden to see Kew's new bride, and to welcome her; but the presence of her mother-in-law deterred Lady Walham, who gave up her heart's wish in bitterness of spirit, knowing very well that a meeting between the old Countess and herself could only produce the wrath, pain, and humiliation which their coming together always occasioned. It was Lord Kew who bade Rooster send for his mother, and not for Lady Kew; and as soon as she received those sad tidings, you may be sure the poor lady hastened to the bed where her wounded boy lay.

The fever had declared itself, and the young man had been delirious more than once. His wan face lighted up with joy when he saw his mother; he put his little feverish hand out of the bed to her; "I knew you would come, dear," he said, "and you know I never would have fired upon the poor Frenchman." The fond mother allowed no sign of terror or grief to appear upon her face, so as to disturb her first-born

and darling; but no doubt she prayed by his side as such loving hearts know how to pray, for the forgiveness of his trespass, who had forgiven those who sinned against him. "I knew I should be hit, George," said Kew to his brother when they were alone; "I always expected some such end as this. My life has been very wild and reckless; and you, George, have always been faithful to our mother. You will make a better Lord Kew than I have been, George. God bless you." George flung himself down with sobs by his brother's bed-side, and swore Frank had always been the best fellow, the best brother, the kindest heart, the warmest friend in the world. Love — prayer — repentance, thus met over the young man's bed. Anxious and humble hearts, his own the least anxious and the most humble, awaited the dread award of life or death; and the world, and its ambition and vanities, were shut out from the darkened chamber where the awful issue was being tried.

Our history has had little to do with characters resembling this lady. It is of the world, and things pertaining to it. Things beyond it, as the writer imagines, scarcely belong to the novelist's province. Who is he, that he should assume the divine's office; or turn his desk into a preacher's pulpit? In that career of pleasure, of idleness, of crime we might call it (but that the chronicler of worldly matters had best be chary of applying hard names to acts which young men are doing in the world every day), the gentle widowed lady, mother of Lord Kew, could but keep aloof, deploring the course upon which her dear young prodigal had entered; and praying with that saintly love, those pure supplications, with which good mo-

thers follow their children, for her boy's repentance and return. Very likely her mind was narrow; very likely the precautions which she had used in the lad's early days, the tutors and directors she had set about him, the religious studies and practices to which she would have subjected him, had served only to vex and weary the young pupil, and to drive his high spirit into revolt. It is hard to convince a woman perfectly pure in her life and intentions, ready to die if need were for her own faith, having absolute confidence in the instruction of her teachers, that she and they (with all their sermons) may be doing harm. When the young catechist yawns over his reverence's discourse, who knows but it is the doctor's vanity which is enraged, and not Heaven which is offended? It may have been, in the differences which took place between her son and her, the good Lady Walham never could comprehend the lad's side of the argument; or how his protestantism against her doctrines should exhibit itself on the turf, the gaming-table, or the stage of the opera-house; and thus but for the misfortune under which poor Kew now lay bleeding, these two loving hearts might have remained through life asunder. But by the boy's bedside; — in the paroxysms of his fever; in the wild talk of his delirium; in the sweet patience and kindness with which he received his dear nurse's attentions; the gratefulness with which he thanked the servants who waited on him; the fortitude with which he suffered the surgeon's dealings with his wound: — the widowed woman had an opportunity to admire with an exquisite thankfulness the generous goodness of her son; and in those hours, those sacred hours passed in

her own chamber, of prayers, fears, hopes, recollections, and passionate maternal love, wrestling with fate for her darling's life; — no doubt the humbled creature came to acknowledge that her own course regarding him had been wrong; and, even more for herself than for him, implored forgiveness.

For some time George Barnes had to send but doubtful and melancholy bulletins to Lady Kew and the Newcome family at Baden, who were all greatly moved and affected by the accident which had befallen poor Kew. Lady Kew broke out in wrath and indignation. We may be sure the Duchesse d'Ivry offered to condole with her upon Kew's mishap the day after the news arrived at Baden; and, indeed, came to visit her. The old lady had just received other disquieting intelligence. She was just going out, but she bade her servant to inform the Duchess that she was never more at home to the Duchesse d'Ivry. The message was not delivered properly, or the person for whom it was intended did not choose to understand it, for presently as the Countess was hobbling across the walk on her way to her daughter's residence, she met the Duchesse d'Ivry, who saluted her with a demure curtsy and a commonplace expression of condolence. The Queen of Scots was surrounded by the chief part of her court, saving of course M.M. Castillonnes and Punter absent on service. "We were speaking of this deplorable affair," said Madame d'Ivry (which indeed was the truth, although she said it). "How we pity you, Madame!" Blackball and Loder, Cruchecassée and Schlangenbad, assumed sympathetic countenances.

Trembling on her cane, the old Countess glared

out upon Madame d'Ivry, "I pray you, Madame," she said in French, "never again to address me the word. If I had, like you, assassins in my pay, I would have you killed; do you hear me?" and she hobbled on her way. The household to which she went was in terrible agitation; the kind Lady Ann frightened beyond measure, poor Ethel full of dread, and feeling guilty almost as if she had been the cause, as indeed she was the occasion, of Kew's misfortune. And the family had further cause of alarm from the shock which the news had given to Sir Brian. It has been said, that he had had illnesses of late which caused his friends much anxiety. He had passed two months at Aix-la-Chapelle, his physicians dreading a paralytic attack; and Madame d'Ivry's party still sauntering on the walk, the men smoking their cigars, the women breathing their scandal, now beheld Doctor Finck issuing from Lady Ann's apartments, and wearing such a face of anxiety, that the Duchesse asked, with some emotion, "Had there been a fresh bulletin from Kehl?"

"No, there had been no fresh bulletin from Kehl; but two hours since Sir Brian Newcome had had a paralytic seizure."

"Is he very bad?"

"No," says Dr. Finck, "he is not very bad."

"How inconsolable M. Barnes will be!" said the Duchesse, shrugging her haggard shoulders. Whereas the fact was that Mr. Barnes retained perfect presence of mind under both of the misfortunes which had befallen his family. Two days afterwards the Duchesse's husband arrived himself, when we may presume that exemplary woman was too much engaged

with her own affairs, to be able to be interested about the doings of other people. With the Duke's arrival the court of Mary Queen of Scots was broken up. Her majesty was conducted to Loch Leven, where her tyrant soon dismissed her very last lady-in-waiting, the confidential Irish secretary, whose performance had produced such a fine effect amongst the Newcomes.

Had poor Sir Brian Newcome's seizure occurred at an earlier period of the autumn, his illness no doubt would have kept him for some months confined at Baden; but as he was pretty nearly the last of Dr. Von Finck's bath patients, and that eminent physician longed to be off to the Residenz, he was pronounced in a fit condition for easy travelling in rather a brief period after his attack, and it was determined to transport him to Mannheim, and thence by water to London and Newcome.

During all this period of their father's misfortune no sister of charity could have been more tender, active, cheerful, and watchful, than Miss Ethel. She had to wear a kind face and exhibit no anxiety when occasionally the feeble invalid made inquiries regarding poor Kew at Baden; to catch the phrases as they came from him; to acquiesce, or not to deny, when Sir Brian talked of the marriages — both marriages — taking place at Christmas. Sir Brian was especially eager for his daughter's, and repeatedly, with his broken words, and smiles, and caresses, which were now quite senile, declared that his Ethel would make the prettiest countess in England. There came a letter or two from Clive, no doubt, to the young nurse in her sick room. Manly and generous,

full of tenderness and affection, as those letters surely were, they could give but little pleasure to the young lady, indeed, only add to her doubts and pain.

She had told none of her friends as yet of those last words of Kew's, which she interpreted as a farewell on the young nobleman's part. Had she told them they very likely would not have understood Kew's meaning as she did, and persisted in thinking that the two were reconciled. At any rate, whilst he and her father were still lying stricken by the blows which had prostrated them both, all questions of love and marriage had been put aside. Did she love him? She felt such a kind pity for his misfortune, such an admiration for his generous gallantry, such a remorse for her own wayward conduct and cruel behaviour towards this most honest, and kindly, and affectionate gentleman, that the sum of regard which she could bestow upon him might surely be said to amount to love. For such a union as that contemplated between them, perhaps for any marriage, no greater degree of attachment was necessary as the common cement. Warm friendship and thorough esteem and confidence (I do not say that our young lady calculated in this matter-of-fact way) are safe properties invested in the prudent marriage stock, multiplying and bearing an increasing value with every year. Many a young couple of spendthrifts get through their capital of passion in the first twelvemonths, and have no love left for the daily demands of after life. O me! for the day when the bank account is closed, and the cupboard is empty, and the firm of Damon and Phyllis insolvent!

Miss Newcome, we say, without doubt, did not

make her calculations in this debtor and creditor fashion; it was only the gentleman of that family who went to Lombard Street. But suppose she thought that regard, and esteem, and affection, being sufficient, she could joyfully and with almost all her heart bring such a portion to Lord Kew; that her harshness towards him as contrasted with his own generosity, and above all with his present pain, infinitely touched her; and suppose she fancied that there was another person in the world to whom, did fates permit, she could offer not esteem, affection, pity only, but something ten thousand times more precious? We are not in the young lady's secrets, but if she has some as she sits by her father's chair and bed, who day or night will have no other attendant; and, as she busies herself to interpret his wants, silently moves on his errands, administers his potions, and watches his sleep, thinks of Clive absent and unhappy, of Kew wounded and in danger, she must have subject enough of thought and pain. Little wonder that her cheeks are pale and her eyes look red; she has her cares to endure now in the world, and her burden to bear in it, and somehow she feels she is alone, since that day when poor Clive's carriage drove away.

In a mood of more than ordinary depression and weakness Lady Kew must have found her granddaughter upon one of the few occasions after the double mishap when Ethel and her elder were together. Sir Brian's illness, as it may be imagined, affected a lady very slightly, who was of an age when these calamities occasion but small disquiet, and who having survived her own father, her husband, her son, and witnessed their lordships' respective demises with per-

fect composure, could not reasonably be called upon to feel any particular dismay at the probable departure from this life of a Lombard Street banker, who happened to be her daughter's husband. In fact not Barnes Newcome himself could await that event more philosophically. So finding Ethel in this melancholy mood, Lady Kew thought a drive in the fresh air would be of service to her, and Sir Brian happening to be asleep, carried the young girl away in her barouche.

They talked about Lord Kew, of whom the accounts were encouraging, and who is mending in spite of his silly mother and her medicines, and as soon as he is able to move we must go and fetch him, my dear, Lady Kew graciously said, before that foolish woman has made a methodist of him. He is always led by the woman who is nearest him, and I know one who will make of him just the best little husband in England. Before they had come to this delicate point the lady and her grandchild had talked Kew's character over, the girl, you may be sure, having spoken feelingly and eloquently about his kindness and courage, and many admirable qualities. She kindled when she heard the report of his behaviour at the commencement of the fracas with M. de Castillonnes, his great forbearance and good-nature, and his resolution and magnanimity, when the moment of collision came.

But when Lady Kew arrived at that period of her discourse, in which she stated that Kew would make the best little husband in England, poor Ethel's eyes filled with tears; we must remember that her high spirit was worn down by watching and much varied

anxiety, and then she confessed that there had been no reconciliation, as all the family fancied, between Frank and herself — on the contrary, a parting, which she understood to be final; and she owned that her conduct towards her cousin had been most captious and cruel, and that she could not expect they should ever again come together. Lady Kew, who hated sick-beds and surgeons, except for herself, who hated her daughter-in-law above all, was greatly annoyed at the news which Ethel gave her; made light of it, however, and was quite confident that a very few words from her would place matters on their old footing, and determined on forthwith setting out for Kehl. She would have carried Ethel with her, but that the poor Baronet with cries and moans insisted on retaining his nurse, and Ethel's grandmother was left to undertake this mission by herself, the girl remaining behind acquiescent, not unwilling, owning openly a great regard and esteem for Kew, and the wrong which she had done him, feeling secretly a sentiment which she had best smother. She had received a letter from that other person, and answered it with her mother's cognisance, but about this little affair neither Lady Ann nor her daughter happened to say a word to the manager of the whole family.

CHAPTER III.

In which Lady Kew leaves his Lordship quite convalescent.

IMMEDIATELY after Lord Kew's wound, and as it was necessary to apprise the Newcome family of the accident which had occurred, the good-natured young Kew had himself written a brief note to acquaint his relatives with his mishap, and had even taken the precaution to antedate a couple of billets to be dispatched on future days; kindly forgeries, which told the Newcome family and the Countess of Kew, that Lord Kew was progressing very favourably, and that his hurt was trifling. The fever had set in, and the young patient was lying in great danger, as most of laggards at Baden knew, when his friends there were set at ease by this fallacious bulletin. On the third day after the accident, Lady Walham arrived with her younger son, to find Lord Kew in the fever which ensued after the wound. As the terrible anxiety during the illness had been Lady Walham's, so was hers the delight of the recovery. The commander-in-chief of the family, the old lady at Baden, showed her sympathy by sending couriers, and repeatedly issuing orders to have news of Kew. Sick-beds scared her away invariably. When illness befel a member of her family she hastily retreated from before the sufferer, showing her agitation of mind, however, by excessive ill-humour to all the others within her reach.

A fortnight passed, a ball had been found and extracted, the fever was over, the wound was progressing favourably, the patient advancing towards convalescence, and the mother, with her child once more under her wing, happier than she had been for seven years past, during which her young prodigal had been running the thoughtless career of which he himself was weary, and which had occasioned the fond lady such anguish. Those doubts which perplex many a thinking man, and when formed and uttered, give many a fond and faithful woman pain so exquisite, had most fortunately never crossed Kew's mind. His early impressions were such as his mother had left them, and he came back to her as she would have him, as a little child, owning his faults with a hearty humble repentance, and with a thousand simple confessions lamenting the errors of his past days. We have seen him tired and ashamed of the pleasures which he was pursuing, of the companions who surrounded him, of the brawls and dissipations which amused him no more; in those hours of danger and doubt, when he had lain, with death perhaps before him, making up his account of the vain life which probably he would be called upon to surrender, no wonder this simple, kindly, modest, and courageous soul, thought seriously of the past, and of the future; and prayed, and resolved, if a future were awarded to him, it should make amends for the days gone by; and surely as the mother and son read together the beloved assurance of the divine forgiveness, and of that joy which angels feel in heaven for a sinner repentant, we may fancy in the happy mother's breast a feeling somewhat akin to that angelic felicity, a gratitude and joy of all

others the loftiest, the purest, the keenest. Lady Walham might shrink with terror at the Frenchman's name, but her son could forgive him, with all his heart, and kiss his mother's hand, and thank him as the best friend of his life.

During all the days of his illness, Kew had never once mentioned Ethel's name, and once or twice as his recovery progressed, when with doubt and tremor his mother alluded to it, he turned from the subject as one that was disagreeable and painful. Had she thought seriously on certain things? Lady Walham asked. Kew thought not, but those who are bred up as you would have them, mother, are often none the better, the humble young fellow said. I believe she is a very good girl. She is very clever, she is exceedingly handsome, she is very good to her parents and her brothers and sisters; but — he did not finish the sentence. Perhaps he thought, as he told Ethel afterwards, that she would have agreed with Lady Walham even worse than with her ~~inferior~~ old grandmother.

Lady Walham then fell to deplore Sir Brian's condition, accounts of whose seizure of course had been despatched to the Kehl party, and to lament that a worldly man as he was should have such an affliction, so near the grave and so little prepared for it. Here honest Kew, however, held out. "Every man for himself, mother," says he. "Sir Brian was bred up very strictly, perhaps too strictly as a young man. Don't you know that that good Colonel, his elder brother, who seems to me about the most honest and good old gentleman I ever met in my life, was driven into rebellion and all sorts of wild courses by old Mrs. Newcome's tyranny over him? As for Sir Brian, he goes

to church every Sunday: has prayers in the family every day: I'm sure has led a hundred times better life than I have, poor old Sir Brian. I often have thought, mother, that though our side was wrong, yours could not be altogether right, because I remember how my tutor, and Mr. Bonner and Dr. Laud, when they used to come down to us at Kewbury, used to make themselves so unhappy about other people." So the widow withdrew her unhappiness about Sir Brian; she was quite glad to hope for the best regarding that invalid.

With some fears yet regarding her son, — for many of the books with which the good lady travelled could not be got to interest him; at some he would laugh outright, — with fear mixed with the maternal joy that he was returned to her, and had quitted his old ways; with keen feminine triumph, perhaps, that she had won him back, and happiness at his daily mending health, all Lady Walham's hours were passed in thankful and delighted occupation. George Barnes kept the Newcomes acquainted with the state of his brother's health. The skilful surgeon from Strasbourg reported daily better and better of him, and the little family were living in great peace and contentment, with one subject of dread, however, hanging over the mother of the two young men, the arrival of Lady Kew, as she was foreboding, the fierce old mother-in-law who had worsted Lady Walham in many a previous battle.

It was what they call the summer of St. Martin, and the weather was luckily very fine; Kew could presently be wheeled into the garden of the hotel, whence he could see the broad turbid current of the swollen

Rhine: the French bank fringed with alders, the vast yellow fields behind them, the great avenue of poplars stretching away to the Alsatian city, and its purple minster yonder. Good Lady Walham was for improving the shining hour by reading amusing extracts from her favourite volumes, gentle anecdotes of Chinese and Hottentot converts, and incidents from missionary travel. George Barnes, a wily young diplomatist, insinuated "Galignani," and hinted that Kew might like a novel: and a profane work called "Oliver Twist" having appeared about this time, which George read out to his family with admirable emphasis, it is a fact that Lady Walham became so interested in the parish boy's progress, that she took his history into her bedroom (where it was discovered, under Blatherwick's "Voice from Mesopotamia," by her ladyship's maid), and that Kew laughed so immensely at Mr. Bumble, the Beadle, as to endanger the reopening of his wound.

While, one day, they were so harmlessly and pleasantly occupied, a great whacking of whips, blowing of horns, and whirring of wheels was heard in the street without. The wheels stopped at their hotel gate; Lady Walham started up; ran through the garden door, closing it behind her; and divined justly who had arrived. The landlord was bowing; the courier pushing about; waiters in attendance; one of them, coming up to pale-faced Lady Walham, said, "Her Excellency the Frau Gräfinn von Kew is even now absteiguing."

"Will you be good enough to walk into our salon, Lady Kew?" said the daughter-in-law, stepping forward and opening the door of that apartment. The

countess, leaning on her staff, entered that darkened chamber. She ran up towards an easy-chair, where she supposed Lord Kew was. "My dear Frank!" cries the old lady; "my dear boy, what a pretty fright you have given us all! They don't keep you in this horrid noisy room facing the — Ho — what is this?" cries the countess, closing her sentence abruptly.

"It is not Frank. It is only a bolster, Lady Kew: and I don't keep him in a noisy room towards the street," said Lady Walham.

"Ho! how do you do? This is the way to him, I suppose;" and she went to another door — it was a cupboard full of the relics of Frank's illness, from which Lady Walham's mother-in-law shrunk back aghast. "Will you please to see that I have a comfortable room, Maria; and one for my maid, next me? I will thank you to see yourself," the Empress of Kew said, pointing with her stick, before which many a time the younger lady had trembled.

This time Lady Walham only rang the bell. "I don't speak German; and have never been on any floor of the house but this. Your servant had better see to your room, Lady Kew. That next is mine; and I keep the door, which you are trying, locked on the other side."

"And I suppose Frank is locked up there!" cried the old lady, "with a basin of gruel and a book of Watts's hymns." A servant entered at this moment, answering Lady Walham's summons. "Peacock, the Countess of Kew says that she proposes to stay here this evening. Please to ask the landlord to show her ladyship rooms," said Lady Walham; and by this

time she had thought of a reply to Lady Kew's last kind speech.

"If my son were locked up in my room, Madam, his mother is surely the best nurse for him. Why did you not come to him three weeks sooner, when there was nobody with him?"

Lady Kew said nothing, but glared and showed her teeth — those pearls set in gold.

"And my company may not amuse Lord Kew —"

"He — e — e!" grinned the elder, savagely.

"But at least it is better than some to which you introduced my son," continued Lady Kew's daughter-in-law, gathering force and wrath as she spoke. "Your ladyship may think lightly of me, but you can hardly think so ill of me as of the Duchesse d'Ivry, I should suppose, to whom you sent my boy, to form him, you said; about whom, when I remonstrated — for though I live out of the world I hear of it sometimes — you were pleased to tell me that I was a prude and a fool. It is you I thank for separating my child from me — yes, you — for so many years of my life; and for bringing me to him when he was bleeding and almost a corpse, but that God preserved him to the widow's prayers; — and you, you were by, and never came near him."

"I — I did not come to see you — or — or — for this kind of scene, Lady Walham," muttered the other. Lady Kew was accustomed to triumph, by attacking in masses, like Napoleon. Those who faced her routed her.

"No; you did not come for me, I know very well," the daughter went on. "You loved me no better than you loved your son, whose life, as long as you meddled

with it, you made wretched. You came here for my boy. Haven't you done him evil enough? And now God has mercifully preserved him, you want to lead him back again into ruin and crime. It shall not be so, wicked woman! bad mother! cruel, heartless parent! — George!" (Here her younger son entered the room, and she ran towards him with fluttering robes and seized his hands.) "Here is your grandmother; here is the Countess of Kew, come from Baden at last; and she wants — she wants to take Frank from us, my dear, and to — give — him — back to the — Frenchwoman again. No, no! O, my God! Never! never!" And she flung herself into George Barnes's arms, fainting with an hysteric burst of tears.

"You had best get a strait-waistcoat for your mother, George Barnes," Lady Kew said, scorn and hatred in her face. (If she had been Iago's daughter, with a strong likeness to her sire, Lord Steyne's sister could not have looked more diabolical.) "Have you had advice for her? Has nursing poor Kew turned her head? I came to see *him*. Why have I been left alone for half-an-hour with this mad-woman? You ought not to trust her to give Frank medicine. It is positively —"

"Excuse me," said George, with a bow; "I don't think the complaint has as yet exhibited itself in my mother's branch of the family. (She always hated me," thought George; "but if she had by chance left me a legacy, there it goes.) You would like, Ma'am, to see the rooms up-stairs? Here is the landlord to conduct your ladyship. Frank will be quite ready to receive you when you come down. I am sure I need

not beg of your kindness that nothing may be said to agitate him. It is barely three weeks since M. de Castillonnes' ball was extracted; and the doctors wish he should be kept as quiet as possible."

Be sure that the landlord, the courier, and the persons engaged in showing the Countess of Kew the apartments above spent an agreeable time with her Excellency the Frau Gräfinn von Kew. She must have had better luck in her encounter with these than in her previous passages with her grandson and his mother; for when she issued from her apartment in a new dress and fresh cap, Lady Kew's face wore an expression of perfect serenity. Her attendant may have shook her fist behind her, and her man's eyes and face looked Blitz and Donnerwetter; but their mistress's features wore that pleased look which they assumed when she had been satisfactorily punishing somebody. Lord Kew had by this time got back from the garden to his own room, where he awaited grand-mamma. If the mother and her two sons had in the interval of Lady Kew's toilette tried to resume the history of Bumble the Beadle, I fear they could not have found it very comical.

"Bless me, my dear child! How well you look! Many a girl would give the world to have such a complexion. There is nothing like a mother for a nurse! Ah, no! Maria, you deserve to be the Mother Superior of a House of Sisters of Charity, you do. The landlord has given me a delightful apartment, thank you. He is an extortionate wretch; but I have no doubt I shall be very comfortable. The Dodsburys stopped here, I see, by the travellers' book — quite right, instead of sleeping at that odious buggy Stras-

bourg. We have had a sad, sad time, my dears, at Baden. Between anxiety about poor Sir Brian, and about you, you naughty boy, I am sure I wonder how I have got through it all. Doctor Finck would not let me come away to-day; but I would come."

"I am sure it was uncommonly kind, Ma'am," says poor Kew, with a rueful face.

"That horrible woman against whom I always warned you — but young men will not take the advice of old grandmamas — has gone away these ten days. Monsieur le Duc fetched her; and if he locked her up at Moncontour, and kept her on bread and water for the rest of her life, I am sure he would serve her right. When a woman once forgets religious principles, Kew, she is sure to go wrong. The Conversation Room is shut up. The Dorkings go on Tuesday. Clara is really a dear little artless creature; one that you will like, Maria — and as for Ethel, I really think she is an angel. To see her nursing her poor father is the most beautiful sight; night after night she has sate up with him. I know where she would like to be, the dear child. And if Frank falls ill again, Maria, he won't need a mother or useless old grandmother to nurse him. I have got some pretty messages to deliver from her; but they are for your private ears, my lord; not even mammas and brothers may hear them."

"Do not go, mother! Pray stay, George!" cried the sick man (and again Lord Steyne's sister looked uncommonly like that lamented marquis). "My cousin is a noble young creature," he went on. "She has admirable good qualities, which I appreciate with all my heart; and her beauty, you know how I admire it.

I have thought of her a great deal as I was lying on the bed yonder (the family look was not so visible in Lady Kew's face), and — and — I wrote to her this very morning; she will have the letter by this time, probably."

"Bien! Frank!" Lady Kew smiled (in her supernatural way) almost as much as her portrait, by Harlowe, as you may see it at Kewbury to this very day. She is represented seated before an easel, painting a miniature of her son, Lord Walham.

"I wrote to her on the subject of the last conversation we had together," Frank resumed, in rather a timid voice, "the day before my accident. Perhaps she did not tell you, Ma'am, of what passed between us. We had had a quarrel; one of many. Some cowardly hand, which we both of us can guess at, had written to her an account of my past life, and she showed me the letter. Then I told her, that if she loved me she never would have showed it me: without any other words of reproof I bade her farewell. It was not much, the showing that letter; but it was enough. In twenty differences we have had together; she had been unjust and captious, cruel towards me, and too eager, as I thought, for other people's admiration. Had she loved me, it seemed to me Ethel would have shown less vanity and better temper. What was I to expect in life afterwards from a girl who before her marriage used me so? Neither she nor I could be happy. She could be gentle enough, and kind, and anxious to please any man whom she loves, God bless her! As for me, I suppose, I'm not worthy of so much talent and beauty, so we both understood that that was a friendly farewell; and as

I have been lying on my bed yonder, thinking, perhaps, I never might leave it, or if I did, that I should like to lead a different sort of life to that which ended in sending me there, my resolve of last month was only confirmed. God forbid that she and I should lead the lives of some folks we know; that Ethel should marry without love, perhaps to fall into it afterwards; and that I, after this awful warning I have had, should be tempted back into that dreary life I was leading. It was wicked, Ma'am, I knew it was; many and many a day I used to say so to myself, and longed to get rid of it. I am a poor weak devil, I know, I am only too easily led into temptation, and I should only make matters worse if I married a woman who cares for the world more than for me, and would not make me happy at home."

"Ethel care for the world!" gasped out Lady Kew; "a most artless, simple, affectionate creature; my dear Frank, she —"

He interrupted her, as a blush came rushing over his pale face. "Ah!" said he, "if I had been the painter, and young Clive had been Lord Kew, which of us do you think she would have chosen? And she was right. He is a brave, handsome, honest young fellow, and is a thousand times cleverer and better than I am."

"Not better, dear, thank God," cried his mother, coming round to the other side of his sofa, and seizing her son's hand.

"No, I don't think he is better, Frank," said the diplomatist, walking away to the window. And as for grandmamma at the end of this little speech and

scene, her ladyship's likeness to her brother, the late revered Lord Steyne, was more frightful than ever.

After a minute's pause, she rose up on her crooked stick, and said, "I really feel I am unworthy to keep company with so much exquisite virtue. It will be enhanced, my lord, by the thought of the pecuniary sacrifice which you are making, for I suppose you know that I have been hoarding — yes, and saving, and pinching, — denying myself the necessities of life, in order that my grandson might one day have enough to support his rank. Go and live and starve in your dreary old house, and marry a parson's daughter, and sing psalms with your precious mother; and I have no doubt you and she — she who has thwarted me all through life, and whom I hated, — yes, I hated from the moment she took my son from me and brought misery into my family, will be all the happier when she thinks that she has made a poor, fond, lonely old woman more lonely and miserable. If you please, George Barnes, be good enough to tell my people that I shall go back to Baden;" and waving her children away from her, the old woman tottered out of the room on her crutch.

So the wicked Fairy drove away disappointed in her chariot with the very dragons which had brought her away in the morning, and just had time to get their feed of black bread. I wonder whether they were the horses Clive and J. J. and Jack Belsize had used when they passed on their road to Switzerland? Black Care sits behind all sorts of horses, and gives a trinkgeld to postillions all over the map. A thrill of triumph may be permitted to Lady Walham after

her victory over her mother-in-law. What Christian woman does not like to conquer another; and if that other were a mother-in-law, would the victory be less sweet? Husbands and wives both will be pleased that Lady Walham has had the better of this bout: and you, young boys and virgins, when your turn comes to be married, you will understand the hidden meaning of this passage. George Barnes got "Oliver Twist" out, and began to read therein. Miss Nancy and Fanny again were summoned before this little company to frighten and delight them. I daresay even Fagin and Miss Nancy failed with the widow, so absorbed was she with the thoughts of the victory which she had just won. For the evening service, in which her sons rejoiced her fond heart by joining, she lighted on a psalm which was as a *te deum* after the battle — the battle of Kehl by Rhine, where Kew's soul, as his mother thought, was the object of contention between the enemies. I have said, this book is all about the world and a respectable family dwelling in it. It is not a sermon, except where it cannot help itself, and the speaker pursuing the destiny of his narrative finds such a homily before him. O friend, in your life and mine, don't we light upon such sermons daily? — don't we see at home as well as amongst our neighbours that battle betwixt Evil and Good? Here on one side is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other. Which shall we let to triumph for ourselves — which for our children?

The young men were sitting smoking the Vesper cigar. (Frank would do it, and his mother actually lighted his cigar for him now, enjoining him straightway after

to go to bed.) Kew smoked and looked at a star shining above in the heaven. Which is that star? he asked: and the accomplished young diplomatist answered it was Jupiter.

"What a lot of things you know, George!" cries the senior, delighted; "You ought to have been the elder, you ought, by Jupiter. But you have lost your chance this time."

"Yes, thank God!" says George.

"And I am going to be all right — and to turn over a new leaf, old boy — and paste down the old ones, eh? I wrote to Martins this morning to have all my horses sold; and I'll never bet again — so help me — so help me, Jupiter. I made a vow — a promise to myself, you see, that I wouldn't if I recovered. And I wrote to cousin Ethel this morning. — As I thought over the matter yonder, I felt quite certain I was right, and that we could never, never pull together. Now the Countess is gone, I wonder whether I was right — to give up sixty thousand pounds, and the prettiest girl in London?"

"Shall I take horses and go after her? My mother's gone to bed, she won't know," asked George. "Sixty thousand is a lot of money to lose."

Kew laughed. "If you were to go and tell our grandmother that I could not live the night through; and that you would be Lord Kew in the morning, and your son, Viscount Walham, I think the Countess would make up a match between you and the sixty thousand pounds, and the prettiest girl in England: she would by — by Jupiter. I intend only to swear by the heathen gods now, Georgy. — No, I am not sorry I wrote to Ethel. What a fine girl she is! — I

don't mean her beauty merely, but such a noble bred one! And to think that there she is in the market to be knocked down to. — I say, I was going to call that three-year-old, Ethelinda. — We must christen her over again for Tattersall's, Georgy."

A knock is heard through an adjoining-door, and a maternal voice cries, "It is time to go to bed." So the brothers part, and, let us hope, sleep soundly.

The Countess of Kew, meanwhile, has returned to Baden; where, though it is midnight when she arrives, and the old lady has had two long bootless journeys, you will be grieved to hear that she does not sleep a single wink. In the morning she hobbles over to the Newcome quarters; and Ethel comes down to her pale and calm. How is her father? He has had a good night: he is a little better, speaks more clearly, has a little more the use of his limbs.

"I wish *I* had had a good night!" groans out the Countess.

"I thought you were going to Lord Kew, at Kehl," remarked her granddaughter.

"I did go, and returned with wretches who would not bring me more than five miles an hour! I dismissed that brutal grinning courier; and I have given warning to that fiend of a maid."

"And Frank is pretty well, grandmamma?"

"Well! He looks as pink as a girl in her first season! I found him, and his brother George, and their mamma. I think Maria was hearing them their catechism," cries the old lady.

"N. and M. together! Very pretty," says Ethel,

gravely. "George has always been a good boy, and it is quite time for my Lord Kew to begin."

The elder lady looked at her descendant, but Miss Ethel's glance was impenetrable. "I suppose you can fancy, my dear, why I came back?" said Lady Kew.

"Because you quarrelled with Lady Walham, grandmamma. I think I have heard that there used to be differences between you." Miss Newcome was armed for defence and attack; in which cases we have said Lady Kew did not care to assault her. "My grandson told me that he had written to you," the Countess said.

"Yes: and had you waited but half an hour yesterday, you might have spared me the humiliation of that journey."

"You — the humiliation — Ethel!"

"Yes, *me*," Ethel flashed out. "Do you suppose it is none to have me bandied about from bidder to bidder, and offered for sale to a gentleman who will not buy me? Why have you and all my family been so eager to get rid of me? Why should you suppose or desire that Lord Kew should like me? Hasn't he the Opera; and such friends as Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, to whom your ladyship introduced him in early life? He told me so: and she was good enough to inform me of the rest. What attractions have I in comparison with such women? And to this man from whom I am parted by good fortune; to this man who writes to remind me that we are separated — your ladyship must absolutely go and entreat him to give me another trial! It is too much, grandmamma. Do please to let me stay where I am; and worry me with

no more schemes for my establishment in life. Be contented with the happiness which you have secured for Clara Pulleyn and Barnes; and leave me to take care of my poor father. Here I know I am doing right. Here, at least, there is no such sorrow, and doubt, and shame, for me, as my friends have tried to make me endure. There is my father's bell. He likes me to be with him at breakfast and to read his paper to him."

"Stay a little, Ethel," cried the Countess, with a trembling voice. "I am older than your father, and you owe me a little obedience, that is, if children *do* owe any obedience to their parents now-a-days. I don't know. I am an old woman — the world perhaps has changed since my time; and it is you who ought to command, I dare say, and we to follow. Perhaps I have been wrong all through life, and in trying to teach my children to do as I was made to do. God knows I have had very little comfort from them: whether they did or whether they didn't. You and Frank I had set my heart on; I loved you out of all my grandchildren — was it very unnatural that I should wish to see you together? For that boy I have been saving money these years past. He flies back to the arms of his mother, who has been pleased to hate me as only such virtuous people can; who took away my own son from me; and now his son — towards whom the only fault I ever committed was to spoil him and be too fond of him. Don't leave me too, my child. Let me have something that I can like at my years. And I like your pride, Ethel, and your beauty, my dear; and I am not angry with your hard words; and if I wish to see you in the place in

life which becomes you — do I do wrong? No. Silly girl! There — give me the little hand. How hot it is! Mine is as cold as a stone — and shakes, doesn't it? — Eh! it was a pretty hand once! What did Ann — what did your mother say to Frank's letter?"

"I did not show it to her," Ethel answered.

"Let me see it, my dear," whispered Lady Kew, in a coaxing way.

"There it is," said Ethel, pointing to the fire-place, where there lay some torn fragments and ashes of paper. It was the same fire-place at which Clive's sketches had been burned.

CHAPTER IV.

Amongst the Painters.

WHEN Clive Newcome comes to be old, no doubt he will remember his Roman days as amongst the happiest which fate ever awarded him. The simplicity of the student's life there, the greatness and friendly splendour of the scenes surrounding him, the delightful nature of the occupation in which he is engaged, the pleasant company of comrades, inspired by a like pleasure over a similar calling, the labour, the meditation, the holiday and the kindly feast afterwards, should make the Art-students the happiest of youth, did they but know their good fortune. Their work is for the most part delightfully easy. It does not exercise the brain too much, but gently occupies it, and with a subject most agreeable to the scholar. The mere poetic flame, or jet of invention, needs to be lighted up but very seldom, namely, when the young painter is devising his subject, or settling the composition thereof. The posing of figures and drapery; the dexterous copying of the line; the artful processes of cross-hatching, of stumping, of laying on lights, and what not; the arrangement of colour, and the pleasing operations of glazing and the like, are labours for the most part merely manual. These, with the smoking of a proper number of pipes, carry the student through his day's work. If you pass his door you will very

probably hear him singing at his easel. I should like to know what young lawyer, mathematician, or divinity scholar, can sing over his volumes, and at the same time advance with his labour? In every city where Art is practised there are old gentlemen who never touched a pencil in their lives, but find the occupation and company of artists so agreeable that they are never out of the studios; follow one generation of painters after another; sit by with perfect contentment while Jack is drawing his pifferaro, or Tom designing his cartoon, and years afterwards when Jack is established in Newman-street, and Tom a Royal Academician, shall still be found in their rooms, occupied now by fresh painters and pictures, telling the youngsters, their successors, what glorious fellows Jack and Tom were. A poet must retire to privy places and meditate his rhymes in secret; a painter can practise his trade in the company of friends. Your splendid *chef d'école*, a Rubens or a Horace Vernet, may sit with a secretary reading to him; a troop of admiring scholars watching the master's hand; or a company of court ladies and gentlemen, (to whom he addresses a few kind words now and again,) looking on admiringly; whilst the humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence, cheering his labour.

Amongst all ranks and degrees of painters assembled at Rome, Mr. Clive found companions and friends. The cleverest man was not the best artist very often: the ablest artist not the best critic nor the best companion. Many a man could give no account of the faculty within him, but achieved success be-

cause he could not help it; and did, in an hour and without effort, that which another could not effect with half a life's labour. There were young sculptors who had never read a line of Homer, who took on themselves nevertheless to interpret and continue the heroic Greek art. There were young painters with the strongest natural taste for low humour, comic singing, and Cyder-Cellar jollifications, who would imitate nothing under Michael Angelo, and whose canvases teemed with tremendous allegories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle. There were long-haired lads who fancied the sublime lay in the Peruginesque manner, and depicted saintly personages with crisp draperies, crude colours, and haloes of gold-leaf. Our friend marked all these practitioners of Art with their various oddities and tastes, and was welcomed in the ateliers of all of them, from the grave dons and seniors, the senators of the French and English Academy, down to the jovial students who railed at the elders over their cheap cups at the Lepre. What a gallant, starving, generous, kindly life, many of them led! What fun in their grotesque airs, what friendship and gentleness in their poverty! How splendidly Carlo talked of the marquis his cousin, and the duke his intimate friend! How great Federigo was on the subject of his wrongs, from the Academy at home, a pack of tradesmen who could not understand high art, and who had never seen a good picture! With what haughtiness Augusto swaggered about at Sir John's soirées, though he was known to have borrowed Fernando's coat, and Luigi's dress-boots! If one or the other was ill, how nobly and generously his companions flocked to comfort him, took turns to nurse the sick man through nights of

fever, contributed out of their slender means to help him through his difficulty. Max, who loves fine dresses and the carnival so, gave up a costume and a carriage so as to help Paul. Paul, when he sold his picture (through the agency of Pietro, with whom he had quarrelled, and who recommended him to a patron) gave a third of the money back to Max, and took another third portion to Lazaro, with his poor wife and children, who had not got a single order all that winter — and so the story went on. I have heard Clive tell of two noble young Americans who came to Europe to study their art; of whom the one fell sick whilst the other supported his penniless comrade, and out of sixpence a day absolutely kept but a penny for himself, giving the rest to his sick companion. "I should like to have known that good Samaritan, Sir," our Colonel said, twirling his mustachios, when we saw him again, and his son told him that story.

J. J., in his steady silent way, worked on every day, and for many hours every day. When Clive entered their studio of a morning, he found J. J. there, and there he left him. When the Life Academy was over, at night, and Clive went out to his soirées, J. J. lighted his lamp and continued his happy labour. He did not care for the brawling supper-parties of his comrades; liked better to stay at home than to go into the world, and was seldom abroad of a night except during the illness of Luigi before mentioned, when J. J. spent constant evenings at the other's bed-side. J. J. was fortunate as well as skilful: people in the world took a liking to the modest young man, and he had more than one order for pictures. The Artists' Club, at the Lepre, set him down as close with his

money; but a year after he left Rome, Lazaro and his wife, who still remained there, told a different tale. Clive Newcome, when he heard of their distress, gave them something — as much as he could spare; but J. J. gave more, and Clive was as eager in acknowledging and admiring his friend's generosity as he was in speaking of his genius. His was a fortunate organisation indeed. Study was his chief amusement. Self-denial came easily to him. Pleasure, or what is generally called so, had little charm for him. His ordinary companions were pure and sweet thoughts; his out-door enjoyment the contemplation of natural beauty; for recreation, the hundred pleasant dexterities and manipulations of his craft were ceaselessly interesting to him: he would draw every knot in an oak panel, or every leaf in an orange-tree, smiling, and taking a gay delight over the simple feats of skill: whenever you found him he seemed watchful and serene, his modest virgin-lamp always lighted and trim. No gusts of passion extinguished it; no hopeless wandering in the darkness afterwards led him astray. Wayfarers through the world, we meet now and again with such purity; and salute it, and hush whilst it passes on.

We have it under Clive Newcome's own signature, that he intended to pass a couple of years in Italy, devoting himself exclusively to the study of his profession. Other besides professional reasons were working secretly in the young man's mind, causing him to think that absence from England was the best cure for a malady under which he secretly laboured. But change of air may cure some sick people more speedily than the sufferers ever hoped; and also it is on record, that young men with

the very best intentions respecting study, do not fulfil them, and are led away from their scheme by accident, or pleasure, or necessity, or some good cause. Young Clive worked sedulously two or three months at his vocation at Rome, secretly devouring, no doubt, the pangs of sentimental disappointment under which he laboured; and he drew from his models, and he sketched round about everything that suited his pencil on both sides of Tiber; and he laboured at the Life Academy of nights — a model himself to other young students. The symptoms of his sentimental malady began to abate. He took an interest in the affairs of Jack, and Tom, and Harry round about him: Art exercised its great healing influence on his wounded spirit, which to be sure had never given in. The meeting of the painters at the Café Greco, and at their private houses, was very jovial, pleasant, and lively. Clive smoked his pipe, drank his glass of Marsala, sang his song, and took part in the general chorus as gaily as the jolliest of the boys. He was the cock of the whole painting school, the favourite of all; and to be liked by the people, you may be pretty sure that we for our parts must like them.

Then, besides the painters, he had, as he has informed us, the other society of Rome. Every winter there is a gay and pleasant English colony in that capital, of course more or less remarkable for rank, fashion, and agreeability with every varying year. In Clive's year some very pleasant folks set up their winter quarters in the usual foreigners' resort round about the Piazza di Spagna. I was amused to find, lately, on looking over the travels of the respectable M. de Pöllnitz, that, a hundred and twenty years ago,

the same quarter, the same streets and palaces, scarce changed from those days, were even then polite foreigners' resort. Of one or two of the gentlemen, Clive had made the acquaintance in the hunting-field; others he had met during his brief appearance in the London world. Being a youth of great personal agility, fitted thereby to the graceful performance of polkas, &c.; having good manners, and good looks, and good credit with Prince Polonia, or some other banker, Mr. Newcome was thus made very welcome to the Anglo-Roman society; and as kindly received in genteel houses, where they drank tea and danced the galop, as in those dusky taverns and retired lodgings where his bearded comrades, the painters, held their meetings.

Thrown together every day, and night after night; flocking to the same picture-galleries, statue-galleries, Pincian drives, and church functions, the English colonists at Rome perforce become intimate, and in many cases friendly. They have an English library where the various meets for the week are placarded: on such a day the Vatican galleries are open: the next is the feast of Saint so and so: on Wednesday there will be music and Vespers at the Sistine chapel: on Thursday, the Pope will bless the animals — sheep, horses, and what-not: and flocks of English accordingly rush to witness the benediction of droves of donkeys. In a word, the ancient city of the Cæsars, the august fanes of the Popes, with their splendour and ceremony, are all mapped out and arranged for English diversion; and we run in a crowd to high mass at St. Peter's, or to the illumination on Easter-day, as we run when the bell rings to the Bosjesmen at Cremorne, or the fireworks at Vauxhall.

Running to see fireworks alone, rushing off to examine Bosjesmen by one's self, is a dreary work: I should think very few men would have the courage to do it unattended, and personally would not prefer a pipe in their own rooms. Hence if Clive went to see all these sights, as he did, it is to be concluded that he went in company, and if he went in company and sought it, we may suppose that little affair which annoyed him at Baden no longer tended to hurt his peace of mind very seriously. The truth is, our countrymen are pleasanter abroad than at home; most hospitable, kindly, and eager to be pleased and to please. You see a family half a dozen times in a week in the little Roman circle, whom you shall not meet twice in a season afterwards in the enormous London round. When Easter is over and everybody is going away at Rome, you and your neighbour shake hands, sincerely sorry to part: in London we are obliged to dilute our kindness so that there is hardly any smack of the original milk. As one by one the pleasant families dropped off with whom Clive had spent his happy winter; as Admiral Freeman's carriage drove away, whose pretty girls he had caught at St. Peter's kissing St. Peter's toe; as Dick Denby's family ark appeared with all Denby's sweet young children kissing farewells to him out of window; as those three charming Miss Baliols with whom he had that glorious day in the Catacombs; as friend after friend quitted the great city with kind greetings, warm pressures of the hand, and hopes of meeting in a yet greater city on the banks of the Thames, young Clive felt a depression of spirit. Rome was Rome, but it was pleasanter to see it in company; our painters are smoking

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still at the Café Greco, but a society all smoke and all painters did not suit him. If Mr. Clive is not a Michael Angelo or a Beethoven, if his genius is not gloomy, solitary, gigantic, shining alone, like a lighthouse, a storm round about him, and breakers dashing at his feet, I cannot help myself; he is as heaven made him, brave, honest, gay, and friendly, and persons of a gloomy turn must not look to him as a hero.

So Clive and his companion worked away with all their hearts from November until far into April when Easter came, and the glorious gala with which the Roman church celebrates that holy season. By this time Clive's books were full of sketches. Ruins, imperial and mediæval; peasants and bagpipemen; Passionists with shaven polls; Capuchins and the equally hairy frequenters of the Café Greco; painters of all nations who resort there; Cardinals and their queer equipages and attendants; the Holy Father himself (it was Gregory sixteenth of the name); the dandified English on the Pincio and the wonderful Roman members of the hunt — were not all these designed by the young man and admired by his friends in after-days? J. J.'s sketches were few, but he had painted two beautiful little pictures, and sold them for so good a price that Prince Polonia's people were quite civil to him. He had orders for yet more pictures, and having worked very hard, thought himself authorised to accompany Mr. Clive upon a pleasure trip to Naples, which the latter deemed necessary after his own tremendous labours. He for his part had painted no pictures, though he had commenced a dozen and turned them to the wall; but he had sketched, and

dined, and smoked, and danced, as we have seen. So the little britzska was put behind horses again, and our two friends set out on their tour, having quite a crowd of brother artists to cheer them, who had assembled and had a breakfast for the purpose at that comfortable osteria, near the Lateran Gate. How the fellows flung their hats up, and shouted, "Lebe wohl," and "Adieu," and "God bless you, old boy," in many languages! Clive was the young swell of the artists of that year, and adored by the whole of the jolly company. His sketches were pronounced on all hands to be admirable: it was agreed that if he chose he might do anything.

So with promises of a speedy return they left behind them the noble city, which all love who once have seen it, and of which we think afterwards ever with the kindness and the regard of home. They dashed across the Campagna and over the beautiful hills of Albano, and sped through the solemn Pontine Marshes, and stopped to roost at Terracina (which was not at all like Fra Diavolo's Terracina at Covent Garden, as J. J. was distressed to remark), and so, galloping onwards through a hundred ancient cities that crumble on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, behold, on the second day as they ascended a hill about noon, Vesuvius came in view, its great shape shimmering blue in the distant haze, its banner of smoke in the cloudless sky. And about five o'clock in the evening (as everybody will who starts from Terracina early and pays the post-boy well), the travellers came to an ancient city walled and fortified, with drawbridges over the shining moats.

"Here is CAPUA," says J. J. and Clive burst out

laughing: thinking of *his* Capua which he had left — how many months — years it seemed ago. From Capua to Naples is a fine straight road, and our travellers were landed at the latter place at supper-time; where, if they had quarters at the Vittoria Hotel, they were as comfortable as any gentlemen painters need wish to be in this world.

The aspect of the place was so charming and delightful to Clive: — the beautiful sea stretched before his eyes when waking, Capri a fairy island in the distance, in the amethyst rocks of which Syrens might be playing, — that fair line of cities skirting the shore glittering white along the purple water, — over the whole brilliant scene Vesuvius rising with cloudlets playing round its summit, and the country bursting out into that glorious vegetation with which sumptuous nature decorates every spring — this city and scene of Naples were so much to Clive's liking that I have a letter from him dated a couple of days after the young man's arrival, in which he announces his intention of staying there for ever, and gives me an invitation to some fine lodgings in a certain palazzo, on which he has cast his eye. He is so enraptured with the place, that he says to die and be buried there even would be quite a treat, so charming is the cemetery where the Neapolitan dead repose.

The Fates did not, however, ordain that Clive Newcome should pass all his life at Naples. His Roman banker presently forwarded a few letters to his address; some which had arrived after his departure, others which had been lying at the Poste Restante, with his name written in perfectly legible characters, but which

the authorities of the post, according to their custom, would not see when Clive sent for them.

It was one of these letters which Clive clutched the most eagerly. It had been lying since October, actually, at the Roman post, though Clive had asked for letters there a hundred times. It was that little letter from Ethel, in reply to his own, whereof we have made mention in a previous chapter. There was not much in the little letter. Nothing, of course, that Virtue or Grandmamma might not read over the young writer's shoulder. It was affectionate, simple, rather melancholy; described in a few words Sir Brian's seizure and present condition; spoke of Lord Kew, who was mending rapidly, as if Clive, of course, was aware of his accident; of the children; of Clive's father; and ended with a hearty "God bless you," to Clive, from his sincere Ethel.

"You boast of its being over. You see it is not over," says Clive's monitor and companion. "Else, why should you have dashed at that letter before all the others, Clive?" J. J. had been watching, not without interest, Clive's blank face as he read the young lady's note.

"How do you know who wrote the letter?" asks Clive.

"I can read the signature in your face," says the other; "and I could almost tell the contents of the note. Why have you such a tell-tale face, Clive?"

"It is over; but when a man has once, you know, gone through an affair like that," says Clive, looking very grave, "he — he's anxious to hear of Alice Gray, and how she's getting on, you see, my good friend." And he began to shout out as of old —

"Her heart it is another's, she — never — can — be — mine."

and to laugh at the end of the song. "Well, well," says he; "it is a very kind note, a very proper note; the expressions are elegant, J. J., the sentiments are most correct. All the little t's is most properly crossed, and all the little i's have dots over their little heads. It's a sort of a prize note, don't you see; and one such, as is in the old spelling-book story, the good boy received a plum-cake for writing. Perhaps you weren't educated on the old spelling-book, J. J.? My good old father taught me to read out of his — I say, I think it was a shame to keep the old boy waiting whilst I have been giving an audience to this young lady. Dear old father!" and he apostrophised the letter. "I beg your pardon, Sir; Miss Newcome requested five minutes' conversation, and I was obliged, from politeness, you know, to receive. There's nothing between us; nothing but what's most correct, upon my honour and conscience." And he kissed his father's letter, and calling out again "Dear old father!" proceeded to read as follow: —

"Your letters, my dearest Clive, have been the greatest comfort to me. I seem to hear you as I read them. I can't but think that this, the *modern and natural style*, is a great progress upon the *old-fashioned* manner of my day, when we used to begin to our fathers, "Honoured Father," or even "Honoured Sir" some *precisians* use to write still from Mr. Lord's Academy, at Tooting, where I went before Grey Friars' — though I suspect parents were no more *honoured* in those days than now-a-days. I know one who had

rather be trusted than honoured; and you may call me what you please, so as you do that.

“It is not only to me your letters give pleasure. Last week I took yours from Baden Baden, No. 3, September 15, into Calcutta, and could not help showing it at Government House, where I dined. Your sketch of the old Russian Princess and her little boy, gambling, was *capital*. Colonel Buckmaster, Lord Bagwig’s private secretary, knew her, and says it is to a *T*. And I read out to some of my young fellows what you said about play, and how you had given it over. I very much fear some of the young rogues are at dice and brandy-pawnee before tiffin. What you say of young Ridley, I take *cum grano*. His sketches I thought very agreeable; but to compare them to a *certain gentleman’s* — Never mind, I shall not try to make him think too well of himself. I kissed dear Ethel’s hand in your letter. I write her a long letter by this mail.

“If Paul de Florac in any way resembles his mother, between you and him there ought to be a very warm regard. I knew her when I was a boy, long before you were born or thought of; and in wandering forty years through the world since, I have seen no woman in my eyes so good or so beautiful. Your cousin Ethel reminded me of her; as handsome, but not so *lovely*. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at Paris, with eyes full of care, and hair streaked with grey. So it will be the turn of you young folks, come eight more *lustres*, and your heads will be bald like mine, or grey like Madame de Florac’s, and bending over the ground where we are lying in quiet. I understand from you that young Paul is not in very

flourishing circumstances. If he still is in need, mind and be his banker, and *I will be yours*. Any child of hers must never want when I have a spare guinea. I do not mind telling you, Sir, that I cared for her more than millions of guineas once; and half broke my heart about her when I went to India, as a young chap. So, if any such misfortunes happen to you, consider, my boy, you are not the *only* one.

"Binnie writes me word that he has been ailing. I hope you are a good correspondent with him. What made me turn to him just after speaking of unlucky love affairs? Could I be thinking about little Rosie Mackenzie? She is a sweet little lass, and James will leave her a pretty piece of money. *Verbum sap.* I should like you to marry; but God forbid you should marry for a million of gold mohurs.

"And gold mohurs bring me to another subject. Do you know, I narrowly missed losing half a lakh of rupees which I had at an agent's here? And who do you think warned me about him? Our friend Rummun Lal, who has lately been in England, and with whom I made the voyage from Southampton. He is a man of wonderful tact and observation. I used to think meanly of the honesty of natives, and treat them haughtily, as I recollect doing this very gentleman at your uncle Newcome's in Bryanstone Square. He heaped coals of fire on my head by saving my money for me; and I have placed it at interest in his house. If I would but listen to him, my capital might be trebled in a year, he says, and the interest immensely increased. He enjoys the greatest esteem among the monied men here; keeps a splendid establishment and house here, in Barrackpore; is princely

in his benefactions. He talks to me about the establishment of a bank; of which the profits are so enormous and the scheme so (seemingly) clear, that I don't know whether I mayn't be tempted to take a few shares. *Nous verrons*. Several of my friends are longing to have a finger in it; but be sure of this, I shall do nothing rashly and without the very *best advice*.

"I have not been frightened yet by your draughts upon me. Draw as many of these as you please. You know I don't half like the other kind of drawing, except as a *délassement*: but if you chose to be a weaver, like my grandfather, I should not say you nay. Don't stint yourself of money or of honest pleasure. Of what good is money, unless we can make those we love happy with it? There would be no need for me to save, if you were to save too. So, and as you know as well as I what our means are, in every honest way use them. I should like you not to pass the whole of next year in Italy, but to come home and pay a visit to honest James Binnie. I wonder how the old barrack in Fitzroy Square looks without me? Try and go round by Paris on your way home, and pay your visit, and carry your father's fond remembrances to Madame la Comtesse de Florac. I don't say remember me to my brother, as I write Brian by this mail. Adieu mon fils! je t'embrasse! — and am always my Clive's affectionate father.

T. N.'

"Isn't he a noble old trump?" That point had been settled by the young men any time these three years. And now Mr. J. J. remarked that when Clive

had read his father's letter once, then he read Ethel's over again, and put it in his breast-pocket, and was very disturbed in mind that day, pishing and pshawing at the statue gallery which they went to see at the Museo.

"After all," says Clive, "what rubbish these second-rate statues are! what a great hulking abortion is this brute of a Farnese Hercules! There's only one bit in the whole gallery that is worth a twopenny piece."

It was the beautiful fragment called Psyche. J. J. smiled as his comrade spoke in admiration of this statue — in the slim shape, in the delicate formation of the neck, in the haughty virginal expression, the Psyche is not unlike the Diana of the Louvre — and the Diana of the Louvre we have said was like a certain young lady.

"After all," continues Clive, looking up at the great knotted legs of that clumsy caricatured porter which Glykon the Athenian sculptured in bad times of art surely, — "She could not write otherwise than she did — don't you see? Her letter is quite kind and affectionate. You see she says she shall always hear of me with pleasure: hopes I'll come back soon, and bring some good pictures with me, since pictures I will do. She thinks small beer of painters, J. J. — well, we don't think small beer of ourselves, my noble friend. I — I suppose it must be over by this time, and I may write to her as the Countess of Kew." The custode of the apartment had seen admiration and wonder expressed by hundreds of visitors to his marble Giant: but he had never known Hercules occasion emotion before, as in the case of the young

stranger, who, after staring a while at the statue, dashed his hand across his forehead with a groan, and walked away from before the graven image of the huge Strongman, who had himself been made such a fool by women.

"My father wants me to go and see James and Madame de Florac," says Clive, as they stride down the street to the Toledo.

J. J. puts his arm through his companion's, which is deep in the pocket of his velvet paletot. "You must not go home till you hear it is over, Clive," whispers J. J.

"Of course not, old boy," says the other, blowing tobacco out of his shaking head.

Not very long after their arrival, we may be sure they went to Pompeii, of which place, as this is not an Italian tour, but a history of Clive Newcome, Esquire, and his most respectable family, we shall offer to give no description. The young man had read Sir Bulwer Lytton's delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii, before they came thither, and Pliny's description, *apud* the Guide Book. Admiring the wonderful ingenuity with which the English writer had illustrated the place by his text, as if the houses were so many pictures to which he had appended a story, Clive, the wag, who was always indulging his vein for caricature, was proposing that they should take the same place, names, people, and make a burlesque story: "What would be a better figure," says he, "than Pliny's mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the

cinders! Yes, old Mrs. Pliny shall be my heroine!" says Clive. A picture of her on a dark grey paper, and touched up with red at the extremities, exists in Clive's album to the present day.

As they were laughing, rattling, wondering, mimicking, the cicerone attending them with his nasal twaddle, anon pausing and silent, yielding to the melancholy pity and wonder which the aspect of that strange sad smiling lonely place inspires; behold they come upon another party of English, two young men accompanying a lady.

"What, Clive!" cries one.

"My dear, dear Lord Kew!" shouts the other; and as each young man rushes up and grasps the two hands of the other, they both begin to blush...

Lord Kew and his family resided in a neighbouring hotel on the Chiafa at Naples, and that very evening on returning from the Pompeian excursion, the two painters were invited to take tea by those friendly persons. J. J. excused himself, and sate at home drawing all night. Clive went, and passed a pleasant evening; in which all sorts of future tours and pleasure-parties were projected by the young men. They were to visit Pæstum, Capri, Sicily; why not Malta and the east? asked Lord Kew.

Lady Walham was alarmed. Had not Kew been in the east already? Clive was surprised and agitated too. Could Kew think of going to the east, and making long journeys when he had — he had other engagements that would necessitate his return home? No, he must not go to the east; Lord Kew's mother avowed, Kew had promised to stay with her during

the summer at Castellammare, and Mr. Newcome must come and paint their portraits there — all their portraits. She would like to have an entire picture-gallery of Kews, if her son would remain at home during the sittings.

At an early hour Lady Walham retired to rest, exacting Clive's promise to come to Castellammare: and George Barnes disappeared to array himself in an evening costume, and to pay his round of visits as became a young diplomatist. This part of diplomatic duty does not commence until after the opera at Naples; and society begins when the rest of the world has gone to bed.

Kew and Clive sate till one o'clock in the morning when the latter returned to his hotel. Not one of those fine parties at Pæstum, Sicily, &c., were carried out. Clive did not go to the east at all, and it was J. J. who painted Lord Kew's portrait that summer, at Castellammare. The next day Clive went for his passport to the embassy; and a steamer departing direct for Marseilles on that very afternoon, behold Mr. Newcome was on board of her; Lord Kew and his brother and J. J. waving their hats to him as the vessel left the shore.

Away went the ship, cleaving swiftly through the azure waters; but not swiftly enough for Clive. J. J. went back with a sigh to his sketch-book and easels. I suppose the other young disciple of Art had heard something which caused him to forsake his sublime mistress, for one who was much more capricious and earthly.

CHAPTER V.

Returns from Rome to Pall Mall.

ONE morning in the month of July, when there was actually sunshine in Lamb Court, and the two gentlemen who occupied the third floor chambers there in partnership, were engaged, as their custom was, over their pipes, their manuscripts, and their "Times" newspaper, behold a fresh sunshine burst into their room in the person of young Clive, with a bronzed face, and a yellow beard and mustachios, and those bright cheerful eyes, the sight of which was always so welcome to both of us. "What, Clive! What, the young one! What, Benjamin!" shout Pendennis and Warrington. Clive had obtained a very high place indeed in the latter's affections, so much so, that if I could have found it in my heart to be jealous of such a generous brave fellow, I might have grudged him his share of Warrington's regard. He blushed up with pleasure to see us again. Pidgeon, our boy, introduced him with a jubilant countenance; and Flanagan, the laundress, came smirking out of the bedroom, eager to get a nod of recognition from him, and bestow a smile of welcome upon everybody's favourite, Clive.

In two minutes an arm-chair full of magazines, slips of copy, and books for review, was emptied over

the neighbouring coal scuttle, and Clive was in the seat, a cigar in his mouth, as comfortable as if he had never been away. When did he come? Last night. He was back in Charlotte Street, at his old lodgings: he had been to breakfast in Fitzroy Square that morning; James Binnie chirped for joy at seeing him. His father had written to him desiring him to come back and see James Binnie; pretty Miss Rosie was very well thank you: and Mrs. Mack? Wasn't Mrs. Mackenzie delighted to behold him? "Come sir, on your honour and conscience, didn't the widow give you a kiss on your return?" Clive sends an uncut number of the "Pall Mall Gazette" flying across the room at the head of the inquirer; but blushes so sweetly, that I have very little doubt some such pretty meeting had taken place.

What a pity it is he had not been here a short while since for a marriage in high life, to give away his dear Barnes, and sign the book, along with the other dignitaries! We described that ceremony to him, and announced the promotion of his friend, Florac, now our friend also, Director of the Great Anglo-Gallic Railway, the Prince de Moncontour. Then Clive told us of his deeds during the winter; of the good fun he had had at Rome, and the jolly fellows he had met there. Was he going to astonish the world by some grand pictures? He was not. The more he worked, the more discontented he was with his performances somehow: but J. J. was coming out very strong, J. J. was going to be a stunner. We turned with pride and satisfaction to that very number of the "Pall Mall Gazette," which the youth had flung at us, and showed him a fine article by F. Bay-

ham, Esq., in which the picture sent home by J. J. was enthusiastically lauded by the great critic.

So he was back amongst us, and it seemed but yesterday he had quitted us. To Londoners everything seems to have happened but yesterday; nobody has time to miss his neighbour who goes away. People go to the Cape, or on a campaign, or on a tour round the world, or to India, and return with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in his individual speculations, studies, struggles; so selfish does our life make us: — selfish but not ill-natured. We are glad to see an old friend, though we do not weep when he leaves us. We humbly acknowledge, if fate calls us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom.

After talking for a while, Mr. Clive must needs go into the city, whither I accompanied him. His interview with Messrs. Jolly and Baines, at the house in Fog Court, must have been very satisfactory; Clive came out of the parlour with a radiant countenance. "Do you want any money, old boy?" says he; "the dear old governor has placed a jolly sum to my account, and Mr. Baines has told me how delighted Mrs. Baines and the girls will be to see me at dinner. He says my father has made a lucky escape out of one house in India, and a famous investment in another. Nothing could be more civil; how uncommonly kind and friendly everybody is in London. Everybody!" Then bestowing ourselves in a Hansom cab, which had probably just deposited some other capitalist in the City, we made for the West End of the town, where Mr. Clive had some important business

to transact with his tailors. He discharged his outstanding little account with easy liberality, blushing as he pulled out of his pocket a new cheque book, page I of which he bestowed on the delighted artist. From Mr. B.'s shop to Mr. Truefitt's is but a step. Our young friend was induced to enter the hair-dresser's, and leave behind him a great portion of the flowing locks and the yellow beard, which he had brought with him from Rome. With his mustachios he could not be induced to part; painters and cavalry officers having a right to those decorations. And why should not this young fellow wear smart clothes, and a smart mustache, and look handsome, and take his pleasure, and bask in his sun when it shone? Time enough for flannel and a fire when the winter comes; and for grey hair and cork-soled boots in the natural decline of years.

Then we went to pay a visit at a hotel in Jermyn Street to our friend Florac, who was now magnificently lodged there. A powdered giant lolling in the hall, his buttons emblazoned with prodigious coronets, took our cards up to the Prince. As the door of an apartment on the first floor opened, we heard a cry as of joy; and that nobleman, in a magnificent Persian dressing-gown, rushing from the room, plunged down the stairs and began kissing Clive to the respectful astonishment of the Titan in livery.

"Come that I present you, my friends," our good little Frenchman exclaimed, "to Madame la — to my wife!" We entered the drawing-room; a demure little lady, of near sixty years of age, was seated there, and we were presented in form to Madame la Princesse de Moncontour née Higg, of Manchester. She made

us a stiff little curtsey, but looked not ill-natured; indeed, few women could look at Clive Newcome's gallant figure and brave smiling countenance and keep a frown on their own very long.

"I have eard of you from somebodys else besides the Prince," said the lady, with rather a blush. "Your uncle has spoke to me hoften about you, Mr. Clive, and about your good father."

"C'est son Directeur," whispers Florac to me. I wondered which of the firm of Newcome had taken that office upon him.

"Now you are come to England," the lady continued (whose Lancashire pronunciation being once indicated, we shall henceforth, out of respect to the Princess's rank, generally pretermit), — "now you are come to England, we hope to see you often. Not here in this noisy hotel, which I can't bear, but in the country. Our house is only three miles from Newcome — not such a grand place as your uncle's; but I hope we shall see you there a great deal, and your friend, Mr. Pendennis, if he is passing that way." The invitation to Mr. Pendennis, I am bound to say, was given in terms by no means so warm as those in which the Princess's hospitality to Clive were professed.

"Shall we meet you at your Huncle Odson's?" the lady continued, to Clive; "his wife is a most charming, well-informed woman, has been most kind and civil, and we dine there to-day. Barnes and his wife is gone to spend the honeymoon at Newcome. Lady Clara is a sweet dear thing, and her pa and ma most affable, I am sure. What a pity Sir Brian couldn't attend the marriage! There was every body there in London,

almost. Sir Harvey Diggs says he is mending very slowly. In life we are in death, Mr. Newcome! Isn't it sad to think of him, in the midst of all his splendour and prosperity, and he so infirm and unable to enjoy them! But let us hope for the best, and that his health will soon come round!"

With these and similar remarks, in which poor Florac took but a very small share (for he seemed dumb and melancholy in the company of the Princess, his elderly spouse), the visit sped on. Mr. Pendennis, to whom very little was said, having leisure to make his silent observations upon the person to whom he had been just presented.

As there lay on the table two neat little packages, addressed "The Princess de Moncontour" — an envelope to the same address, with "The Prescription, No. 9396" farther inscribed on the paper, and a sheet of note-paper, bearing cabalistic characters, and the signature of that most fashionable physician, Sir Harvey Diggs, I was led to believe that the lady of Moncontour was, or fancied herself, in a delicate state of health. By the side of the physic for the body was medicine for the soul — a number of pretty little books in middle age bindings, in antique type many of them, adorned with pictures of the German School, representing demure ecclesiastics, with their heads on one side, children in long starched nightgowns, virgins bearing lilies, and so forth, from which it was to be concluded that the owner of the volumes was not so hostile to Rome as she had been at an earlier period of her religious life; and that she had migrated (in spirit) from Clapham to Knightsbridge, as so many wealthy mercantile families have likewise done in the

body. A long strip of embroidery, of the Gothic pattern, furthermore betrayed her present inclinations; and the person observing these things, whilst nobody was taking any notice of him, was amused when the accuracy of his conjectures was confirmed by the reappearance of the gigantic footman, calling out "Mr. Oneyman," in a loud voice, and preceding that divine into the room.

"C'est le Directeur. Venez fumer dans ma chambre, Pen," growled Florac, as Honeyman came sliding over the carpet, his elegant smile changing to a blush when he beheld Clive, his nephew, seated by the Princess's side. This, then, was the uncle who had spoken about Clive and his father to Madame de Florac. Charles seemed in the best condition. He held out two bran-new lavender-coloured kid gloves to shake hands with his dear Clive; Florac and Mr. Pendennis vanished out of the room as he appeared, so that no precise account can be given of this affecting interview.

When I quitted the hotel, a brown brougham, with a pair of beautiful horses, the harness and panels emblazoned with the neatest little ducal coronets you ever saw, and a cypher under each crown as easy to read as the arrow-headed inscriptions on one of Mr. Layard's Assyrian chariots, was in waiting, and I presumed that Madame la Princesse was about to take an airing.

Clive had passed the ~~lavender~~ banking-house in the city, without caring to face his relatives there. Mr. Newcome was now in sole command, Mr. Barnes being absent at Newcome, the Baronet little likely ever to enter bank parlour again. But his bounden duty was

to wait on the ladies; and of course, only from duty's sake, he went the very first day and called in Park Lane.

"The family was habsent ever since the marriage simminery last week," the footman, who had accompanied the party to Baden, informed Clive, when he opened the door and recognised that gentleman. "Sir Brian pretty well, thank you, Sir. The family was at Brighting. That is, Miss Newcome is in London staying with her grandmammar in Queen Street, May Fear, Sir." The varnished doors closed upon Jeames within; the brazen knockers grinned their familiar grin at Clive; and he went down the blank steps discomfited. Must it be owned that he went to a Club, and looked in the Directory for the number of Lady Kew's house in Queen Street? Her ladyship had a furnished house for the season. No such noble name was to be found among the inhabitants of Queen Street.

Mr. Hobson was from home; that is, Thomas had orders not to admit strangers on certain days, or before certain hours; so that Aunt Hobson saw Clive without being seen by the young man. I cannot say how much he regretted that mischance. His visits of propriety were thus all paid; and he went off to dine dutifully with James Binnie, after which meal he came to a certain rendezvous given to him by some bachelor friends for the evening.

James Binnie's eyes lightened up with pleasure on beholding his young Clive; the youth, obedient to his father's injunction, had hastened to Fitzroy Square immediately after taking possession of his old lodgings — his, during the time of his absence. The old pro-

perties and carved cabinets, the picture of his father looking melancholy out of the canvas, greeted Clive strangely on the afternoon of his arrival. No wonder he was glad to get away from a solitude peopled with a number of dismal recollections, to the near hospitality of Fitzroy Square and his guardian and friend there.

James had not improved in health during Clive's ten months absence. He had never been able to walk well, or take his accustomed exercise, after his fall. He was no more used to riding than the late Mr. Gibbon; whose person James's somewhat resembled, and of whose philosophy our Scottish friend was an admiring scholar. The Colonel gone, James would have arguments with Mr. Honeyman over their claret, bring down the famous XVth and XVIth chapters of the Decline and Fall upon him, and quite get the better of the clergyman. James, like many other sceptics, was very obstinate, and for his part believed that almost all parsons had as much belief as the Roman augurs in their ceremonies. Certainly, poor Honeyman, in their controversies, gave up one article after another, flying from James's assault; but the battle over, Charles Honeyman would pick up these accoutrements which he had flung away in his retreat, wipe them dry, and put them on again.

Lamed by his fall, and obliged to remain much within doors, where certain society did not always amuse him, James Binnie sought excitement in the pleasures of the table, partaking of them the more freely now that his health could afford them the less. Clive, the sly rogue, observed a great improvement in the commissariat since his good father's time, ate his

dinner with thankfulness, and made no remarks. Nor did he confide to us for awhile his opinion that Mrs. Mack bored the good gentleman most severely; that he pined away under her kindnesses; sneaked off to his study-chair and his nap; was only too glad when some of the widow's friends came, or she went out; seeming to breathe more freely when she was gone, and drink his wine more cheerily when rid of the intolerable weight of her presence.

I protest the great ills of life are nothing — the loss of your fortune is a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife — how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterwards? It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear that is hard. I can fancy nothing more cruel, after a long easy life of bachelorhood, than to have to sit day after day with a dull handsome woman opposite; to have to answer her speeches about the weather, housekeeping, and what not; to smile appropriately when she is disposed to be lively (that laughing at the jokes is the hardest part), and to model your conversation so as to suit her intelligence, knowing that a word used out of its downright signification will not be understood by your fair breakfast-maker. Women go through this simpering and smiling life, and bear it quite easily. Theirs is a life of hypocrisy. What good woman does not laugh at her husband's or father's jokes and stories time after time, and would not laugh at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, if he told them? Flattery is their nature — to coax, flatter, and sweetly befool some one is every woman's business. She is none if she declines this office. But men are not provided with such powers of humbug or endurance —

they perish and pine away miserably when bored — or they shrink off to the club or public-house for comfort. I want to say as delicately as I can, and never liking to use rough terms regarding a handsome woman, that Mrs. Mackenzie, herself being in the highest spirits and the best humour, extinguished her half-brother, James Binnie, Esq.; that she was as a malarial to him, poisoning his atmosphere, numbing his limbs, destroying his sleep — that day after day as he sate down at breakfast, and she levelled common-places at her dearest James, her dearest James became more wretched under her. And no one could see what his complaint was. He called in the old physicians at the club. He dosed himself with poppy, and mandragora, and blue pill — lower and lower went poor James's mercury. If he wanted to move to Brighton or Cheltenham, well and good. Whatever were her engagements, or whatever pleasures darling Rosey might have in store, dear thing! — at her age, my dear Mrs. Newcome, would not one do all to make a young creature happy? under *no* circumstances could I *think* of leaving my poor brother.

Mrs. Mackenzie thought herself a most highly principled woman, Mrs. Newcome had also a great opinion of her. These two ladies had formed a considerable friendship in the past months, the captain's widow having an unaffected reverence for the banker's lady; and thinking her one of the best informed and most superior women in the world. When she had a high opinion of a person Mrs. Mack always wisely told it. Mrs. Newcome in her turn thought Mrs. Mackenzie a very clever, agreeable, lady-like woman — not accomplished, but one could not have everything.

"No, no, my dear," says simple Hobson, "never would do to have every woman as clever as *you* are, Maria. Women would have it all their own way then."

Maria, as her custom was, thanked God for being so virtuous and clever, and graciously admitted Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie into the circle of adorers of that supreme virtue and talent. Mr. Newcome took little Rosey and her mother to some parties. When any took place in Bryanstone Square, they were generally allowed to come to tea.

When on the second day of his arrival the dutiful Clive went to dine with Mr. James, the ladies, in spite of their raptures at his return and delight at seeing him, were going in the evening to his aunt. Their talk was about the Princess all dinner time. The Prince and Princess were to dine in Bryanstone Square. The Princess had ordered such and such things at the jeweller's — the Princess would take rank over an English Earl's daughter — over Lady Ann Newcome for instance. "O dear! I wish the Prince and Princess were smothered in the tower," growled James Binnie, "since you have got acquainted with 'em I have never heard of anything else."

Clive, like a wise man, kept his counsel about the Prince and Princess, with whom we have seen that he had had the honour of an interview that very day. But after dinner Rosey came round and whispered to her mamma, and after Rosey's whisper mamma flung her arms round Rosey's neck and kissed her, and called her a thoughtful darling. "What do you think this creature says, Clive?" says Mrs. Mack, still holding her darling's little hand, "I wonder I had not thought of it myself."

"What is it, Mrs. Mackenzie?" asks Clive, laughing.

"She says why should not you come to your aunt's with us? We are sure Mrs. Newcome would be most happy to see you."

Rosey, with a little hand put to mamma's mouth, said, "Why did you tell — you naughty mamma! Isn't she a naughty mamma, Uncle James?" More kisses follow after this sally, of which Uncle James receives one with perfect complacency: mamma crying out as Rosey retires to dress, "That darling child is *always* thinking of others — *always*!"

Clive says, "he will sit and smoke a cheroot with Mr. Binnie, if they please." James's countenance falls. "We have left off *that* sort of thing here, my dear Clive, a long time," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, departing from the dining-room.

"But we have improved the claret, Clive, my boy! whispers Uncle James. Let us have another bottle, and we will drink to the dear Colonel's good health and speedy return — God bless him! I say, Clive, Tom seems to have had a most fortunate escape out of Winter's house — thanks to our friend Rummun Lal, and to have got into a capital good thing with this Bundlecund bank. They speak famously of it at Hanover Square, and I see the Hurkara quotes the shares at a premium already."

Clive did not know anything about the Bundlecund bank, except a few words in a letter from his father, which he had found in the City this morning, "And an uncommonly liberal remittance the governor has sent me home, Sir;" upon which they fill another bumper to the Colonel's health.

Mamma and Rosey come and show their pretty pink dresses before going to Mrs. Newcome's, and Clive lights a cigar in the hall — and isn't there a jubilation at the Haunt when the young fellow's face appears above the smoke-clouds there?

CHAPTER VI.

An Old Story.

MANY of Clive's Roman friends were by this time come to London, and the young man renewed his acquaintance with them, and had speedily a considerable circle of his own. He thought fit to allow himself a good horse or two, and appeared in the Park among other young dandies. He and Monsieur de Moncontour were sworn allies. Lord Fareham, who had purchased J. J.'s picture, was Clive's very good friend: Major Pendennis himself pronounced him to be a young fellow of agreeable manners, and very favourably *vu* (as the Major happened to know) in some very good quarters.

Ere many days Clive had been to Brighton to see Lady Ann and Sir Brian, and good Aunt Honeyman, in whose house the Baronet was lodged: and I suppose he found out, by some means or other, where Lady Kew lived in May Fair.

But her Ladyship was not at home, nor was she at home on the second day, nor did there come any note from Ethel to her cousin. She did not ride in the Park as of old. Clive, *bien vu* as he was, did not belong to that great world as yet, in which he would be pretty sure to meet her every night at one of those parties where everybody goes. He read her name in the paper morning after morning, as having been pre-

sent at Lady This's entertainment and Lady That's ministerial *réunion*. At first he was too shy to tell what the state of the case was, and took nobody into his confidence regarding his little *tendre*.

There he was riding through Queen Street, May Fair, attired in splendid raiment: never missing the Park; actually going to places of worship in the neighbourhood; and frequenting the opera — a waste of time which one would never have expected in a youth of his nurture. At length a certain observer of human nature remarking his state: rightly conjectured that he must be in love, and taxed him with the soft impeachment — on which the young man, no doubt anxious to open his heart to some one, poured out all that story which has before been narrated; and told how he thought his passion cured, and how it was cured; but when he heard from Kew at Naples that the engagement was over between him and Miss Newcome, Clive found his own flame kindle again with new ardour. He was wild to see her. He dashed off from Naples instantly on receiving the news that she was free. He had been ten days in London without getting a glimpse of her. "That Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn," said poor Clive, "and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. She's a good dear little thing — little Rosey — and I really had thought once of — of — O never mind that! O Pen! I'm up another tree now! and a poor miserable young beggar I am!" In fact Mr. Pendennis was installed as confidant *vice* J. J. — absent on leave.

This is a part, which, especially for a few days, the present biographer has always liked well enough.

For a while at least, I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love. If you know of two or three such affairs going on in any soirée to which you may be invited — is not the party straightway amusing? Yonder goes Augustus Tomkins, working his way through the rooms to that far corner where demure Miss Hopkins is seated, to whom the stupid grinning Bumpkins thinks he is making himself agreeable. Yonder sits Miss Fanny *distracte*, and yet trying to smile as the captain is talking his folly, the parson his glib compliments. And see, her face lights up all of a sudden: her eyes beam with delight at the captain's stories, and at that delightful young clergyman likewise. It is because Augustus has appeared; their eyes only meet for one semi-second, but that is enough for Miss Fanny. Go on, captain, with your twaddle! — Proceed, my reverend friend, with your smirking common-places! In the last two minutes the world has changed for Miss Fanny. That moment has come for which she has been fidgetting and longing and scheming all day! How different an interest, I say, has a meeting of people for a philosopher who knows of a few such little secrets, to that which your vulgar looker-on feels, who comes but to eat the ices, and stare at the ladies' dresses and beauty! There are two frames of mind under which London society is bearable to a man — to be an actor in one of those sentimental performances above hinted at: or to be a spectator and watch it. But as for the mere *dessus de cartes* — would not an arm-chair and the dullest of books be better than that dull game?

So, I not only became Clive's confidant in this affair, but took a pleasure in extracting the young

fellow's secrets from him, or rather in encouraging him to pour them forth. Thus was the great part of the previous tale revealed to me: thus Jack Belsize's misadventures, of the first part of which we had only heard in London (and whither he returned presently to be reconciled to his father, after his elder brother's death). Thus my Lord Kew's secret history came into my possession; let us hope for the public's future delectation, and the chronicler's private advantage. And many a night until daylight did appear, has poor Clive stamped his chamber or my own, pouring his story out to me, his griefs and raptures; recalling, in his wild young way, recollections of Ethel's sayings and doings; uttering descriptions of her beauty: and raging against the cruelty which she exhibited towards him.

As soon as the new confidant heard the name of the young lover's charmer, to do Mr. Pendennis justice, he endeavoured to fling as much cold water upon Clive's flame, as a small private engine could be brought to pour on such a conflagration. "Miss Newcome! my dear Clive," says the confidant, "do you know to what you are aspiring? For the last three months Miss Newcome has been the greatest lioness in London: the reigning beauty: the winning horse: the first favourite out of the whole Belgravian harem. No young woman of this year has come near her: those of past seasons she has distanced, and utterly put to shame. Miss Blackcap, Lady Blanch Blackcap's daughter was (as perhaps you are not aware) considered by her Mamma the great beauty of last season; and it was considered rather shabby of the young Marquis of Farintosh, to leave town without

offering to change Miss Blackcap's name. Heaven bless you! this year Farintosh will not look at Miss Blackcap! *He* finds people at home when (ha! I see you wince, my suffering innocent!) — when he calls in Queen Street; yes, and Lady Kew, who is one of the cleverest women in England, will listen for hours to Lord Farintosh's conversation; than whom, the Rotten Row of Hyde Park cannot show a greater booby. Miss Blackcap may retire, like Jephthah's daughter, for all Farintosh will relieve her. Then, my dear fellow, there were, as possibly you do not know, Lady Hermengilde and Lady Yseult, Lady Rackstraw's lovely twins, whose appearance created such a sensation at Lady Hautbois' first — was it her first or was it her second? — yes, it was her second — breakfast. Whom weren't they going to marry? Crackthorpe was mad they said about both. — Busting-ton, Sir John Fobsby, the young baronet with the immense Northern property — the Bishop of Windsor was actually said to be smitten with one of them, but did not like to offer, as her present M—y, like Qu—n El—z—b—th, of gracious memory, is said to object to bishops, as bishops, marrying. Where is Busting-ton? Where is Crackthorpe? Where is Fobsby, the young Baronet of the North? My dear fellow, when those two girls come into a room now, they make no more sensation than you or I. Miss Newcome has carried their admirers away from them: Fobsby has actually, it is said, proposed for her: and the *real* reason of that affair between Lord Bustington and Captain Crackthorpe of the Royal Horse Guards Green, was a speech of Bustington's, hinting that Miss Newcome had not behaved well in throwing Lord Kew

over. Don't you know what old Lady Kew will do with this girl, Clive? She will marry Miss Newcome to the best man. If a richer and better party than Lord Farintosh presents himself — then it will be Farintosh's turn to find that Lady Kew is not at home. Is there any young man in the Peerage unmarried and richer than Farintosh? I forget. Why does not some one publish a list of the young male nobility and baronetage, their names, weights, and probable fortunes? I don't mean for the matrons of May Fair — they have the list by heart and study it in secret — but for young men in the world; so that they may know what their chances are, and who naturally has the pull over them. Let me see — there is young Lord Gaunt, who will have a great fortune, and is desirable because you know his father is locked up — but he is only ten years old — no — they can scarcely bring him forward as Farintosh's rival.

“You look astonished, my poor boy? You think it is wicked in me to talk in this brutal way about bargain and sale; and say that your heart's darling is, at this minute, being paced up and down the May Fair market to be taken away by the best bidder. Can you count purses with Sultan Farintosh? Can you compete even with Sir John Fobsby of the North? What I say is wicked and worldly, is it? So it is; but it is true, as true as Tattersall's — as true as Circassia or Virginia. Don't you know that the Circassian girls are proud of their bringing up, and take rank according to the prices which they fetch? And you go and buy yourself some new clothes, and a fifty pound horse, and put a penny rose in your but-

ton hole, and ride past her window, and think to win this prize? O, you idiot! A penny rosebud! Put money in your purse. A fifty pound hack when a butcher rides as good a one! — Put money in your purse. A brave young heart, all courage and love and honour! Put money in thy purse — t'other coin don't pass in the market — at least where old Lady Kew has the stall."

By these remonstrances, playful though serious, Clive's adviser sought to teach him wisdom about his love affair; and the advice was received as advice upon those occasions usually is.

After calling thrice, and writing to Miss Newcome, there came a little note from that young lady, saying, "Dear Clive. We were so sorry we were out when you called. We shall be at home to-morrow at lunch, when Lady Kew hopes you will come, and see, yours ever, E. N."

Clive went — poor Clive. He had the satisfaction of shaking Ethel's hand, and a finger of Lady Kew; of eating a mutton chop in Ethel's presence; of conversing about the state of art at Rome with Lady Kew, and describing the last works of Gibson and Macdonald. The visit lasted but for half an hour. Not for one minute was Clive allowed to see Ethel alone. At three o'clock Lady Kew's carriage was announced and our young gentleman rose to take his leave, and had the pleasure of seeing the most noble Peer, Marquis of Farintosh and Earl of Rossmont, descend from his lordship's brougham and enter at Lady Kew's door, followed by a domestic bearing a small stack of flowers from Covent Garden.

It befel that the good-natured Lady Fareham had

a ball in these days; and meeting Clive in the Park, her lord invited him to the entertainment. Mr. Pendennis had also the honour of a card. Accordingly Clive took me up at Bays's, and we proceeded to the ball together.

The lady of the house, smiling upon all her guests, welcomed with particular kindness her young friend from Rome. "Are you related to *the* Miss Newcome, Lady Ann Newcome's daughter? Her cousin? She will be here to-night." Very likely Lady Fareham did not see Clive wince and blush at this announcement, her ladyship having to occupy herself with a thousand other people. Clive found a dozen of his Roman friends in the room, ladies young and middle aged, plain and handsome, all glad to see his kind face. The house was splendid; the ladies magnificently dressed; the ball beautiful, though it appeared a little dull until that event took place whereof we treated two pages back (in the allegory of Mr. Tomkins and Miss Hopkins), and Lady Kew and her granddaughter made their appearance.

That old woman, who began to look more and more like the wicked fairy of the stories, who is not invited to the Princess's Christening Feast, had this advantage over her likeness, that she was invited everywhere; though how she, at her age, could fly about to so many parties, unless she was a fairy, no one could say. Behind the fairy, up the marble stairs, came the most noble Farintosh, with that vacuous leer which distinguishes his lordship. Ethel seemed to be carrying the stack of flowers which the marquis had sent to her. The noble Bustington (Viscount Bustington, I need scarcely tell the reader, is the heir of the

house of Podbury), the Baronet of the North, the gallant Crackthorpe, the first men in town, in a word, gathered round the young beauty forming her court; and little Dick Hitchin, who goes everywhere, you may be sure was near her with a compliment and a smile. Ere this arrival, the twins had been giving themselves great airs in the room — the poor twins! when Ethel appeared they sank into shuddering insignificance, and had to put up with the conversation and attentions of second-rate men, belonging to second-rate clubs, in heavy dragoon regiments. One of them actually walked with a dancing barrister; but he was related to a duke, and it was expected the Lord Chancellor would give him something very good.

Before he saw Ethel, Clive vowed he was aware of her. Indeed, had not Lady Fareham told him Miss Newcome was coming? Ethel, on the contrary, not expecting him, or not having the prescience of love, exhibited signs of surprise when she beheld him, her eyebrows arching, her eyes darting looks of pleasure. When grandmamma happened to be in another room, she beckoned Clive to her, dismissing Crackthorpe and Fobsby, Farintosh and Bustington, the amorous youth who around her bowed, and summoning Mr. Clive up to an audience with the air of a young princess.

And so she was a princess; and this the region of her special dominion. The wittiest and handsomest, she deserved to reign in such a place, by right of merit and by general election. Clive felt her superiority, and his own shortcomings; he came up to her as to a superior person. Perhaps she was not sorry to let him see how she ordered away grandees and splendid Bustingtons, informing them, with a superb

manner, that she wished to speak to her cousin — that handsome young man with the light mustache yonder.

"Do you know many people? This is your first appearance in society? Shall I introduce you to some nice girls to dance with? What very pretty buttons!"

"Is that what you wanted to say?" asked Clive, rather bewildered.

"What does one say at a ball? One talks conversation suited to the place. If I were to say to Captain Crackthorpe, 'What pretty buttons!' he would be delighted. But you — you have a soul above buttons, I suppose."

"Being, as you say, a stranger in this sort of society, you see I am not accustomed to — to the exceeding brilliancy of its conversation," said Clive.

"What! you want to go away, and we haven't seen each other for near a year," cries Ethel, in quite a natural voice. "Sir John Fobsby, I'm very sorry — but do let me off this dance. I have just met my cousin, whom I have not seen for a whole year, and I want to talk to him."

"It was not my fault that you did not see me sooner. I wrote to you that I only got your letter a month ago. You never answered the second I wrote you from Rome. Your letter lay there at the post ever so long, and was forwarded to me at Naples."

"Where?" asked Ethel.

"I saw Lord Kew there." Ethel was smiling with all her might, and kissing her hand to the twins, who passed at this moment with their mamma. "O, indeed, you saw — how do you do? — Lord Kew."

"And, having seen him, I came over to England," said Clive.

Ethel looked at him, gravely. "What am I to understand by that, Clive? — You came over because it was very hot at Naples, and because you wanted to see your friends here, n'est-ce pas? How glad mamma was to see you! You know she loves you as if you were her own son."

"What, as much as that angel, Barnes!" cries Clive, bitterly; "impossible."

Ethel looked once more. Her present mood and desire was to treat Clive as a chit, as a young fellow without consequence — a thirteenth younger brother. But in his looks and behaviour there was that which seemed to say not too many liberties were to be taken with him.

"Why weren't you here a month sooner, and you might have seen the marriage? It was a very pretty thing. Everybody was there. Clara and so did Barnes really, looked quite handsome."

"It must have been beautiful," continued Clive; "quite a touching sight, I am sure. Poor Charles Belsize could not be present because his brother was dead; and —"

"And what else, pray, Mr. Newcome!" cries Miss, in great wrath, her pink nostrils beginning to quiver. "I did not think, really, that when we met after so many months, I was to be — insulted; yes, insulted, by the mention of that name."

"I most humbly ask pardon," said Clive, with a grave bow. "Heaven forbid that I should wound your sensibility, Ethel! It is, as you say, my first appearance in society. I talk about things or persons that I

should not mention. I should talk about buttons, should I? which you were good enough to tell me was the proper subject of conversation. Mayn't I even speak of connexions of the family? Mr. Belsize, through this marriage, has the honour of being connected with you; and even I, in a remote degree, may boast of a sort of an ever-sodistant cousinship with him. What an honour for me!"

"Pray what is the meaning of all this?" cries Miss Ethel, surprised, and perhaps alarmed. Indeed, Clive scarcely knew. He had been chafing all the while he talked with her; smothering anger as he saw the young men round about her; revolting against himself for the very humility of his obedience, and angry at the eagerness and delight with which he had come at her call.

"The meaning is, Ethel" — he broke out, seizing the opportunity — "that when a man comes a thousand miles to see you, and shake your hand, you should give it him a little more cordially than you choose to do to me; that when a kinsman knocks at your door, time after time, you should try and admit him; and that when you meet him you should treat him like an old friend: not as you treated me when my Lady Kew vouchsafed to give me admittance: not as you treat these fools that are fribbling round about you," cries Mr. Clive, in a great rage, folding his arms, and glaring round on a number of the most innocent young swells; and he continued looking as if he would like to knock a dozen of their heads together. "Am I keeping Miss Newcome's admirers from her?"

"That is not for me to say," she said, quite gently.

He was; but to see him angry did not displease Miss Newcome.

"That young man who came for you just now," Clive went on — "that Sir John —"

"Are you angry with me because I sent him away?" said Ethel, putting out a hand. "Hark! there is the music. Take me in and waltz with me. Don't you know it is not *my* door at which you knocked?" she said, looking up into his face as simply and kindly as of old. She whirled round the dancing room with him in triumph, the other beauties dwindling before her; she looked more and more beautiful with each rapid move of the waltz, her colour heightening and her eyes seeming to brighten. Not till the music stopped did she sink down on a seat, panting, and smiling radiant — as many many hundred years ago I remember to have seen Taglioni, after a conquering *pas seul*. She nodded a thank you to Clive. It seemed that there was a perfect reconciliation. Lady Kew came in just at the end of the dance, scowling when she beheld Ethel's partner; but in reply to her remonstrances Ethel shrugged her fair shoulders; with a look which seemed to say *je le veux*, gave an arm to her grandmother, and walked off, saucily protecting her.

Clive's friend had been looking on observingly and curiously as the scene between them had taken place, and at the dance with which the reconciliation had been celebrated. I must tell you that this arch young creature had formed the object of my observation for some months past, and that I watched her as I have watched a beautiful panther at the Zoological Gardens, so bright of eye, so sleek of coat, so slim in form, so swift and agile in her spring.

A more brilliant young coquette than Miss Newcome, in her second season, these eyes never looked upon, that is the truth. In her first year, being engaged to Lord Kew, she was perhaps a little more reserved and quiet. Besides, her mother went out with her that first season, to whom Miss Newcome, except for a little occasional flightiness, was invariably obedient and ready to come to call. But when Lady Kew appeared as her Duenna, the girl's delight seemed to be to plague the old lady, and she would dance with the very youngest sons merely to put grandmamma in a passion. In this way poor young Cubley (who has two hundred a year of allowance, besides eighty, and an annual rise of five in the Treasury) actually thought that Ethel was in love with him, and consulted with the young men in his room in Downing Street, whether two hundred and eighty a year, with five pound more next year, would be enough for them to keep house on? Young Tandy of the Temple, Lord Skibbereen's younger son, who sate in the House for some time on the Irish Catholic side, was also deeply smitten, and many a night in our walks home from the parties at the other end of the town, would entertain me with his admiration and passion for her.

"If you have such a passion for her, why not propose?" it was asked of Mr. Tandy.

"Propose! propose to a Russian Archduchess," cries young Tandy. "She's beautiful, she's delightful, she's witty. I have never seen anything like her eyes; they send me wild — wild," says Tandy — (slapping his waistcoat under Temple Bar) — "but a more audacious little flirt never existed since the days of Cleopatra."

With this opinion likewise in my mind, I had been looking on during Clive's proceedings with Miss Ethel — not I say without admiration of the young lady who was leading him such a dance. The waltz over, I congratulated him on his own performance. His continental practice had greatly improved him. "And as for your partner, it is delightful to see her," I went on. "I always like to be by when Miss Newcome dances. I had sooner see her than anybody since Taglioni. Look at her now, with her neck up, and her little foot out, just as she is preparing to start! Happy Lord Bustington!"

"You are angry with her because she cut you," growls Clive, "You know you said she cut you, or forgot you; and your vanity's wounded, that is why you are so satirical."

"How can Miss Newcome remember all the men who are presented to her?" says the other. "Last year she talked to me because she wanted to know about you. This year she doesn't talk: because I suppose she does not want to know about you any more."

"Hang it. Do — on't, Pen," cries Clive, as a schoolboy cries out to another not to hit him.

"She does not pretend to observe: and is in full conversation with the amiable Bustington. Delicious interchange of noble thoughts! But she is observing us talking, and knows that we are talking about her. If ever you marry her, Clive, which is absurd, I shall lose you for a friend. You will infallibly tell her what I think of her: and she will order you to give me up." Clive had gone off in a brown study, as his interlocutor continued. "Yes, she is a flirt. She

can't help her nature. She tries to vanquish every one who comes near her. She is a little out of breath from waltzing, and so she pretends to be listening to poor Bustington, who is out of breath too, but puffs out his best in order to make himself agreeable. With what a pretty air she appears to listen! Her eyes actually seem to brighten."

"*What!*" says Clive, with a start.

I could not comprehend the meaning of the start: nor did I care much to know: supposing that the young man was waking up from some lover's reverie: and the evening sped away, Clive not quitting the ball until Miss Newcome and the Countess of Kew had departed. No further communication appeared to take place between the cousins that evening. I think it was Captain Crackthorpe who gave the young lady an arm into her carriage; Sir John Fobsby having the happiness to conduct the old Countess, and carrying the pink bag for the shawls, wrappers, &c., on which her Ladyship's coronet and initials are emblazoned. Clive may have made a movement as if to step forward, but a single finger from Miss Newcome warned him back.

Clive and his two friends in Lamb Court had made an engagement for the next Saturday to dine at Greenwich; but on the morning of that day there came a note from him to say that he thought of going down to see his aunt, Miss Honeyman, and begged to recal his promise to us. Saturday is a holiday with gentlemen of our profession. We had invited F. Bayham, Esquire, and promised ourselves a merry evening, and were unwilling to balk ourselves of the pleasure on account of the absence of our young Roman. So we

three went to London Bridge Station at an early hour, proposing to breathe the fresh air of Greenwich Park before dinner. And, at London Bridge, by the most singular coincidence, Lady Kew's carriage drove up to the Brighton entrance, and Miss Ethel and her maid stepped out of the brougham.

When Miss Newcome and her maid entered the Brighton station, did Mr. Clive, by another singular coincidence, happen also to be there? What more natural and dutiful than that he should go and see his aunt Miss Honeyman? What more proper than that Miss Ethel should pass the Saturday and Sunday with her sick father; and take a couple of wholesome nights' rest after those five weary past evenings, for each of which we may reckon a couple of soirées and a ball? And that relations should travel together, the young lady being protected by her *femme-de-chambre*; that surely, as every one must allow, was perfectly right and proper.

That a biographer should profess to know everything which passes, even in a confidential talk in a first-class carriage between two lovers, seems perfectly absurd; not that grave historians do not pretend to the same wonderful degree of knowledge — reporting meetings the most occult of conspirators; private interviews between monarchs and their ministers, even the secret thoughts and motives of those personages, which possibly the persons themselves did not know — all for which the present writer will pledge his known character for veracity is, that on a certain day certain parties had a conversation of which the upshot was so and so. He guesses, of course, at

a great deal of what took place; knowing the characters, and being informed at some time of their meeting. You do not suppose that I bribed the *femme-de-chambre*, or that those two city gents, who sate in the same carriage with our young friends, and could not hear a word they said, reported their talk to me? If Clive and Ethel had had a coupé to themselves, I would yet boldly tell what took place, but the coupé was taken by other three young city gents who smoked the whole way.

"Well, then," the bonnet begins close up to the hat, "tell me, Sir, is it true that you were so very much *épris* of the Miss Freemans at Rome; and that afterwards you were so wonderfully attentive to the third Miss Balliol? Did you draw her portrait? You know you drew her portrait. You painters always pretend to admire girls with auburn hair, because Titian and Raphael painted it. Has the Fornarina red hair? Why we are at Croydon, I declare!"

"The Fornarina" — the hat replies to the bonnet, "if that picture at the Borghese palace be an original, or a likeness of her — is not a handsome woman, with vulgar eyes and mouth, and altogether a most mahogany-coloured person. She is so plain, in fact, I think that very likely it is the real woman; for it is with their own fancies that men fall in love, — or rather every woman is handsome to the lover. You know how old Helen must have been."

"I don't know any such thing, or anything about her. Who was Helen?" asks the bonnet; and indeed she did not know.

"It's a long story, and such an old scandal now, that there is no use in repeating it," says Clive.

"You only talk about Helen because you wish to turn away the conversation from Miss Freeman," cries the young lady — "from Miss Balliol, I mean."

"We will talk about whichever you please. Which shall we begin to pull to pieces?" says Clive. You see, to be in this carriage — to be actually with *her* — to be looking into those wonderful lucid eyes — to see her sweet mouth dimpling, and hear her sweet voice ringing with its delicious laughter — to have that hour and a half his own, in spite of all the world-dragons, grandmothers, *convenances*, the future — made the young fellow so happy, filled his whole frame and spirit with a delight so keen, that no wonder he was gay, and brisk, and lively.

"And so you knew of my goings on?" he asked. O me! they were at Reigate by this time; there was Gatton Park flying before them on the wings of the wind.

"I know of a number of things," says the bonnet, nodding with ambrosial curls.

"And you would not answer the second letter I wrote to you?"

"We were in great perplexity. One cannot be always answering young gentlemen's letters. I had considerable doubt about answering a note I got from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square," says the lady's chapeau. "No, Clive, we must not write to one another," she continued more gravely, "or only very, very seldom. Nay, my meeting you here to-day is by the merest chance I am sure; for when I mentioned at Lady Fareham's the other evening that I was going to see papa at Brighton to-day, I never for *one moment* thought of seeing *you* in the train. But as you are

here, it can't be helped; and I may as well tell you that there are obstacles."

"What, *other* obstacles?" Clive gasped out.

"Nonsense — you silly boy! No other obstacles but those which always have existed, and must. When we parted — that is, when you left us at Baden, you knew it was for the best. You had your profession to follow, and could not go on idling about — about a family of sick people and children. Every man has his profession, and you yours, as you would have it. We are so nearly allied that we may — we may like each other like brother and sister almost. I don't know what Barnes would say if he heard me? Wherever you and your father are, how can I ever think of you but — but you know how? I always shall, always. There are certain feelings we have which I hope never can change; though, if you please, about them I intend never to speak any more. Neither you nor I can alter our conditions, but must make the best of them. You shall be a fine clever painter; and I, — who knows what will happen to me? I know what is going to happen to-day; I am going to see papa and mamma, and be as happy as I can till Monday morning."

"I know what I wish would happen now," said Clive, — they were going screaming through a tunnel.

"What?" said the bonnet in the darkness; and the engine was roaring so loudly, that he was obliged to put his head quite close to say —

"I wish the tunnel would fall in and close upon us, or that we might travel on for ever and ever."

Here there was a great jar of the carriage, and the lady's maid, and I think Miss Ethel, gave a shriek.

The lamp above was so dim that the carriage was almost totally dark. No wonder the lady's maid was frightened! but the daylight came streaming in, and all poor Clive's wishes of rolling and rolling on for ever were put an end to by the implacable sun in a minute.

Ah, why was it the quick train? Suppose it had been the parliamentary train? — even that too would have come to an end. They came and said, "Tickets, please," and Clive held out the three of their party — his, and Ethel's, and her maid's. I think for such a ride as that he was right to give up Greenwich. Mr. Kuhn was in waiting with a carriage for Miss Ethel. She shook hands with Clive, returning his pressure.

"I may come and see you?" he said.

"You may come and see mamma — yes."

"And where are you staying?"

"Bless my soul — they were staying at Miss Honeyman's!" Clive burst into a laugh. Why he was going there too! Of course Aunt Honeyman had no room for him, her house being quite full with the other Newcomes.

It was a most curious coincidence their meeting; but altogether Lady Ann thought it was best to say nothing about the circumstance to grandmamma. I myself am puzzled to say which would have been the better course to pursue under the circumstances; there were so many courses open. As they had gone so far, should they go on farther together? Suppose they were going to the same house at Brighton, oughtn't they to have gone in the same carriage, with Kuhn and the maid of course? Suppose they

met by chance at the station, ought they to have travelled in separate carriages? I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?

CHAPTER VII.

Injured Innocence.

FROM CLIVE NEWCOME, ESQ., TO LIEUT.-COL. NEWCOME, C.B.

"BRIGHTON, June 12, 18—.

MY DEAREST FATHER. — As the weather was growing very hot at Naples, and you wished I should come to England to see Mr. Binnie, I came accordingly; and have been here three weeks, and write to you from Aunt Honeyman's parlour at Brighton, where you ate your last dinner before embarking for India. I found your splendid remittance on calling in Fog Court, and have invested a part of the sum in a good horse to ride, upon which I take my diversion with other young dandies in the park. Florac is in England, but he has no need of your kindness. Only think! he is Prince de Moncontour now, the second title of the Duc d'Ivry's family; and M. le Comte de Florac is Duc d'Ivry in consequence of the demise of t'other old gentleman. I believe the late duke's wife shortened his life. O what a woman! She caused a duel between Lord Kew and a Frenchman, which has in its turn occasioned all sorts of evil and division in families, as you shall hear.

"In the first place, in consequence of the duel and of incompatibility of temper, the match between Kew and E. N. has been broken off. I met Lord Kew at Naples with his mother and brother, nice quiet people

as you would like them. Kew's wound and subsequent illness have altered him a good deal. He has become much *more serious* than he used to be; not ludicrously so at all, but he says he thinks his past life has been useless and even criminal, and he wishes to change it. He has sold his horses, and sown his wild oats. He has turned quite a sober quiet gentleman.

"At our meeting he told me of what had happened between him and Ethel, of whom he spoke *most kindly and generously*, but avowing his opinion that they never could have been happy in married life. And now I think my dear old father will see that there may be another reason besides my desire to see Mr. Binnie, which has brought me tumbling back to England again. If need be to speak, I never shall have, I hope, any secrets from you. I have not said much about one which has given me the deuce's disquiet for ten months past; because there was no good in talking about it, or vexing you needlessly with reports of my griefs and woes.

"Well, when we were at Baden in September last, and E. and I. wrote those letters in common to you, I daresay you can fancy what my feelings might have been towards such a beautiful young creature, who has a hundred faults, for which I love her just as much as for the good that is in her. I became dreadfully smitten indeed, and knowing that she was engaged to Lord Kew, I did as you told me you did once when the enemy was too strong for you — *I ran away*. I had a bad time of it for two or three months. At Rome, however, I began to take matters more easily, my naturally fine appetite returned, and at the end of the season I found myself uncommonly happy

in the society of the Miss Balliols and the Miss Freemans; but when Kew told me at Naples of what had happened, there was straightway a *fresh eruption* in my heart, and I was fool enough to come almost without sleep to London in order to catch a glimpse of the bright eyes of E. N.

"She is now in this very house up-stairs with one aunt, whilst the other lets lodgings to her. I have seen her but very seldom indeed since I came to London, where Sir Brian and Lady Ann do not pass the season, and Ethel goes about to a dozen parties every week with old Lady Kew, who neither loves you nor me. Hearing E. say she was coming down to her parents at Brighton, I made so bold as to waylay her at the train (though I didn't tell her that I passed three hours in the waiting-room); and we made the journey together, and she was very kind and beautiful, and though I suppose I might just as well ask the Royal Princess to have me, I can't help hoping and longing and hankering after her. And Aunt Honeyman must have found out that I am fond of her, for the old lady has received me with a scolding. Uncle Charles seems to be in very good condition again. I saw him in full clerical feather at Madame de Montcontour's, a good-natured body who drops her h's, though Florac is not aware of their absence. Pendenis and Warrington I know would send you their best regards. Pen is conceited, but much kinder in reality than he has the air of being. Fred. Bayham is doing well, and prospering in his mysterious way.

"Mr. Binnie is not looking at all well: and Mrs. Mack — well, as I know you never attack a lady behind her lovely back, I won't say a word of Mrs.

Mack — but she has taken possession of Uncle James, and seems to me to weigh upon him somehow. Rosey is as pretty and good-natured as ever, and has learned two new songs; but you see with my sentiments in another quarter, I feel as it were guilty and awkward in company of Rosey and her mamma. They have become the very greatest friends with Bryanstone Square, and Mrs. Mack is always citing Aunt Hobson as the most superior of women, in which opinion I daresay Aunt Hobson concurs.

“Good bye, my dearest father; my sheet is full; I wish I could put my arm in yours and pace up and down the pier with you, and tell you more and more. But you know enough now, and that I am your affectionate son always,

C. N.

In fact, when Mr. Clive appeared at Steyne Gardens stepping out of the fly, and handing Miss Ethel thence, Miss Honeyman of course was very glad to see her nephew, and saluted him with a little embrace to show her sense of pleasure at his visit. But the next day, being Sunday, when Clive with a most engaging smile on his countenance walked over to breakfast from his hotel, Miss Honeyman would scarcely speak to him during the meal, looked out at him very haughtily from under her Sunday cap, and received his stories about Italy with “Oh! ah! indeed!” in a very unkind manner. And when breakfast was over, and she had done washing her china, she fluttered up to Clive with such an agitation of plumage, redness of craw, and anger of manner, as a maternal hen shows if she has reason to think you menace her chickens. She fluttered up to Clive, I say, and cried

out, "Not in *this* house, Clive, — not in *this* house, I beg you to understand *that!*"

Clive, looking amazed, said, "Certainly not, Ma'am; I never did do it in the house, as I know you don't like it. I was going into the Square." The young man meaning that he was about to smoke, and conjecturing that his aunt's anger applied to that practice.

"You know very well what I mean, Sir! Don't try to turn *me* off in that highty-tighty way. My dinner to-day is at half-past one. You can dine or not as you like," and the old lady flounced out of the room.

Poor Clive stood rolling his cigar in sad perplexity of spirit, until Mrs. Honeyman's servant Hannah entered, who, for her part, grinned and looked particularly sly. "In the name of goodness, Hannah, what is the row about?" cries Mr. Clive. "What is my aunt scolding at? What are you grinning at, you old Cheshire cat?"

"Git long, Master Clive," says Hannah, patting the cloth.

"Get along! why get along, and where am I to get along to?"

"Did'ee do ut really now, Master Clive?" cries Mrs. Honeyman's attendant, grinning with the utmost good humour. "Well, she be as pretty a young lady as ever I saw; and as I told my Missis, 'Miss Martha,' says I, 'there's a pair on 'em.' Though Missis was mortal angry to be sure. She never could bear it."

"Bear *what?* you old goose!" cries Clive, who by these playful names had been wont to designate Hannah these twenty years past.

"A young gentleman and a young lady a kissing

of each other in the railway coach," says Hannah, jerking up with her finger to the ceiling, as much as to say, "There she is! Lar, she be a pretty young creature, that she be! and so I told Miss Martha." Thus differently had the news which had come to them on the previous night affected the old lady and her maid.

The news was, that Miss Newcome's maid (a giddy thing from the country, who had not even learned as yet to hold her tongue) had announced with giggling delight to Lady Ann's maid, who was taking tea with Mrs. Hicks, that Mr. Clive had given Miss Ethel a kiss in the tunnel, and she supposed it was a match. This intelligence Hannah Hicks took to her mistress, of whose angry behaviour to Clive the next morning you may now understand the cause.

Clive did not know whether to laugh or to be in a rage. He swore that he was as innocent of all intention of kissing Miss Ethel as of embracing Queen Elizabeth. He was shocked to think of his cousin, walking above, fancy-free in maiden meditation, whilst this conversation regarding her was carried on below. How could he face her, or her mother, or even her maid, now he had cognisance of this naughty calumny? "Of course Hannah had contradicted it?" "Of course I have a done no such a thing indeed," replied Master Clive's old friend: "of course I have set 'em down a bit; for when little Trimmer said it, and she supposed it was all settled between you, seeing how it had been a going on in foreign parts last year, Mrs. Pincott says, 'Hold your silly tongue, Trimmer,' she says; 'Miss Ethel marry a painter, indeed, Trimmer!' says she, 'while she has refused to be a Countess,' she says;

and can be a Marchioness any day, and will be a Marchioness. Marry a painter, indeed!" Mrs. Pincott says; "Trimmer I'm surprised at your impudence." So, my dear, I got angry at that," Clive's champion continued, "and says I, if my young Master ain't good enough for any young lady in this world, says I, I'd like you to show her to me: and if his dear father, the Colonel, says I, ain't as good as your old gentleman up stairs, says I, who has gruel and dines upon doctor's stuff, then, Mrs. Pincott, says I, my name isn't what it is, says I. Those were my very words, Master Clive, my dear; and then Mrs. Pincott says, Mrs. Hicks, she says, you don't understand society, she says; you don't understand society, he! he!" and the country lady, with considerable humour, gave an imitation of the town lady's manner.

At this juncture Miss Honeyman re-entered the parlour, arrayed in her Sunday bonnet, her stiff and spotless collar, her Cashmere shawl, and Agra brooch, and carrying her Bible and Prayer-book, each stitched in its neat cover of brown silk. "Don't stay chattering here, you idle woman," she cried to her attendant with extreme asperity. "And you, Sir, if you wish to smoke your cigars, you had best walk down to the cliff where the Cockneys are!" she added, glowering at Clive.

"Now I understand it all," Clive said, trying to deprecate her anger, "My dear good aunt, it's a most absurd mistake; upon my honour Miss Ethel is as innocent as you are."

"Innocent or not, this house is not intended for assignments, Clive! As long as Sir Brian Newcome lodges here, you will be pleased to keep away from

it, Sir; and though I don't approve of Sunday travelling, I think the very best thing you can do is to put yourself in the train and go back to London."

And now, young people, who read my moral pages, you will see how highly imprudent it is to sit with your cousins in railway-carriages; and how, though you may not mean the slightest harm in the world, a great deal may be attributed to you; and how, when you think you are managing your little absurd love-affairs ever so quietly, Jeames and Betsy in the servants'-hall are very likely talking about them, and you are putting yourself in the power of those menials. If the perusal of these lines has rendered one single young couple uncomfortable, surely my amiable end is answered, and I have written not altogether in vain.

Clive was going away, innocent though he was, yet quivering under his aunt's reproof, and so put out of countenance that he had not even thought of lighting the great cigar which he stuck into his foolish mouth; when a shout of "Clive! Clive!" from half-a-dozen little voices roused him, and presently as many little Newcomes came toddling down the stairs, and this one clung round his knees, and that at the skirts of his coat, and another took his hand and said, he must come and walk with them on the beach.

So away went Clive to walk with his cousins, and then to see his old friend Miss Cann, with whom and the elder children he walked to church, and issuing thence greeted Lady Ann and Ethel, (who had also attended the service) in the most natural way in the world.

While engaged in talking with these, Miss Honeyman came out of the sacred edifice, crisp and stately

in the famous Agra brooch and Cashmere shawls. The good-natured Lady Ann had a smile and a kind word for her as for everybody. Clive went up to his maternal aunt to offer his arm. "You must give him up to us for dinner, Miss Honeyman, if you please to be so very kind. He was so good-natured in escorting Ethel down," Lady Ann said.

"Hm! my lady," says Miss Honeyman, perking her head up in her collar. Clive did not know whether to laugh or not, but a fine blush illuminated his countenance. As for Ethel, she was and looked perfectly unconscious. So, rustling in her stiff black silk, Martha Honeyman walked with her nephew silent by the shore of the much-sounding sea. The idea of courtship, of osculatory processes, of marrying and giving in marriage, made this elderly virgin chafe and fume, she never having, at any period of her life, indulged in any such ideas or practices, and being angry against them, as childless wives will sometimes be angry and testy against matrons with their prattle about their nurseries. Now, Miss Cann was a different sort of spinster, and loved a bit of sentiment with all her heart, from which I am led to conclude — but, pray, is this the history of Miss Cann or of the Newcomes?

All these Newcomes then entered into Miss Honeyman's house, where a number of little knives and forks were laid for them. Ethel was cold and thoughtful; Lady Ann was perfectly good-natured as her wont was. Sir Brian came in on the arm of his valet presently, wearing that look of extra neatness which invalids have, who have just been shaved and combed, and made ready by their attendants to receive com-

pany. He was voluble: though there was a perceptible change in his voice: he talked chiefly of matters which had occurred forty years ago, and especially of Clive's own father, when he was a boy, in a manner which interested the young man and Ethel. "He threw me down in a chaise — sad chap — always reading Orme's History of India — wanted marry Frenchwoman. He wondered Mrs. Newcome didn't leave Tom anything — 'pon my word, quite s'prise." The events of to-day, the House of Commons, the City, had little interest for him. All the children went up and shook him by the hand, with awe in their looks, and he patted their yellow heads vacantly and kindly. He asked Clive (several times) where he had been? and said he himself had had a slight 'tack — vay slight — was getting well ev'y day — strong as a horse — go back to Parliament d'rectly. And then he became a little peevish with Parker, his man, about his broth. The man retired, and came back presently, with profound bows and gravity, to tell Sir Brian dinner was ready, and he went away quite briskly at this news, giving a couple of fingers to Clive before he disappeared into the upper apartments. Good-natured Lady Ann was as easy about this as about the other events of this world. In later days, with what a strange feeling we remember that last sight we have of the old friend; that nod of farewell, and shake of the hand, that last look of the face and figure as the door closes on him, or the coach drives away! So the roast mutton was ready, and all the children dined very heartily.

The infantile meal had not been long concluded, when servants announced "the Marquis of Farintosh;" and that nobleman made his appearance to pay his

respects to Miss Newcome and Lady Ann. He brought the very last news of the very last party in London, where "Really, upon my honour, now, it was quite a stupid party, because Miss Newcome wasn't there. It was now, really."

Miss Newcome remarked, "If he said so upon his honour, of course she was satisfied."

"As you weren't there," the young nobleman continued, "the Miss Rackstraws came out quite strong; really they did now, upon my honour. It was quite a quiet thing. Lady Merriborough hadn't even got a new gown on. Lady Ann, you shirk London society this year, and we miss you: we expected you to give us two or three things this season; we did now, really. I said to Tufthunt, only yesterday, why has not Lady Ann Newcome given anything? You know Tufthunt? They say he's a clever fellow, and that — but he's a low little beast, and I hate him."

Lady Ann said, "Sir Brian's bad state of health prevented her from going out this season, or receiving at home."

"It don't prevent your mother from going out, though," continued my lord. "Upon my honour, I think unless she got two or three things every night, I think she'd die. Lady Kew's like one of those horses, you know, that unless they go they drop."

"Thank you for my mother," said Lady Ann.

"She is, upon my honour. Last night I know she was at ever so many places. She dined at the Bloxam's, for I was there. Then she said she was going to sit with old Mrs. Crackthorpe, who has broke her collar bone (that Crackthorpe in the Life Guards, her grandson, is a brute, and I hope she won't leave

him a shillin'); and then she came on to Lady Hawkstone's, where I heard her say she had been at the — at the Flowerdales', too. People begin to go to those Flowerdales. Hanged if I know where they won't go next. Cotton spinner, wasn't he?"

"So were we, my lord," says Miss Newcome.

"O yes, I forgot! But you're of an old family — very old family."

"We can't help it," said Miss Ethel, archly. "Indeed, she thought she was."

"Do you believe in the Barber-Surgeon?" asked Clive. And my lord looked at him with a noble curiosity, as much as to say, "Who the deuce was the Barber-Surgeon? and who the devil are you?"

"Why should we disown our family?" Miss Ethel said, simply. "In those early days I suppose people did — did all sorts of things, and it was not considered at all out of the way to be Surgeon to William the Conqueror."

"Edward the Confessor," interposed Clive. "And it must be true, because I have seen a picture of the Barber-Surgeon: a friend of mine, M'Collop, did the picture, and I dare say it is for sale still."

Lady Ann said "she should be delighted to see it." Lord Farintosh remembered that the M'Collop had the moor next to his in Argyleshire, but did not choose to commit himself with the stranger, and preferred looking at his own handsome face and admiring it in the glass until the last speaker had concluded his remarks.

As Clive did not offer any farther conversation, but went back to a table where he began to draw the Barber-Surgeon, Lord Farintosh resumed the delightful talk. "What infernal bad glasses these are in

these Brighton lodging-houses! They make a man look quite green, really they do — and there's nothing green in me, is there, Lady Ann?"

"But you look very unwell, Lord Farintosh; indeed you do," Miss Newcome said, gravely. "I think late hours, and smoking, and going to that horrid Platt's, where I dare say you go —"

"Go? don't I? But don't call it horrid; really, now, don't call it horrid!" cried the noble Marquis.

"Well — something has made you look far from well. You know how very well Lord Farintosh used to look, mamma — and to see him now, in only his second season — O, it is melancholy!"

"God bless my soul, Miss Newcome! what do you mean? I think I look pretty well," and the noble youth passed his hand through his hair. "It *is* a hard life, I know; that tearin' about night after night, and sittin' up till ever so much o'clock; and then all these races, you know, comin' one after another — it's enough to knock up any fellow. I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Newcome. I'll go down to Codlington, to my mother; I will, upon my honour, and lie quiet all July, and then I'll go to Scotland — and you shall see whether I don't look better next season."

"Do, Lord Farintosh!" said Ethel, greatly amused, as much, perhaps, at the young Marquis, as at her cousin Clive, who sat whilst the other was speaking, fuming with rage, at his table. "What are you doing, Clive?" she asks.

"I was trying to draw, Lord knows who — Lord Newcome, who was killed at the battle of Bosworth," said the artist, and the girl ran to look at the picture.

"Why, you have made him like Punch!" cries the young lady.

"It's a shame caricaturing one's own flesh and blood, isn't it?" asked Clive, gravely.

"What a droll, funny picture!" exclaims Lady Ann. "Isn't it capital, Lord Farintosh?"

"I daresay — I confess I don't understand that sort of thing," says his lordship. "Don't, upon my honour. There's Odo Carton, always making those caricatures — I don't understand 'em. You'll come up to town to-morrow, won't you? And you're goin' to Lady Hm's, and to Hm and Hm's, ain't you?" (The names of these aristocratic places of resort were quite inaudible.) "You mustn't let Miss Blackcap have it all her own way, you know, that you mustn't."

"She won't have it all her own way," says Miss Ethel. "Lord Farintosh, will you do me a favour? Lady Innishowan is your aunt."

"Of course she is my aunt."

"Will you be so very good as to get a card for her party on Tuesday, for my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome? Clive, please be introduced to the Marquis of Farintosh."

The young Marquis perfectly well recollected those mustachios and their wearer on a former night, though he had not thought fit to make any sign of recognition. "Anything you wish, Miss Newcome," he said; "delighted, I'm sure;" and turning to Clive — "In the army, I suppose?"

"I am an artist," says Clive, turning very red.

"O really, I didn't know!" cries the nobleman; and my lord bursting out laughing presently as he was engaged in conversation with Miss Ethel on the

balcony, Clive thought, very likely with justice, "He is making fun of my mustachios. Confound him! I should like to pitch him over into the street." But this was only a kind wish on Mr. Newcome's part; not followed out by any immediate fulfilment.

As the Marquis of Farintosh seemed inclined to prolong his visit, and his company was exceedingly disagreeable to Clive, the latter took his departure for an afternoon walk, consoled to think that he should have Ethel to himself at the evening's dinner, when Lady Ann would be occupied about Sir Brian, and would be sure to be putting the children to bed, and, in a word, would give him a quarter of an hour of delightful tête-à-tête with the beautiful Ethel.

Clive's disgust was considerable when he came to dinner at length, and found Lord Farintosh, likewise invited, and sprawling in the drawing-room. His hopes of a tête-à-tête were over. Ethel and Lady Ann and my lord talked, as all people will, about their mutual acquaintance: what parties were coming off, who was going to marry whom and so forth. And as the persons about whom they conversed were in their own station of life, and belonged to the fashionable world, of which Clive had but a slight knowledge, he chose to fancy that his cousin was giving herself airs, and to feel sulky and uneasy during their dialogue.

Miss Newcome had faults of her own, and was worldly enough, as perhaps the reader has begun to perceive; but in this instance no harm, sure, was to be attributed to her. If two gossips in Aunt Honeyman's parlour had talked over the affairs of Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, Clive would not have been angry; but a young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for

independence: and it is certain that nothing is more offensive to us of the middle class than to hear the names of great folks constantly introduced into conversation.

So Clive was silent and ate no dinner, to the alarm of Martha, who had put him to bed many a time, and always had a maternal eye over him. When he actually refused currant and raspberry tart, and custard, the chef-d'œuvre of Mrs. Honeyman, for which she had seen him absolutely cry in his childhood, the good Martha was alarmed.

"Law, Master Clive!" she said, "do'ee eat some. Missis made it, you know she did;" and she insisted on bringing back the tart to him.

Lady Ann and Ethel laughed at this eagerness on the worthy old woman's part. "Do 'ee eat some Clive," says Ethel, imitating honest Mrs. Hicks, who had left the room.

"It's doosid good," remarked Lord Farintosh.

"Then do 'ee eat some more," said Miss Newcome: on which the young nobleman, holding out his plate, observed with much affability, that the cook of the lodgings was really a stunner for tarts.

"The cook, dear me, it's not the *cook*!" cries Miss Ethel. "Don't you remember the princess in the Arabian Nights, who was such a stunner for tarts, Lord Farintosh?"

Lord Farintosh couldn't say that he did.

"Well, I thought not; but there was a princess in Arabia or China, or somewhere, who made such delicious tarts and custards that nobody's could compare with them; and there is an old lady in Brighton who

has the same wonderful talent. She is the mistress of this house."

"And she is my aunt, at your lordship's service," said Mr. Clive, with great dignity.

"Upon my honour! *did* you make 'em, Lady Ann?" asked my lord.

"The Queen of Hearts made tarts!" cried out Miss Newcome, rather eagerly, and blushing somewhat.

"My good old aunt, Miss Honeyman, made this one," Clive would go on to say.

"Mr. Honeyman's sister, the preacher, you know, where we go on Sunday," Miss Ethel interposed.

"The Honeyman pedigree is not a matter of very great importance," Lady Ann remarked gently.

"Kuhn, will you have the goodness to take away these things? When did you hear of Colonel Newcome, Clive?"

An air of deep bewilderment and perplexity had spread over Lord Farintosh's fine countenance whilst this talk about pastry had been going on. The Arabian Princess, the Queen of Hearts making tarts, Miss Honeyman? Who the deuce were all these? Such may have been his lordship's doubts and queries. Whatever his cogitations were he did not give utterance to them, but remained in silence for some time as did the rest of the little party. Clive tried to think he had asserted his independence by showing that he was not ashamed of his old aunt; but the doubt may be whether there was any necessity for presenting her in this company, and whether Mr. Clive had not much better have left the tart question alone.

Ethel evidently thought so: for she talked and rattled in the most lively manner with Lord Farintosh

for the rest of the evening, and scarcely chose to say a word to her cousin. Lady Ann was absent with Sir Brian and her children for the most part of the time: and thus Clive had the pleasure of listening to Miss Newcome uttering all sorts of odd little paradoxes, firing the while sly shots at Mr. Clive, and, indeed, making fun of his friends, exhibiting herself in not the most agreeable light. Her talk only served the more to bewilder Lord Farintosh, who did not understand a tithe of her allusions: for Heaven, which had endowed the young Marquis with personal charms, a large estate, an ancient title and the pride belonging to it, had not supplied his lordship with a great quantity of brains, or a very feeling heart.

Lady Ann came back from the upper regions presently with rather a grave face, and saying that Sir Brian was not so well this evening, upon which the young men rose to depart. My lord said he had "a most delightful dinner and a most delightful tart, 'pon his honour," and was the only one of the little company who laughed at his own remark. Miss Ethel's eyes flashed scorn at Mr. Clive when that unfortunate subject was introduced again.

My lord was going back to London to-morrow. Was Miss Newcome going back? Wouldn't he like to go back in the train with her! — another unlucky observation. Lady Ann said, "it would depend on the state of Sir Brian's health the next morning whether Ethel would return; and both of you gentlemen are too young to be her escort," added the kind lady. Then she shook hands with Clive, as thinking she had said something too severe for him.

Farintosh in the meantime was taking leave of Miss

Newcome. "Pray, pray," said his lordship, "don't throw me over at Lady Innishowan's. You know I hate balls and never go to 'em, except when you go. I hate dancing, I do, 'pon my honour."

"Thank you," said Miss Newcome, with a curtsy.

"Except with one person — only one person, upon my honour. I'll remember and get the invitation for your friend. And if you would but try that mare, I give you my honour I bred her at Collington. She's a beauty to look at, and as quiet as a lamb."

"I don't want a horse like a lamb," replied the young lady.

"Well — she'll go like blazes now: and over timber she's splendid now. She is, upon my honour."

"When I come to London perhaps you may trot her out," said Miss Ethel, giving him her hand and a fine smile.

Clive came up biting his lips. "I suppose you don't condescend to ride Bhurtpore any more now?" he said.

"Poor old Bhurtpore! The children ride him now," said Miss Ethel — giving Clive at the same time a dangerous look of her eyes, as though to see if her shot had hit. Then she added, "No — he has not been brought up to town this year: he is at Newcome, and I like him very much." Perhaps she thought the shot had struck too deep.

But if Clive was hurt he did not show his wound. "You have had him these four years — yes, it's four years since my father broke him for you. And you still continue to like him? What a miracle of constancy! You use him sometimes in the country —

when you have no better horse — what a compliment to Bhurtpore!"

"Nonsense!" Miss Ethel here made Clive a sign in her most imperious manner to stay a moment when Lord Farintosh had departed.

But he did not choose to obey this order. "Good-night," he said, "before I go I must shake hands with my aunt down-stairs." And he was gone, following close upon Lord Farintosh, who I dare say thought, "Why the deuce can't he shake hands with his aunt up here?" and when Clive entered Miss Honeyman's back parlour, making a bow to the young nobleman, my lord went away more perplexed than ever: and the next day told friends at White's what uncommonly queer people those Newcomes were. "I give you my honour there was a fellow at Lady Ann's whom they call Clive, who is a painter by trade — his uncle is a preacher — his father is a horse-dealer, and his aunt lets lodgings and cooks the dinner."

CHAPTER VIII.

Returns to some old Friends.

THE haggard youth burst into my chambers, in the Temple, on the very next morning, and confided to me the story which has been just here narrated. When he had concluded it, with many ejaculations regarding the heroine of the tale, "I saw her, Sir," he added, "walking with the children and Miss Cann as I drove round in the fly to the station — and didn't even bow to her."

"Why did you go round by the cliff?" asked Clive's friend. "That is not the way from the Steyne Arms to the railroad."

"Hang it," says Clive, turning very red, "I wanted to pass just under her windows, and if I saw her, *not* to see her: and that's what I did."

"Why did she walk on the cliff?" mused Clive's friend, "at that early hour? Not to meet Lord Farintosh, I should think. He never gets up before twelve. It must have been to see you. Didn't you tell her you were going away in the morning?"

"I tell you what she does with me," continues Mr. Clive. "Sometimes she seems to like me, and then she leaves me. Sometimes she is quite kind — kind she always is — I mean, you know, Pen — *you* know what I mean; and then up comes the old Countess, or a young Marquis, or some fellow with a handle to his

name, and she whistles me off till the next convenient opportunity."

"Women are like that, my ingenuous youth," says Clive's counsellor.

"I won't stand it. I won't be made a fool of!" he continues. "She seems to expect everybody to bow to her, and moves through the world with her imperious airs. O how confoundedly handsome she is with them! I tell you what. I feel inclined to tumble down and feel one of her pretty little feet on my neck and say, There! Trample my life out. Make a slave of me. Let me get a silver collar and mark 'Ethel' on it, and go through the world with my badge."

"And a blue ribbon for a footman to hold you by; and a muzzle to wear in the dog-days. Bow! wow!" says Mr. Pendennis.

(At this noise Mr. Warrington puts his head in from the neighbouring bed-chamber, and shows a beard just lathered for shaving. "We are talking sentiment! Go back till you are wanted!" says Mr. Pendennis. Exit he of the soap-suds.)

"Don't make fun of a fellow," Clive continues, laughing ruefully. "You see I *must* talk about it to somebody. I shall die if I don't. Sometimes, Sir, I rise up in my might and I defy her lightning. The sarcastic dodge is the best: I have borrowed that from you, Pen, old boy. That puzzles her: that would beat her if I could but go on with it. But there comes a tone of her sweet voice, a look out of those killing grey eyes, and all my frame is in a thrill and a tremble. When she was engaged to Lord Kew I did battle with the confounded passion — and I ran away from it like an honest man, and the gods re-

warded me with ease of mind after a while. But now the thing rages worse than ever. Last night, I give you my honour, I heard every one of the confounded hours toll, except the last, when I was dreaming of my father, and the chamber-maid woke me with a hot water jug."

"Did she scald you? What a cruel chamber-maid! I see you have shaven the mustachios off."

"Farintosh asked me whether I was going in the army," said Clive, "and she laughed. I thought I had best dock them. O I would like to cut my head off as well as my hair!"

"Have you ever asked her to marry you?" asked Clive's friend.

"I have seen her but five times since my return from abroad," the lad went on; "there has been always somebody by. Who am I? a painter with five hundred a year for an allowance. Isn't she used to walk upon velvet and dine upon silver; and hasn't she got marquises and barons, and all sorts of swells, in her train? I daren't ask her —"

Here his friend hummed Montrose's lines — "He either fears his fate too much, or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch, and win or lose it all."

"I own I dare not ask her. If she were to refuse me, I know I should never ask again. This isn't the moment, when all Swelldom is at her feet, for me to come forward and say, 'Maiden, I have watched thee daily, and I think thou lovest me well.' I read that ballad to her at Baden, Sir. I drew a picture of the Lord of Burleigh wooing the maiden, and asked what she would have done?"

"O you *did*? I thought, when we were at Baden, we were so modest that we did not even whisper our condition?"

"A fellow can't help letting it be seen and hinting it," says Clive, with another blush. "They can read it in our looks fast enough; and what is going on in our minds, hang them! I recollect she said, in her grave, cool way, that after all the Lord and Lady of Burleigh did not seem to have made a very good marriage, and that the lady would have been much happier in marrying one of her own degree."

"That was a very prudent saying for a young lady of eighteen," remarks Clive's friend.

"Yes; but it was not an unkind one. Say Ethel thought — thought what was the case; and being engaged herself, and knowing how friends of mine had provided a very pretty little partner for me — she is a dear, good little girl, little Rosey; and twice as good, Pen, when her mother is away — knowing this and that, I say, suppose Ethel wanted to give me a hint to keep quiet, was she not right in the counsel she gave me? She is not fit to be a poor man's wife. Fancy Ethel Newcome going into the kitchen and making pies like Aunt Honeyman!"

"The Circassian beauties don't sell under so many thousand purses," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "If there's a beauty in a well-regulated Georgian family, they fatten her; they feed her with the best *Racahout des Arabes*. They give her silk robes, and perfumed baths; have her taught to play on the dulcimer and dance and sing; and when she is quite perfect, send her down to Constantinople for the Sultan's inspection. The rest of the family never think of grumbling, but eat coarse

meat, bathe in the river, wear old clothes, and praise Allah for their sister's elevation. Bah! Do you suppose the Turkish system doesn't obtain all the world over? My poor Clive, this article in the May Fair Market is beyond your worship's price. Some things in this world are made for our betters, young man. Let Dives say grace for his dinner, and the dogs and Lazarus be thankful for the crumbs. Here comes Warrington, shaven and smart as if he was going out a courting."

Thus it will be seen, that in his communication with certain friends who approached nearer to his own time of life, Clive was much more eloquent and rhapsodical than in the letter which he wrote to his father, regarding his passion for Miss Ethel. He celebrated her with pencil and pen. He was for ever drawing the outline of her head, the solemn eyebrow, the nose (that wondrous little nose), descending from the straight forehead, the short upper lip, and chin sweeping in a full curve to the neck, &c. &c. &c. A frequenter of his studio might see a whole gallery of Ethels there represented: when Mrs. Mackenzie visited that place, and remarked one face and figure repeated on a hundred canvases and papers, grey, white, and brown, I believe she was told that the original was a famous Roman model, from whom Clive had studied a great deal during his residence in Italy; on which Mrs. Mack gave it as her opinion that Clive was a sad wicked young fellow. The widow thought rather the better of him for being a sad wicked young fellow; and as for Miss Rosey, she, of course, was of mamma's way of thinking. Rosey went through the world constantly smiling at whatever occurred. She was good-humoured

through the dreariest long evenings at the most stupid parties; sate good-humouredly for hours at Shoolbred's whilst mamma was making purchases; heard good-humouredly those old old stories of her mother's day after day; bore an hour's joking or an hour's scolding with equal good-humour; and whatever had been the occurrences of her simple day, whether there was sunshine or cloudy weather, or flashes of lightning and bursts of rain, I fancy Miss Mackenzie slept after them quite undisturbedly, and was sure to greet the morrow's dawn with a smile.

Had Clive become more knowing in his travels, had Love or Experience opened his eyes, that they looked so differently now upon objects which before used well enough to please them? It is a fact that, until he went abroad, he thought widow Mackenzie a dashing, lively, agreeable woman: he used to receive her stories about Cheltenham, the colonies, the balls at Government House, the observations which the bishop made, and the peculiar attention of the Chief-Justice to Mrs. Major McShane, with the Major's uneasy behaviour — all these to hear at one time did Clive not ungraciously incline. "Our friend, Mrs. Mack," the good old Colonel used to say, "is a clever woman of the world, and has seen a great deal of company." That story of Sir Thomas Sadman dropping a pocket-handkerchief in his court at Colombo, which the Queen's Advocate O'Goggarty picked up, and on which Laura Mac S. was embroidered, whilst the Major was absolutely in the witness box giving evidence against a native servant who had stolen one of his cocked-hats — that story always made good Thomas Newcome laugh, and Clive used to enjoy it too, and the widow's

mischievous fun in narrating it; and now, behold, one day when Mrs. Mackenzie recounted the anecdote in her best manner to Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington, and Frederick Bayham, who had been invited to meet Mr. Clive in Fitzroy Square — when Mr. Binnie chuckled, when Rosey, as in duty bound, looked discomposed and said "Law, Mamma!" — not one sign of good-humour, not one ghost of a smile, made its apparition on Clive's dreary face. He painted imaginary portraits with a strawberry stalk; he looked into his water-glass as though he would plunge and drown there; and Bayham had to remind him that the claret-jug was anxious to have another embrace from its constant friend, F. B. When Mrs. Mack went away distributing smiles, Clive groaned out, "Good Heavens! how that story does bore me!" and lapsed into his former moodiness, not giving so much as a glance to Rosey, whose sweet face looked at him kindly for a moment, as she followed in the wake of her mamma.

"The mother's the woman for my money," I heard F. B. whisper to Warrington. "Splendid figure-head, Sir — magnificent build, Sir, from bows to stern — I like 'em of that sort. Thank you, Mr. Binnie, I *will* take a back-hander, as Clive don't seem to drink. The youth, Sir, has grown melancholy with his travels; I'm inclined to think some noble Roman has stolen the young man's heart. Why did you not send us over a picture of the charmer, Clive? Young Ridley, Mr. Binnie, you will be happy to hear, is bidding fair to take a distinguished place in the world of arts. His picture has been greatly admired; and my good friend Mrs. Ridley tells me that Lord Todmorden has

sent him over an order to paint him a couple of pictures at a hundred guineas a-piece."

"I should think so. J. J.'s pictures will be worth five times a hundred guineas ere five years are over," says Clive.

"In that case it wouldn't be a bad speculation for our friend Sherrick," remarked F. B. "to purchase a few of the young man's works. I would, only I haven't the capital to spare. Mine has been vested in an Odessa venture, Sir, in a large amount of wild oats, which up to the present moment make me no return. But it will always be a consolation to me to think that I have been the means — the humble means — of furthering that deserving young man's prospects in life."

"You, F. B.! and how?" we asked.

"By certain humble contributions of mine to the press," answered Bayham, majestically. "Mr. Warrington, the claret happens to stand with you; and exercise does it good, Sir. Yes, the articles, trifling as they may appear, have attracted notice," continued F. B., sipping his wine with great gusto. "They are noticed, Pendennis, give me leave to say, by parties who don't value so much the literary or even the political part of the 'Pall-Mall Gazette,' though both, I am told by those who read them, are conducted with considerable — consummate ability. John Ridley sent a hundred pounds over to his father, the other day, who funded it in his son's name. And Ridley told the story to Lord Todmorden, when the venerable nobleman congratulated him on having such a child. I wish F. B. had one of the same sort, Sir." In which sweet prayer we all of us joined with a laugh.

One of us had told Mrs. Mackenzie (let the criminal blush to own that quizzing his fellow creatures used at one time to form part of his youthful amusement) that F. B. was the son of a gentleman of most ancient family and vast landed possessions, and as Bayham was particularly attentive to the widow, and grandiloquent in his remarks, she was greatly pleased by his politeness, and pronounced him a most *distingué* man — reminding her, indeed, of General Hopkirk, who commanded in Canada. And she bade Rosey sing for Mr. Bayham, who was in a rapture at the young lady's performances, and said no wonder such an accomplished daughter came from such a mother, though how such a mother could have a daughter of such an age he, F. B., was at a loss to understand. O Sir! Mrs. Mackenzie was charmed and overcome at this novel compliment. Meanwhile the little artless Rosey warbled on her pretty ditties.

"It *is* a wonder," growled out Mr. Warrington, "that that sweet girl can belong to such a woman. I don't understand much about women, but that one appears to me to be — hum!"

"What, George?" asked Warrington's friend.

"Well, an ogling, leering, scheming, artful old campaigner," grumbled the misogynist. "As for the little girl I should like to have her to sing to me all night long. Depend upon it she would make a much better wife for Olive than that fashionable cousin of his he is hankering after. I heard him bellowing about her the other day in chambers, as I was dressing. What the deuce does the boy want with a wife at all?" And Rosey's song being by this time finished, Warrington went up with a blushing face and absolutely

paid a compliment to Miss Mackenzie — an almost unheard of effort on George's part.

"I wonder whether it is every young fellow's lot," quoth George, as we trudged home together, "to pawn his heart away to some girl that's not worth the winning? Psha! it's all mad rubbish this sentiment. The women ought not to be allowed to interfere with us: married if a man must be, a suitable wife should be portioned out to him, and there an end of it. Why doesn't the young man marry this girl, and get back to his business and paint his pictures? Because his father wishes it — and the old Nabob yonder, who seems a kindly disposed, easy-going, old Heathen philosopher. Here's a pretty little girl: money I suppose in sufficiency — everything satisfactory, except, I grant you, the campaigner. The lad might daub his canvases, christen a child a-year, and be as happy as any young donkey that browses on this common of our's — but he must go and heehaw after a zebra forsooth! a *lusus naturæ* is she! I never spoke to a woman of fashion, thank my stars — I don't know the nature of the beast; and since I went to our raceballs, as a boy, scarcely ever saw one; as I don't frequent operas and parties in London like you young flunkeys of the aristocracy. I heard you talking about this one, I couldn't help it, as my door was open and the young one was shouting like a madman. What! does he choose to hang on on sufferance and hope to be taken. provided Miss can get no better? Do you mean to say that is the genteel custom, and that women in your confounded society do such things every day? Rather than have such a creature I would take a savage woman, who should nurse my dusky brood; and rather

than have a daughter brought up to the trade I would bring her down from the woods and sell her in Virginia." With which burst of indignation our friend's anger ended for that night.

Though Mr. Clive had the felicity to meet his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, every time he perused the features of Lady Kew's brass knocker in Queen Street, no result came of the visit. At one of their meetings in the world Ethel fairly told him that her grandmother would not receive him. "You know, Clive, I can't help myself: nor would it be proper to make you signs out of the window. But you must call for all that: grandmamma may become more good-humoured; or if you don't come she may suspect I told you not to come: and to battle with her day after day is no pleasure, Sir, I assure you. Here is Lord Farintosh coming to take me to dance. You must not speak to me all the evening, mind that, Sir," and away goes the young lady in a waltz with the Marquis.

On the same evening — as he was biting his nails, or cursing his fate, or wishing to invite Lord Farintosh into the neighbouring garden of Berkeley Square, whence the policeman might carry to the station-house the corpse of the survivor, Lady Kew would bow to him with perfect graciousness; on other nights her ladyship would pass and no more recognize him than the servant who opened the door.

If she was not to see him at her grandmother's house, and was not particularly unhappy at his exclusion, why did Miss Newcome encourage Mr. Clive so that he should try and see *her*? If Clive could not get into the little house in Queen Street, why was Lord

Farintosh's enormous cab-horse looking daily into the first floor windows of that street? Why were little quiet dinners made for him, before the opera, before going to the play, upon a half dozen occasions, when some of the old old Kew port was brought out of the cellar, where cobwebs had gathered round it ere Farintosh was born? The dining room was so tiny that not more than five people could sit at the little round table, that is, not more than Lady Kew and her granddaughter, Miss Crochet, the late vicar's daughter, at Kewbury, one of the Miss Toadins, and Captain Wall-eye, or Tommy Henchman, Farintosh's kinsman and admirer, who were of no consequence, or old Fred. Tiddler, whose wife was an invalid, and who was always ready at a moment's notice? Crackthorpe once went to one of these dinners, but that young soldier being a frank and high-spirited youth abused the entertainment and declined more of them. "I tell you what I was wanted for," the Captain told his mess and Clive at the Regent's Park Barracks afterwards, "I was expected to go as Farintosh's Groom of the Stole, don't you know, to stand, or if I could sit, in the back seat of the box, whilst His Royal Highness made talk with the Beauty; to go out and fetch the carriage, and walk down stairs with that d— crooked old dowager, that looks as if she usually rode on a broomstick, by Jove, or else with that bony old painted sheep-faced companion who's raddled like an old bell-wether, I think, Newcome, you seem to be rather hit by the Belle Cousine — so was I last season; so were ever so many of the fellows. By Jove, Sir! there's nothing I know more comfortable or inspiritin' than a younger son's position, when a Marquis

cuts in with fifteen thousand a-year! We fancy we've been making running, and suddenly we find ourselves nowhere. Miss Mary, or Miss Lucy, or Miss Ethel, saving your presence, will no more look at us, than my dog will look at a bit of bread, when I offer her this cutlet. Will you — old woman? no, you old slut, that you won't!" (to Mag, an Isle of Skye terrier, who, in fact, prefers the cutlet, having snuffed disdainfully at the bread) — "that you won't, no more than any of your sex. Why do you suppose, if Jack's eldest brother had been dead — Barebones Belsize they used to call him (I don't believe he was a bad fellow, though he was fond of psalm-singing) — do you suppose that Lady Clara would have looked at that cock-tail Barney Newcome? Beg your pardon, if he's your cousin — but a more odious little snob I never saw."

"I give you up, Barnes," said Clive, laughing, "anybody may shy at *him* and I shan't interfere."

"I understand, but at nobody else of the family. Well, what I mean is, that that old woman is enough to spoil any young girl she takes in hand. She dries 'em up, and poisons 'em, Sir; and I was never more glad than when I heard that Kew had got out of her old clutches. Frank is a fellow that will always be led by some woman or another; and I'm only glad it should be a good one. They say his mother's serious, and that; but why shouldn't she be?" continues honest Crackthorpe, puffing his cigar with great energy. "They say the old dowager doesn't believe in God nor devil: but that she's in such a funk to be left in the dark that she howls and raises the doose's own delight if her candle goes out. Toppleton slept next room

to her at Groningham, and heard her; didn't you, Top?"

"Heard her howling like an old cat on the tiles," says Toppleton, — "thought she was at first. My man told me that she used to fling all sorts of things — boot-jacks and things, give you my honour — at her maid, and that the woman was all over black and blue."

"Capital head that is Newcome has done of Jack Belsize!" says Crackthorpe, from out of his cigar.

"And Kew's too — famous likeness! I say, Newcome, if you have 'em printed the whole brigade 'll subscribe. Make your fortune, see if you won't," cries Toppleton.

"He's such a heavy swell; he don't want to make his fortune," ejaculates Butts.

"Butts, old boy, he'll paint you for nothing, and send you to the Exhibition, where some widow will fall in love with you; and you shall be put as frontispiece for the Book of Beauty, by Jove," cries another military satirist — to whom Butts:

"You hold your tongue, you old Saracen's Head; they're going to have you done on the bear's grease pots. I say, I suppose Jack's all right now. When did he write to you last, Cracky?"

"He wrote from Palermo — a most jolly letter from him and Kew. He hasn't touched a card for nine months; is going to give up play. So is Frank, too, grown quite a good boy. So will you, too, Butts, you old miscreant, repent of your sins, pay your debts, and do something handsome for that poor deluded milliner in Albany Street. Jack says Kew's mother has written over to Lord Highgate a beautiful letter —

and the old boy's relenting, and they'll come together again — Jack's eldest son, now you know. Bore for Lady Susan only having girls."

"Not a bore for Jack, though," cries another. And what a good fellow Jack was; and what a trump Kew is; and how famously he stuck by him: went to see him in prison and paid him out! and what good fellows we all are, in general, became the subject of the conversation, the latter part of which took place in the smoking-room of the Regent's Park Barracks, then occupied by that regiment of Life Guards of which Lord Kew and Mr. Belsize had been members. Both were still fondly remembered by their companions; and it was because Belsize had spoken very warmly of Clive's friendliness to him that Jack's friend the gallant Crackthorpe had been interested in our hero, and found an opportunity of making his acquaintance.

With these frank and pleasant young men Clive soon formed a considerable intimacy: and if any of his older and peaceful friends chanced to take their afternoon airing in the Park, and survey the horsemen there, we might have the pleasure of beholding Mr. Newcome in Rotten Row, riding side by side with other dandies, who had mustachios blonde or jet, who wore flowers in their buttons (themselves being flowers of spring), who rode magnificent thoroughbred horses, scarcely touching their stirrups with the tips of their varnished boots, and who kissed the most beautiful primrose-coloured kid gloves to lovely ladies passing them in the Ride. Clive drew portraits of half the officers of the Life Guards Green; and was appointed painter in ordinary to that distinguished corps. His likeness of the Colonel would make you die with laugh-

ing: his picture of the Surgeon was voted a masterpiece. He drew the men in the saddle, in the stable, in their flannel dresses, sweeping their flashing swords about, receiving lancers, repelling infantry, — nay, cutting a sheep in two, as some of the warriors are known to be able to do at one stroke. Detachments of Life Guardsmen made their appearance in Charlotte Street, which was not very distant from their barracks; the most splendid cabs were seen prancing before his door; and curly-whiskered youths, of aristocratic appearance, smoking cigars out of his painting-room window. How many times did Clive's next door neighbour, little Mr. Finch, the miniature painter, run to peep through his parlour blinds, hoping that a sitter was coming, and "a carriage-party" driving up! What wrath Mr. Scowler, A.R.A., was in, because a young hopo'mythumb dandy, who wore gold chains, and his collars turned down, should spoil the trade, and draw portraits for nothing. Why did none of the young men come to Scowler? Scowler was obliged to own that Mr. Newcome had considerable talent, and a good knack at catching a likeness. He could not paint a bit, to be sure, but his heads in black and white were really tolerable; his sketches of horses very vigorous and life-like. Mr. Gandish said if Clive would come for three or four years into his academy he could make something of him. Mr. Smee shook his head, and said he was afraid that kind of loose, desultory study, that keeping of aristocratic company, was anything but favourable to a young artist — Smee, who would walk five miles to attend an evening party of ever so little a great man!

CHAPTER IX.

In which Mr. Charles Honeyman appears in an amiable light.

MR. FREDERICK BAYHAM waited at Fitzroy Square while Clive was yet talking with his friends there, and favoured that gentleman with his company home to the usual smoky refreshment. Clive always rejoiced in F. B.'s society, whether he was in a sportive mood, or, as now, in a solemn and didactic vein. F. B. had been more than ordinarily majestic all the evening. "I daresay you find me a good deal altered, Clive," he remarked; "I *am* a good deal altered. Since that good Samaritan, your kind father, had compassion on a poor fellow fallen among thieves (though I don't say, mind you, he was much better than his company), F. B. has mended some of his ways. I am trying a course of industry, Sir. Powers, perhaps naturally great, have been neglected over the wine cup and the die. I am beginning to feel my way; and my chiefs yonder, who have just walked home with their cigars in their mouths, and without as much as saying F. B., my boy, shall we go to the Haunt and have a cool lobster and a glass of table beer, — which they certainly do not consider themselves to be, — I say, Sir, the *Politician* and the *Literary Critic*" (there was a most sarcastic emphasis laid on these phrases, characterizing Messrs. Warrington and Pendennis) "may find that there is a humble contributor to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' whose name, may be, the amateur shall one

day reckon even higher than their own. Mr. Warrington I do not say so much — he is an able man, Sir, an able man; — but there is that about your exceedingly self-satisfied friend, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, which — well, well — let time show. You did not — get the — hem — paper at Rome and Naples, I suppose?"

"Forbidden by the Inquisition," says Clive, delighted; "and at Naples the king furious against it."

"I *don't wonder* they don't like it at Rome, Sir. There's serious matter in it which may set the prelates of a certain church rather in a tremor. You haven't read — the — ahem — the Pulpit Pencillings in the P. M. G.? Slight sketches, mental and corporeal, of our chief divines now in London — and signed Laud Latimer?"

"I don't do much in that way," said Clive.

"So much the worse for you, my young friend. Not that I mean to judge any other fellow harshly — I mean any other fellow *sinner* harshly — or that I mean that those Pulpit Pencillings would be likely to do you any great good. But, such as they are, they have been productive of benefit. Thank you, Mary, my dear, the tap is uncommonly good, and I drink to your future husband's good health. — A glass of good sound beer refreshes after all that claret. Well, Sir, to return to the Pencillings, pardon my vanity in saying, that though Mr. Pendennis laughs at them, they have been of essential service to the paper. They give it a character, they rally round it the respectable classes. They create correspondence. I have received many interesting letters, chiefly from females, about the Pencillings. Some complain that their favourite

preachers are slighted; others applaud because the clergymen they sit under are supported by F. B. I am Laud Latimer, Sir, — though I have heard the letters attributed to the Rev. Mr. Bunker, and to a Member of Parliament eminent in the religious world."

"So you are the famous Laud Latimer?" cries Clive, who had, in fact, seen letters signed by those right reverend names in our paper.

"Famous is hardly the word. One who scoffs at everything — I need not say I allude to Mr. Arthur Pendennis — would have had the letters signed — the Beadle of the Parish. He calls me the Venerable Beadle sometimes — it being, I grieve to say, his way to deride grave subjects. You wouldn't suppose now, my young Clive, that the same hand which pens the Art criticisms, occasionally, when his Highness Pendennis is lazy, takes a minor Theatre, or turns the sportive epigram, or the ephemeral paragraph, should adopt a grave theme on a Sunday, and chronicle the sermons of British Divines? For eighteen consecutive Sunday evenings, Clive, in Mrs. Ridley's front parlour, which I now occupy, *vice* Miss Cann promoted, I have written the Pencillings — scarcely allowing a drop of refreshment, except under extreme exhaustion, to pass my lips. Pendennis laughs at the Pencillings. He wants to stop them; and says they bore the public. — I don't want to *think* a man is jealous, who was himself the cause of my engagement at the P. M. G., — perhaps my powers were not developed then."

"Pen thinks he writes better now than when he began," remarked Clive; "I have heard him say so."

"His opinion of his own writings is high, whatever their date. Mine, Sir, are only just coming into notice.

They begin to know F. B., Sir, in the sacred edifices of his metropolitan city. I saw the Bishop of London looking at me last Sunday week, and am sure his Chaplain whispered him, "It's Mr. Bayham, my lord, nephew of your lordship's right reverend brother, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy. And last Sunday being at church — at Saint Mungo the Martyr's, Rev. S. Sawders — by Wednesday I got in a female hand — Mrs. Sawders's, no doubt — the biography of the Incumbent of St. Mungo; an account of his early virtues; a copy of his poems; and a hint that he was the gentleman destined for the vacant Deanery.

"Ridley is not the only man I have helped in this world," F. B. continued. "Perhaps I should blush to own it — I *do* blush: but I feel the ties of early acquaintance, and I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles Honeyman, most tremendously. It was partly for the sake of the Ridleys and the tick he owes 'em: partly for old times' sake, Sir; are you aware that things are greatly changed with Charles Honeyman, and that the poor F. B. has very likely made his fortune?"

"I am delighted to hear it," cried Clive, "and how, F. B., have you wrought this miracle?"

"By common sense and enterprise, lad — by a knowledge of the world and a benevolent disposition. You'll see Lady Whittlesea's chapel bears a very different aspect now. That miscreant Sherrick owns that he owes me a turn, and has sent me a few dozen of wine — without any stamped paper on my part in return as an acknowledgment of my service. It chanced, Sir, soon after your departure for Italy, that

going to his private residence respecting a little bill to which a heedless friend had put his hand, Sherrick invited me to partake of tea in the bosom of his family. I was thirsty — having walked in from Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead, where poor Kiteley and I had been taking a chop — and accepted the proffered entertainment. The ladies of the family gave us music after the domestic muffin — and then, Sir, a great idea occurred to me. You know how magnificently Miss Sherrick and the mother sing? They sang Mozart, Sir. Why, I asked of Sherrick, should those ladies who sing Mozart to a piano, not sing Händel to an organ?"

"Dash it, you don't mean a hurdy-gurdy?"

"Sherrick," says I, "you are no better than a Heathen ignoramus. I mean, why shouldn't they sing Händel's Church Music, and Church Music in general, in Lady Whittlesea's Chapel? Behind the screen up in the organ loft, what's to prevent 'em? by Jingo! Your singing boys have gone to the Cave of Harmony; you and your choir have split — why should not these ladies lead it? He caught at the idea. You never heard the chaunts more finely given — and they would be better still if the congregation would but hold their confounded tongues. It was an excellent though a harmless dodge, Sir: and drew immensely, to speak profanely. They dress the part, Sir, to admiration — a sort of nun-like costume they come in: Mrs. Sherrick has the soul of an artist still — by Jove, Sir, when they have once smelt the lamps, the love of the trade never leaves 'em. The ladies actually practised by moonlight in the Chapel, and came over to Honeyman's to an oyster afterwards. The thing took, Sir.

People began to take box — seats I mean again: — and Charles Honeyman, easy in his mind through your noble father's generosity, perhaps inspirited by returning good fortune, has been preaching more eloquently than ever. He took some lessons of Husler, of the Haymarket, Sir. His sermons are old, I believe; but so to speak, he has got them up with new scenery, dresses, and effects, Sir. They have flowers, Sir, about the buildin' — pious ladies are supposed to provide 'em, but, *entre nous*, Sherrick contracts for them with Nathan, or some one in Covent Garden. And — don't tell this now, upon your honour!"

"Tell what, F. B.?" asks Clive.

"I got up a persecution against your uncle for Popish practices: summoned a meetin' at the Running Footman, in Bolingbroke Street. Billings, the butterman; Sharwood, the turner and blacking maker; and the Honourable Phelim O'Curragh, Lord Scullabogue's son, made speeches. Two or three respectable families (your Aunt, Mrs. What-d'you-call-'em Newcome, amongst the number) quitted the Chapel in disgust — I wrote an article of controversial biography in the P. M. G.: set the business going in the daily press; and the thing was done, Sir. That property is a paying one to the Incumbent, and to Sherrick over him. Charles's affairs are getting all right, Sir. He never had the pluck to owe much, and if it be a sin to have wiped his slate clean, satisfied his creditors, and made Charles easy — upon my conscience, I must confess, that F. B. has done it. I hope I may never do anything worse in this life, Clive. It ain't bad to see him doing the martyr, Sir: Sebastian riddled with paper pellets; Bartholomew on a cold gridiron. Here comes the

lobster. Upon my word, Mary, a finer fish I've seldom seen."

Now surely this account of his Uncle's affairs and prosperity was enough to send Clive to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, and it was not because Miss Ethel had said that she and Lady Kew went there, that Clive was induced to go there too? He attended punctually on the next Sunday, and in the Incumbent's pew, whither the pew woman conducted him, sate Mr. Sherrick in great gravity, with large gold pins, who handed him at the anthem, a large, new, gilt hymn-book.

An odour of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman, accompanied by his ecclesiastical valet, passed the pew from the vestry, and took his place at the desk. Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered when as a boy he entered the sacred robing-room, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight over the back; the ephod was cut straight and as close and short as might be, — I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand, or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears and the back of his head. He read the ser-

vice in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began, he stood with head on one side, and two slim fingers on the book as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. It was fine to hear Sherrick, who had an uncommonly good voice, join in the musical parts of the service. The produce of the market-gardener decorated the church here and there; and the impresario of the establishment, having picked up a Flemish painted window from old Moss in Wardour Street, had placed it in his chapel. Labels of faint green and gold, with long gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ-loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whitte-sea's as the place was capable of assuming.

In the sermon Charles dropped the twang with the surplice, and the priest gave way to the preacher. He preached short stirring discourses on the subjects of the day. It happened that a noble young Prince, the hope of a nation, and heir of a royal house, had just then died by a sudden accident. Absolon, the son of David, furnished Honeyman with a parallel. He drew a picture of the two deaths, of the grief of kings, of the fate that is superior to them. It was, indeed, a stirring discourse, and caused thrills through the crowd to whom Charles imparted it. "Famous, ain't it?" says Sherrick, giving Clive a hand when the rite was over. "How he's come out, hasn't he? Didn't think he had it in him." Sherrick seemed to have become of late impressed with the splendour of Charles's talents, and spoke of him — was it not disrespectful? — as a manager would of a successful tragedian. Let us pardon Sherrick: he had been in the theatrical way. "That Irishman was no go at all," he whispered to

Mr. Newcome, "got rid of him, — let's see, at Michaelmas."

On account of Clive's tender years, and natural levity, a little inattention may be allowed to the youth, who certainly looked about him very eagerly during the service. The house was filled by the ornamental classes, the bonnets of the newest Parisian fashion. Away in a darkling corner, under the organ, sate a squad of footmen. Surely that powdered one in livery wore Lady Kew's colours? So Clive looked under all the bonnets, and presently spied old Lady Kew's face, as grim and yellow as her brass knocker, and by it Ethel's beauteous countenance. He dashed out of church when the congregation rose to depart. "Stop and see Honeyman, won't you?" asked Sherrick, surprised.

"Yes, yes; come back again," said Clive, and was gone.

He kept his word, and returned presently. The young Marquis and an elderly lady were in Lady Kew's company. Clive had passed close under Lady Kew's venerable Roman nose without causing that organ to bow in ever so slight a degree towards the ground. Ethel had recognized him with a smile and a nod. My lord was whispering one of his noble pleasantries in her ear. She laughed at the speech or the speaker. The steps of a fine belozenged carriage were let down with a bang. The Yellow One had jumped up behind it, by the side of his brother Giant Canary. Lady Kew's equipage had disappeared, and Mrs. Canterton's was stopping the way.

Clive returned to the chapel by the little door near to the Vestiarium. All the congregation had poured out by this time. Only two ladies were standing near

the pulpit; and Sherrick, with his hands rattling his money in his pockets, was pacing up and down the aisle.

"Capital house, Mr. Newcome, wasn't it? I counted no less than fourteen nob. The Princess of Montcontour and her husband, I suppose, that chap with the beard, who yawns so during the sermon. I'm blessed, if I didn't think he'd have yawned his head off. Countess of Kew, and her daughter; Countess of Canterton, and the Honourable Miss Fetlock — no, Lady Fetlock. A Countess's daughter is a lady, I'm dashed if she ain't. Lady Glenlivat and her sons; the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh, and Lord Enry Roy; that makes seven — no, nine — with the Prince and Princess. — Julia, my dear, you came out like a good un to-day. Never heard you in finer voice. Remember Mr. Clive Newcome?"

Mr. Clive made bows to the ladies, who acknowledged him by graceful curtsies. Miss Sherrick was always looking to the vestry-door.

"How's the old Colonel? The best feller — excuse my calling him a feller — but he is, and a good one too. I went to see Mr. Binnie, my other tenant. He looks a little yellow about the gills, Mr. Binnie. Very proud woman that is who lives with him — uncommon haughty. When will you come down and take your mutton in the Regent's Park, Mr. Clive. There's some tolerable good wine down there. Our reverend gent drops in and takes a glass, don't he, Missis?"

"We shall be most 'appy to see Mr. Newcome, I'm sure," says the handsome and good-natured Mrs. Sherrick. "Won't we, Julia?"

"O certainly," says Julia, who seems rather absent. And behold at this moment the reverend gentleman enters from the vestry. Both the ladies run towards him, holding forth their hands.

"O, Mr. Honeyman! What a sermon! Me and Julia cried so up in the organ-loft; we thought you would have heard us. Didn't we, Julia?"

"O yes," says Julia, whose hand the pastor is now pressing.

"When you described the young man, I thought of my poor boy, didn't I, Julia," cries the mother, with tears streaming down her face.

"We had a loss more than ten years ago," whispers Sherrick to Clive gravely. "And she's always thinking of it. Women are so."

Clive was touched and pleased by this exhibition of kind feeling.

"You know his mother was an Absolon," the good wife continues, pointing to her husband. "Most respectable diamond merchants in —"

"Hold your tongue, Betsy, and leave my poor old mother alone; do now," says Mr. Sherrick, darkly. Clive is in his uncle's fond embrace by this time, who rebukes him for not having called in Walpole Street.

"Now, when will you two gents come up to my shop to 'ave a family dinner?" asks Sherrick.

"Ah, Mr. Newcome, do come," says Julia in her deep rich voice, looking up to him with her great black eyes. And if Clive had been a vain fellow like some folks, who knows but he might have thought he had made an impression on the handsome Julia?

"Thursday, now make it Thursday, if Mr. H. is

disengaged. Come along, girls, for the flies bites the ponies when they're a standing still, and makes 'em mad this weather. Anything you like for dinner? Cut of salmon and cucumber? No, pickled salmon's best this weather."

"Whatever you give me, you know I'm thankful!" says Honeyman, in a sweet sad voice, to the two ladies, who were standing looking at him, the mother's hand clasped in the daughter's.

"Should you like that Mendelssohn for the Sunday after next? Julia sings it splendid!"

"No I don't, Ma."

"You do, dear! She's a good, good *dear*, Mr. H., that's what she is."

"You must not call — a — him, in that way. *Don't* say Mr. H., Ma," says Julia.

"Call me what you please!" says Charles, with the most heart-rending simplicity; and Mrs. Sherrick straightway kisses her daughter. Sherrick meanwhile has been pointing out the improvement of the chapel to Clive (which now has indeed a look of the Gothic Hall at Rosherville), and has confided to him the sum for which he screwed the painted window out of old Moss. "When he come to see it up in this place, Sir, the old man was mad, I give you my word! His son ain't no good: says he knows you. He's such a screw, that chap, that he'll overreach himself, mark my words. At least, he'll never die rich. Did you ever hear of *me* screwing? No, I spend my money like a man. How those girls are a goin' on about their music with Honeyman. I don't let 'em sing in the evening, or him do duty more than once a-day; and you can calc'late how the music draws, because

in the evenin' they're ain't half the number of people here. Rev. Mr. Journyman does the duty now — quiet Hoxford man — ill, I suppose, this morning. H. sits in his pew, where we was; and coughs, that's to say, I told him to cough. The women like a consumptive parson, Sir. Come, gals!"

Clive went to his uncle's lodgings, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ridley with great glee and kindness. Both of those good people had made it a point to pay their duty to Mr. Clive immediately on his return to England, and thank him over and over again for his kindness to John James. Never, never would they forget his goodness, and the Colonel's, they were sure. A cake, a heap of biscuits, a pyramid of jams, six frizzling hot mutton chops, and four kinds of wine, came bustling up to Mr. Honeyman's room twenty minutes after Clive had entered it, — as a token of the Ridleys' affection for him.

Clive remarked, with a smile, the "Pall Mall Gazette" upon a side-table, and in the chimney-glass almost as many cards as in the time of Honeyman's early prosperity. That he and his uncle should be very intimate together, was impossible, from the nature of the two men; Clive being frank, clear-sighted, and imperious; Charles, timid, vain, and double-faced, conscious that he was a humbug, and that most people found him out, so that he would quiver and turn away, and be more afraid of young Clive and his direct straightforward way, than of many older men. Then there was the sense of the money transactions between him and the Colonel, which made Charles Honeyman doubly uneasy. In fine, they did not like each other; but, as he is a connexion of the most re-

spectable Newcome family, surely he is entitled to a page or two in these their memoirs.

Thursday came, and with it Mr. Sherrick's entertainment, to which also Mr. Binnie and his party had been invited to meet Colonel Newcome's son. Uncle James and Rosey brought Clive in their carriage; Mrs. Mackenzie sent a headache as an apology. She chose to treat Uncle James's landlord with a great deal of hauteur, and to be angry with her brother for visiting such a person. "In fact, you see how fond I must be of dear little Rosey, Clive, that I put up with all mamma's tantrums for her sake," remarks Mr. Binnie.

"O, uncle!" says little Rosey, and the old gentleman stopped her remonstrances with a kiss.

"Yes," says he, "your mother *does* have tantrums, Miss; and though you never complain, there's no reason why I shouldn't. You will not tell on me" (it was "O, uncle!" again); "and Clive won't, I am sure. This little thing, Sir," James went on, holding Rosey's pretty little hand and looking fondly in her pretty little face, "is her old uncle's only comfort in life. I wish I had had her out to India to me, and never come back to this great dreary town of yours. But I was tempted home by Tom Newcome; and I'm too old to go back, Sir. Where the stick falls let it lie. Rosey would have been whisked out of my house, in India, in a month after I had her there. Some young fellow would have taken her away from me; and now she has promised never to leave her old Uncle James, hasn't she?"

"No, never, uncle," said Rosey.

"We don't want to fall in love, do we, child? We don't want to be breaking our hearts like some

young folks, and dancing attendance at balls night after night, and capering about in the Park to see if we can get a glimpse of the beloved object, eh, Rosey?"

Rosey blushed. It was evident that she and Uncle James both knew of Clive's love affair. In fact, the front seat and back seat of the carriage both blushed. And as for the secret, why Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Hobson had talked it a hundred times over.

"This little Rosey, Sir, has promised to take care of me on this side of Styx," continued Uncle James; "and if she could but be left alone, and to do it without mamma — there, I won't say a word more against her — we should get on none the worse."

"Uncle James, I must make a picture of you, for Rosey," said Clive, good-humouredly. And Rosey said, "O, thank you, Clive," and held out that pretty little hand, and looked so sweet and kind and happy, that Clive could not but be charmed at the sight of so much innocence and candour.

"Quasty peecoly Rosiny," says James, in a fine Scotch Italian, "e la piu bella, la piu cara, ragazza ma la mawdry e il diav —"

"Don't, uncle!" cried Rosey, again; and Clive laughed at Uncle James's wonderful outbreak in a foreign tongue.

"Eh! I thought ye didn't know a word of the sweet language, Rosey! It's just the Lenguy Tos-cawny in Bocky Romawny that I thought to try in compliment to this young monkey who has seen the world." And by this time Saint John's Wood was reached; and Mr. Sherrick's handsome villa, at the

door of which the three beheld the Reverend Charles Honeyman stepping out of a neat brougham.

The drawing-room contained several pictures of Mrs. Sherrick when she was in the theatrical line, Smee's portrait of her, which was never half handsome enough for my Betsy, Sherrick said indignantly, the print of her in Artaxerxes, with her signature as Elizabeth Folthorpe, (not in truth a fine specimen of calligraphy), the testimonial presented to her on the conclusion of the triumphal season of 18—, at Drury Lane, by her ever grateful friend, Adolphus Smacker, Lessee, who, of course, went to law with her next year, and other Thespian emblems. But Clive remarked, with not a little amusement, that the drawing-room tables were now covered with a number of those books which he had seen at Madame de Montcontour's, and many French and German ecclesiastical gimcracks, such as are familiar to numberless readers of mine. There were the Lives of St. Botibol of Islington, and St. Willibald of Bareacres; with pictures of those confessors. Then there was the Legend of Margery Dawe, Virgin and Martyr, with a sweet double-frontispiece, representing (1) the sainted woman selling her feather-bed for the benefit of the poor; and (2) reclining upon straw, the leanest of invalids. There was Old Daddy Longlegs, and how he was brought to say his Prayers; a Tale for Children, by a Lady, with a preface dated St. Chad's Eve, and signed C. H. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's Sermons, delivered at Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. Poems of Early Days, by Charles Honeyman, A. M. The Life of good Dame Whittlesea, by do. do. Yes, Charles had come out in the literary line; and there in a basket was a strip of Berlin work,

of the very same Gothic pattern which Madame de Montcontour was weaving, and which you afterwards saw round the pulpit of Charles's chapel. Rosey was welcomed most kindly by the kind ladies; and as the gentlemen sat over their wine after dinner in the summer evening, Clive beheld Rosey and Julia pacing up and down the lawn, Miss Julia's arm round her little friend's waist: he thought they would make a pretty little picture.

"My girl ain't a bad one to look at, is she?" said the pleased father. "A fellow might look far enough, and see not prettier than them two."

Charles sighed out that there was a German print, the Two Leonoras, which put him in mind of their various styles of beauty.

"I wish I could paint them," said Clive.

"And why not, Sir?" asks his host. "Let me give you your first commission now, Mr. Clive; I wouldn't mind paying a good bit for a picture of my Julia. I forget how much Old Smee got for Betsy's, the old hambug!"

Clive said it was not the will, but the power that was deficient. He succeeded with men, but the ladies were too much for him as yet.

"Those you 've done up at Albany Street Barracks are famous: I've seen 'em," said Mr. Sherrick; and remarking that his guest looked rather surprised at the idea of his being in such company, Sherrick said, "What, you think they are too great swells for me? Law bless you, I often go there. I've business with several of 'em; had with Captain Belsize, with the Earl of Kew, who's every inch the gentleman — one

of nature's aristocracy, and paid up like a man. The Earl and me has had many dealings together."

Honeyman smiled faintly, and nobody complying with Mr. Sherrick's boisterous entreaties to drink more, the gentlemen quitted the dinner-table, which had been served in a style of prodigious splendour, and went to the drawing-room for a little music.

This was all of the gravest and best kind; so grave indeed, that James Binnie might be heard in a corner giving an accompaniment of little snores to the singers and the piano. But Rosey was delighted with the performance, and Sherrick remarked to Clive, "That's a good gal, that is; I like that gal; she ain't jealous of Julia cutting her out in the music, but listens as pleased as any one. She's a sweet little pipe of her own, too. Miss Mackenzie, if ever you like to go to the opera, send a word either to my West End or my City office. I've boxes every week, and you're welcome to anything I can give you."

So all agreed that the evening had been a very pleasant one; and they of Fitzroy Square returned home talking in a most comfortable friendly way — that is, two of them, for Uncle James fell asleep again, taking possession of the back seat; and Clive and Rosey prattled together. He had offered to try and take all the young ladies' likenesses. "You know what a failure the last was, Rosey?" — he had very nearly said "dear Rosey."

"Yes, but Miss Sherrick is so handsome, that you will succeed better with her than with my round face, Mr. Newcome."

"Mr. *What?*" cries Clive.

"Well, Clive, then," says Rosey, in a little voice.

He sought for a little hand which was not very far away. "You know we are like brother and sister, dear Rosey?" he said this time.

"Yes," said she, and gave a little pressure of the hand. And then Uncle James woke up; and it seemed as if the whole drive didn't occupy a minute, and they shook hands very very kindly at the door of Fitzroy Square.

Clive made a famous likeness of Miss Sherrick, with which Mr. Sherrick was delighted, and so was Mr. Honeyman, who happened to call upon his nephew once or twice when the ladies happened to be sitting. Then Clive proposed to the Rev. Charles Honeyman to take *his* head off; and made an excellent likeness in chalk of his uncle — that one in fact, from which the print was taken, which you may see any day at Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, along with a whole regiment of British divines. Charles became so friendly, that he was constantly coming to Charlotte Street, once or twice a-week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrick came to look at the drawing, and were charmed with it; and when Rosey was sitting, they came to see her portrait, which again was not quite so successful. One Monday, the Sherricks and Honeyman too happened to call to see the picture of Rosey, who trotted over with her uncle to Clive's studio, and they all had a great laugh at a paragraph in the "Pall Mall Gazette," evidently from F. B.'s hand, to the following effect.

"CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE. — A foreign nobleman of princely rank, who has married an English lady, and has resided among us for some time, is likely, we hear and trust, to join the English Church.

The Prince de M—ntc—nt—r has been a constant attendant at Lady Whittlesea's chapel, of which the Rev. C. Honeyman is the eloquent incumbent; and it is said this sound and talented divine has been the means of awakening the prince to a sense of the erroneous doctrines in which he has been bred. His ancestors were protestant, and fought by the side of Henry IV. at *Ivry*. In Louis XIV.'s time, they adopted the religion of that persecuting monarch. We sincerely trust that the present heir of the house of Ivry will see fit to return to the creed which his forefathers so unfortunately abjured."

The ladies received this news with perfect gravity; and Charles uttered a meek wish that it might prove true. As they went away, they offered more hospitalities to Clive and Mr. Binnie and his niece. They liked the music, would they not come and hear it again?

When they had departed with Mr. Honeyman, Clive could not help saying to Uncle James, "Why are those people always coming here; praising me; and asking me to dinner? Do you know, I can't help thinking that they rather want me as a pretender for Miss Sherrick?"

Binnie burst into a loud guffaw, and cried out, "O vanitas vanitawtum!" Rosa laughed too.

"I don't think it any joke at all," said Clive.

"Why, you stupid lad, don't you see it is Charles Honeyman the girl's in love with?" cried Uncle James. "Rosey saw it in the very first instant we entered their drawing-room three weeks ago."

"Indeed, and how?" asked Clive.

"By — by the way she looked at him," said little Rosey.

CHAPTER X.

A Stag of Ten.

THE London season was very nearly come to an end, and Lord Farintosh had danced I don't know how many times with Miss Newcome, had drunk several bottles of the old Kew port, had been seen at numerous breakfasts, operas, races, and public places by the young lady's side, and had not as yet made any such proposal as Lady Kew expected for her granddaughter. Clive going to see his military friends in the Regent's Park once, and finish Captain Butts's portrait in barracks, heard two or three young men talking, and one say to another, "I bet you three to two Farintosh don't marry her, and I bet you even that he don't ask her." Then as he entered Mr. Butts's room, where these gentlemen were conversing, there was a silence and an awkwardness. The young fellows were making an "event" out of Ethel's marriage, and sporting their money freely on it.

To have an old countess hunting a young marquis so resolutely that all the world shou'd be able to look on and speculate whether her game would be run down by that staunch toothless old pursuer — that is an amusing sport, isn't it? and affords plenty of fun and satisfaction to those who follow the hunt. But for a heroine of a story, be she ever so clever, handsome, and sarcastic, I don't think for my part at this present stage of the tale, Miss Ethel Newcome

occupies a very dignified position. To break her heart in silence for Tomkins who is in love with another; to suffer no end of poverty, starvation, capture by ruffians, ill-treatment by a bullying husband, loss of beauty by the small-pox, death even at the end of the volume; all these mishaps a young heroine may endure (and has endured in romances over and over again), without losing the least dignity, or suffering any diminution of the sentimental reader's esteem. But a girl of great beauty, high temper, and strong natural intellect, who submits to be dragged hither and thither in an old grandmother's leash, and in pursuit of a husband who will run away from the couple, such a person, I say, is in a very awkward position as a heroine; and I declare if I had another ready to my hand (and unless there were extenuating circumstances), Ethel should be deposed at this very sentence.

But, a novelist must go on with his heroine, as a man with his wife, for better or worse, and to the end. For how many years have the Spaniards borne with their gracious queen, not because she was faultless, but because she was there. So Chambers and grandees cried, God save her, Alabarderos turned out, drums beat, cannons fired, and people saluted Isabella Segunda, who was no better than the humblest washerwoman of her subjects. Are *we* much better than our neighbours? Do we never yield to our peculiar temptation, our pride, or our avarice or our vanity, or what not? Ethel is very wrong certainly. But recollect, she is very young. She is in other people's hands. She has been bred up and governed by a very worldly family, and taught their traditions. We would hardly, for instance, the staunchest Pro-

testant in England would hardly be angry with poor little Isabella Segunda for being a Catholic. So if Ethel worships at a certain image which a great number of good folks in England bow to, let us not be too angry with her idolatry, and bear with our queen a little longer before we make our pronunciamiento.

No, Miss Newcome, yours is not a dignified position in life, however you may argue that hundreds of people in the world are doing like you. O me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youth's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth, and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to be saved, her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband. That is the career for which many a woman is bred and trained. A young man begins the world with some aspirations at least; he will try to be good and follow the truth; he will strive to win honours for himself, and never do a base action; he will pass nights over his books, and forego ease and pleasure so that he may achieve a name. Many a poor wretch who is worn out now and old, and bankrupt of fame and money too, has commenced life at any rate with noble views, and generous schemes, from which weakness, idleness, passion, or overpowering hostile fortune have turned him away. But a girl of the world, *bon Dieu!* the doctrine with which she begins is that she is to have a wealthy husband: the article of Faith in her catechism, is, "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town, and a house in the country?" They are mercenary as they

step fresh and blooming into the world out of the nursery. They have been schooled there to keep their bright eyes to look only on the prince and the duke, Croesus and Dives. By long cramping and careful process, their little natural hearts have been squeezed up, like the feet of their fashionable little sisters in China. As you see a pauper's child, with an awful premature knowledge of the pawn-shop, able to haggle at market with her wretched halfpence, and battle bargains at hucksters' stalls, you shall find a young beauty, who was a child in the school-room a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange; as economical of her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing her beautiful wares; as skilful in setting one bidder against another; as keen as the smartest merchant in Vanity Fair.

If the young gentlemen of the Life Guards Green who were talking about Miss Newcome and her suitors, were silent when Clive appeared amongst them, it was because they were aware not only of his relationship to the young lady, but his unhappy condition regarding her. Certain men there are who never tell their love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheeks; others again must be not always thinking, but talking about the darling object. So it was not very long before Captain Crackthorpe was taken into Clive's confidence, and through Crackthorpe very likely the whole mess became acquainted with his passion. These young fellows, who had been early introduced into the world, gave Clive small hopes of success, putting to him, in their down-right phraseology, the point of which he was already aware, that Miss Newcome was intended for his

superiors, and that he had best not make his mind uneasy by sighing for those beautiful grapes which were beyond his reach.

But the good-natured Crackthorpe, who had a pity for the young painter's condition, helped him so far (and gained Clive's warmest thanks for his good offices), by asking admission for Clive to certain evening parties of the *beau-monde*, where he had the gratification of meeting his charmer. Ethel was surprised and pleased, and Lady Kew surprised and angry at meeting Clive Newcome at these fashionable houses; the girl herself was touched very likely at his pertinacity in following her. As there was no actual feud between them, she could not refuse now and again to dance with her cousin; and thus he picked up such small crumbs of consolation as a youth in his state can get; lived upon six words vouchsafed to him in a quadrille, or brought home a glance of the eyes which she had presented to him in a waltz, or the remembrance of a squeeze of the hand on parting or meeting. How eager he was to get a card to this party or that! how attentive to the givers of such entertainments! Some friends of his accused him of being a tuft-hunter and flatterer of the aristocracy, on account of his politeness to certain people; the truth was, he wanted to go wherever Miss Ethel was; and the ball was blank to him which she did not attend.

This business occupied not only one season, but two. By the time of the second season, Mr. Newcome had made so many acquaintances, that he needed few more introductions into society. He was very well known as a good-natured handsome young man, and a very good waltzer, the only son of an Indian officer

of large wealth, who chose to devote himself to painting, and who was supposed to entertain an unhappy fondness for his cousin the beautiful Miss Newcome. Kind folks who heard of this little *tendre*, and were sufficiently interested in Mr. Clive, asked him to their houses in consequence. I dare say those people who were good to him may have been themselves at one time unlucky in their own love affairs.

When the first season ended without a declaration from my lord, Lady Kew carried off her young lady to Scotland, where it also so happened that Lord Farintosh was going to shoot, and people made what surmises they chose upon this coincidence. Surmises, why not? You who know the world, know very well that if you see Mrs. So-and-so's name in the list of people at an entertainment, on looking down the list you will presently be sure to come on Mr. Whatdyoucallem's. If Lord and Lady Blank, of Suchandsuch Castle, received a distinguished circle (including Lady Dash), for Christmas or Easter, without reading farther the names of the guests, you may venture on any wager that Captain Asterisk is one of the company. These coincidences happen every day; and some people are so anxious to meet other people, and so irresistible is the magnetic sympathy I suppose, that they will travel hundreds of miles in the worst of weather to see their friends, and break your door open almost, provided the friend is inside it.

I am obliged to own the fact, that for many months Lady Kew hunted after Lord Farintosh. This rheumatic old woman went to Scotland, where, as he was pursuing the deer, she stalked his lordship: from Scotland she went to Paris, where he was taking lessons

in dancing at the Chaumière; from Paris to an English country house, for Christmas, where he was expected, but didn't come — not being, his professor said, quite complete in the Polka, and so on. If Ethel were privy to these manœuvres, or anything more than an unwittingly consenting party, I say we would depose her from her place of heroine at once. But she was acting under her grandmother's orders, a most imperious, irresistible, managing old woman, who exacted everybody's obedience, and managed everybody's business in her family. Lady Ann Newcome being in attendance on her sick husband, Ethel was consigned to the Countess of Kew, her grandmother, who hinted that she should leave Ethel her property when dead, and whilst alive expected the girl should go about with her. She had and wrote as many letters as a Secretary of State almost. She was accustomed to set off without taking any body's advice, or announcing her departure until within an hour or two of the event. In her train moved Ethel, against her own will, which would have led her to stay at home with her father, but at the special wish and order of her parents. Was such a sum as that of which Lady Kew had the disposal (Hobson Brothers knew the amount of it quite well) to be left out of the family? Forbid it all ye powers! Barnes — who would have liked the money himself, and said truly that *he* would live with his grandmother anywhere she liked if he could get it, — Barnes joined most energetically with Sir Bryan and Lady Ann in ordering Ethel's obedience to Lady Kew. You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen

of this history, and that it was her wicked domineering old prime minister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty. O, to think of a generous nature, and the world, and nothing but the world, to occupy it! — of a brave intellect, and the milliner's bandboxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise! of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the constant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow! This was the course of life to which Fate, and not her own fault, altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcome. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgoing; let those punish her who are without fault themselves.

Clive did not offer to follow her to Scotland. He knew quite well that the encouragement he had had was only of the smallest; that as a relation she received him frankly and kindly enough, but checked him when he would have adopted another character. But it chanced that they met in Paris, whither he went in the Easter of the ensuing year, having worked to some good purpose through the winter, and dispatched as on a former occasion his three or four pictures, to take their chance at the Exhibition.

Of these it is our pleasing duty to be able to corroborate, to some extent, Mr. F. Bayham's favourable report. Fancy sketches and historical pieces our young man had eschewed; having convinced himself either that he had not an epic genius, or that to draw portraits of his friends was a much easier task than that which he had set himself formerly. Whilst all the

world was crowding round a pair of J. J.'s little pictures, a couple of chalk heads were admitted into the Exhibition (his great picture of Captain Crackthorpe on horseback, in full uniform, I must own was ignominiously rejected) and the friends of the parties had the pleasure of recognizing in the miniature room, No. 1246, Portrait of an Officer, — viz., Augustus Butts, Esq., of the Life Guards Green; and Portrait of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, No. 1272. Miss Sherrick the hangers refused; Mr. Binnie, Clive had spoiled, as usual, in the painting; the chalk heads, however, before named, were voted to be faithful likenesses, and executed in a very agreeable and spirited manner. F. Bayham's criticism on these performances, it need not be said, was tremendous. Since the days of Michael Angelo you would have thought there never had been such drawings. In fact, F. B., as some other critics do, clapped his friends so boisterously on the back, and trumpeted their merits with such prodigious energy as to make his friends themselves sometimes uneasy.

Mr. Clive, whose good father was writing home more and more wonderful accounts of the Bundelcund Bank, in which he had engaged, and who was always pressing his son to draw for more money, treated himself to comfortable rooms at Paris, in the very same hotel where the young Marquis of Farintosh occupied lodgings much more splendid, and where he lived, no doubt, so as to be near the professor, who was still teaching his lordship the Polka. Indeed, it must be said that Lord Farintosh made great progress under this artist, and that he danced very much better in his third season than in the first and second years after he

had come upon the town. From the same instructor the Marquis learned the latest novelties in French conversation, the choicest oaths and phrases (for which she was famous), so that although his French grammar was naturally defective, he was enabled to order a dinner at Philippe's, and to bully a waiter, or curse a hackney coachman with extreme volubility. A young nobleman of his rank was received with the distinction which was his due, by the French sovereign of that period; and at the Tuileries, and the houses of the French nobility, which he visited, Monsieur le Marquis de Farintosh excited considerable remark, by the use of some of the phrases which his young professor had taught to him. People even went so far as to say that the Marquis was an awkward and dull young man, of the very worst manners.

Whereas the young Clive Newcome — and it comforted the poor fellow's heart somewhat, and he sure pleased Ethel, who was looking on at his triumphs — was voted the most charming young Englishman who had been seen for a long time in our salons. Madame de Florac, who loved him as a son of her own, actually went once or twice into the world in order to see his *début*. Madame de Montcontour inhabited a part of the Hotel de Florac, and received society there. The French people did not understand what bad English she talked, though they comprehended Lord Farintosh's French blunders. "Monsieur Newcome is an artist! What a noble career!" cries a great French lady, the wife of a Marshal, to the astonished Miss Newcome. "This young man is the cousin of the charming Mees? You must be proud to possess such a nephew, Madame!" says another French lady

to the Countess of Kew (who, you may be sure, is delighted to have such a relative). And the French lady invites Clive to her receptions expressly in order to make herself agreeable to the old Comtesse. Before the cousins have been three minutes together in Madame de Florac's salon, she sees that Clive is in love with Ethel Newcome. She takes the boy's hand and says "*J'ai votre secret, mon ami;*" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fondly, as tenderly, as ever they looked at his father. O what tears have they shed, gentle eyes! O what faith has it kept, tender heart! If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us for ever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom — whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death; surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in Heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love? Forty years have passed away. Youth and dearest memories revisit her, and Hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the constant lady holds the young man's hand, and looks at the son of Thomas Newcome.

CHAPTER XI.

The Hôtel de Florac.

SINCE the death of the Duc d'Ivry, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, the Comte de Florac, who is now the legitimate owner of the ducal title, does not choose to bear it, but continues to be known in the world by his old name. The old Count's world is very small. His doctor, and his director, who comes daily to play his game of picquet; his daughter's children, who amuse him by their laughter, and play round his chair in the garden of his hotel; his faithful wife, and one or two friends as old as himself, form his society. His son the Abbé is with them but seldom. The austerity of his manners frightens his old father, who can little comprehend the religionism of the new school. After going to hear his son preach through Lent at Notre Dame, where the Abbé de Florac gathered a great congregation, the old Count came away quite puzzled at his son's declamations. "I do not understand your new priests," he says; "I knew my son had become a Cordelier; I went to hear him, and found he was a Jacobin. Let me make my salut in quiet, my good Léonore. My director answers for me, and plays a game at trictrac into the bargain with me." Our history has but little to do with this venerable nobleman. He has his chamber looking out into the garden of his hotel; his faithful old domestic to wait upon him, his House of Peers to attend when he is

well enough, his few acquaintances to help him to pass the evening. The rest of the hotel he gives up to his son, the Vicomte de Florac, and Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, his daughter-in-law.

When Florac has told his friends of the Club why it is he has assumed a new title — as a means of reconciliation (a reconciliation all philosophical, my friends) with his wife *née* Higg of Manchester, who adores titles like all Anglaises, and has recently made a great succession, everybody allows that the measure was dictated by prudence, and there is no more laughter at his change of name. The Princess takes the first floor of the hotel at the price paid for it by the American General, who has returned to his original pigs at Cincinnati. Had not Cincinnatus himself pigs on his farm, and was he not a general and member of Congress too? The honest Princess has a bed-chamber, which, to her terror, she is obliged to open of reception-evenings, when gentlemen and ladies play cards there. It is fitted up in the style of Louis XVI. In her bed is an immense looking-glass, surmounted by stucco cupids: it is an alcove which some powdered Venus, before the Revolution, might have reposed in. Opposite that looking-glass, between the tall windows, at some forty feet distance, is another huge mirror, so that when the poor Princess is in bed, in her prim old curl-papers, she sees a vista of elderly princesses twinkling away into the dark perspective; and is so frightened that she and Betsy, her Lancashire maid, pin up the jonquil silk curtains over the bed-mirror after the first night; though the Princess never can get it out of her head that her image is still there, behind the jonquil hangings, turning as she turns, waking as she wakes,

&c. The chamber is so vast and lonely that she has a bed made for Betsy in the room. It is, of course, whisked away into a closet on reception-evenings. A boudoir, rose-tendre with more cupids and nymphs by Boucher, sporting over the door-panels — nymphs who may well shock old Betsy and her old mistress — is the Princess's morning room. "Ah, Mum, what would Mr. Humper at Manchester, Mr. Jowls of Newcome (the minister whom, in early days, Miss Higgs used to sit under) say 'if they was browt into this room!" But there is no question of Mr. Jowls and Mr. Humper, excellent dissenting divines, who preached to Miss Higg, being brought into the Princesse de Montecour's boudoir.

That paragraph, respecting a conversion in high life, which F. B. in his enthusiasm inserted in the "Pall Mall Gazette," caused no small excitement in the Florac family. The Florac family read the "Pall Mall Gazette," knowing that Clive's friends were engaged in that periodical. When Madame de Florac, who did not often read newspapers, happened to cast her eye upon that poetic paragraph of F. B.'s, you may fancy with what a panic it filled the good and pious lady. Her son become a Protestant! After all the grief and trouble his wildness had occasioned to her, Paul forsake his religion! But that her husband was so ill and aged as not to be able to bear her absence, she would have hastened to London to rescue her son out of that perdition. She sent for her younger son, who undertook the embassy; and the Prince and Princesse de Montecour in their hotel at London were one day surprised by the visit of the Abbé de Florac.

As Paul was quite innocent of any intention of abandoning his religion, the mother's kind heart was very speedily set at rest by her envoy. Far from Paul's conversion to Protestantism, the Abbé wrote home the most encouraging accounts of his sister-in-law's precious dispositions. He had communications with Madame de Montcontour's Anglican director, a man of not powerful mind, wrote M. l'Abbé, though of considerable repute for eloquence in his sect. The good dispositions of his sister-in-law were improved by the French clergyman, who could be most captivating and agreeable when a work of conversion was in hand. The visit reconciled the family to their English relative, in whom good nature and many other good qualities were to be seen now that there were hopes of reclaiming her. It was agreed that Madame de Montcontour should come and inhabit the Hôtel de Florac at Paris: perhaps the Abbé tempted the worthy lady by pictures of the many pleasures and advantages she would enjoy in that capital. She was presented at her own court by the French ambassadress of that day: and was received at the Tuileries with a cordiality which flattered and pleased her.

Having been presented herself, Madame la Princesse in turn presented to her august sovereign Mrs. T. Higg and Miss Higg, of Manchester, Mrs. Samuel Higg, of Newcome; the husbands of those ladies (the Princess's brothers) also sporting a court dress for the first time. Sam Higg's neighbour, the member for Newcome, Sir Bryan Newcome, Bart., was too ill to act as Higg's sponsor before majesty; but Barnes Newcome was uncommonly civil to the two Lancashire gentlemen; though their politics were different to his, and Sam had voted

against Sir Bryan at his last election. Barnes took them to dine at a club — recommended his tailor — sent Lady Clara Pulleyn to call on Mrs. Higg — who pronounced her to be a pretty young woman and most haffable. The Countess of Dorking would have been delighted to present these ladies had the Princess not luckily been in London to do that office. The Hobson Newcomes were very civil to the Lancashire party, and entertained them splendidly at dinner. I believe Mrs. and Mr. Hobson themselves went to court this year, the latter in a deputy lieutenant's uniform.

If Barnes Newcome was so very civil to the Higg family we may suppose he had good reason. The Higgs were very strong in Newcome, and it was advisable to conciliate them. They were very rich and their account would not be disagreeable at the Bank. Madame de Montcontour's — a large easy private account — would be more pleasant still. And, Hobson Brothers having entered largely into the Anglo-Continental Railway, whereof mention has been made, it was a bright thought of Barnes to place the Prince of Montcontour, &c. &c., on the French Direction of the Railway; and to take the princely prodigal down to Newcome with his new title, and reconcile him to his wife and the Higg family. Barnes we may say invented the principality: rescued the Vicomte de Florac out of his dirty lodgings in Leicester Square, and sent the Prince of Montcontour back to his worthy middle-aged wife again. The disagreeable dissenting days were over. A brilliant young curate of Doctor Bulders, who also wore long hair, straight waistcoats, and no shirt collars, had already reconciled the Vicomtesse de Florac to the persuasion, whereof the ministers are

clad in that queer uniform. The landlord of their hotel in St. James's got his wine from Sherrick, and sent his families to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's eloquence and amiability were appreciated by his new disciple — thus the historian has traced here step by step how all these people became acquainted.

Sam Higg, whose name was very good on 'Change in Manchester and London, joined the direction of the Anglo-Continental. A brother had died lately, leaving his money amongst them, and his wealth had added considerably to Madame de Florac's means; his sister invested a portion of her capital in the Railway in her husband's name. The shares were at a premium, and gave a good dividend. The Prince de Montcontour took his place with great gravity at the Paris board, whither Barnes made frequent flying visits: The sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac: at the age of five and forty he was actually giving up being a young man, and was not ill-pleased at having to enlarge his waistcoats, and to show a little gray in his mustache. His errors were forgotten: he was *bien vu* by the government. He might have had the Embassy Extraordinary to Queen Pomaré; but the health of Madamé la Princesse was delicate. He paid his wife visits every morning: appeared at her parties and her opera box, and was seen constantly with her in public. He gave quiet little dinners still, at which Clive was present sometimes: and had a private door and key to his apartments, which were separated by all the dreary length of the reception-rooms from the mirrored chamber and jonquil couch where the Princess and Betsy reposed. When some of his London friends

visited Paris he showed us these rooms and introduced us duly to Madame la Princesse. He was as simple and as much at home in the midst of these splendours, as in the dirty little lodgings in Leicester Square, where he painted his own boots, and cooked his herring over the tongs. As for Clive, he was the infant of the house, Madame la Princesse could not resist his kind face; and Paul was as fond of him in his way, as Paul's mother in hers. Would he live at the hotel de Florac? There was an excellent atelier in the pavilion, with a chamber for his servant. No! you will be most at ease in apartments of your own. You will have here but the society of women. I do not rise till late: and my affairs, my board, call me away for the greater part of the day. Thou wilt but be ennuyé to play trictrac with my old father. My mother waits on him. My sister au second is given up entirely to her children, who always have the *pituite*. Madame la Princesse is not amusing for a young man. Come and go when thou wilt, Clive, my garçon, my son: thy cover is laid. Wilt thou take the portraits of all the family? Hast thou want of money? I had at thy age and almost ever since, *mon ami*: but now we swim in gold, and when there is a louis in my purse, there are ten francs for thee.' To show his mother that he did not think of the Reformed Religion, Paul did not miss going to mass with her on Sunday. Sometimes Madame Paul went too, between whom and her mother-in-law there could not be any liking, but there was now great civility. They saw each other once a-day: Madame Paul always paid her visit to the Comte de Florac: and Betsy, her maid, made the old gentleman laugh by her briskness and talk. She brought back

to her mistress the most wonderful stories which the old man told her about his doings during the emigration — before he married Madame la Comtesse — when he gave lessons in dancing, parbleu! There was his fiddle still, a trophy of those old times. He chirped, and coughed, and sang, in his cracked old voice, as he talked about them. "Lor! bless you, Mum," says Betsy, "he must have been a terrible old man!" He remembered the times well enough, but the stories he sometimes told over twice or thrice in an hour. I am afraid he had not repented sufficiently of those wicked old times: else why did he laugh and giggle so when he recalled them? He would laugh and giggle till he was choked with his old cough: and old St. Jean, his man, came and beat M. le Comte on the back, and made M. le Comte take a spoonful of his syrup.

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Kew, of course there could be little liking or sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation, — duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too, — only the notions of duty were different in either person. Lady Kew's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world: Madame de Florac's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal: her second had given his whole heart to the church: her daughter had centred hers on her own children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a finger on them. So Léonore de Florac was quite alone. It seemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts

from her. Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth, by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect, — everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful; a spring of beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long monotonous story of submission. "Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness," says the priest; "whom Heaven loves it afflicts." And he points out to her the agonies of suffering saints of her sex; assures her of their present beatitudes and glories; exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs; and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either, — to weep was not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved perhaps more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, for ever uneasy and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes perhaps the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate. She will try and command wherever she goes; and trample over dependents and society, with a grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its cowardice, and an unbending will to

domineer. To be old, proud, lonely, and not have a friend in the world — that is her lot in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bird which the fables say feeds her young with her blood; this one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, goes hunting hither and thither and robs meat for them. And so I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare the Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and Miss Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provision of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own natural history) that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun and gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pounce on a piece of carrion?

After she became acquainted with certain circumstances, Madame de Florac was very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove in her modest way to become intimate with her. Miss Newcome and Lady Kew attended Madame de Montcontour's Wednesday evenings. "It is as well, my dear, for the interests of the family that we should be particularly civil to these people," Lady Kew said; and accordingly she came to the Hôtel de Florac, and was perfectly insolent to Madame la Princesse every Thursday evening. Towards Madame de Florac, even Lady Kew could not be rude. She was so gentle as to give no excuse for assault: Lady Kew vouchsafed to pronounce that Madame de Florac was "*très grande-dame*," — "of the sort which is almost impossible to find now-a-days," Lady Kew said, who thought she possessed this dignity in her own person. When Madame de Florac, blushing, asked Ethel to come and see her, Ethel's grandmother consented with the utmost willingness. "She is very *dévôte* I have

heard, and will try and convert you. Of course you will hold your own about that sort of thing; and have the good sense to keep off theology. There is no Roman Catholic *parti* in England or Scotland that is to be thought of for a moment. You will see they will marry young Lord Derwentwater to an Italian princess; but he is only seventeen, and his directors never lose sight of him. Sir Bartholomew Fawkes will have a fine property when Lord Campion dies, unless Lord Campion leaves the money to the convent where his daughter is — and, of the other families, who is there? I made every inquiry purposely — that is, of course, one is anxious to know about the Catholics as about one's own people: and little Mr. Rood, who was one of my poor brother Steyne's lawyers, told me there is not one young man of that party at this moment who can be called a desirable person. Be very civil to Madame de Florac; she sees some of the old legitimists, and you know I am *brouillée* with that party of late years."

"There is the Marquis de Montluc, who has a large fortune for France," said Ethel, gravely; "he has a hump-back, but he is very spiritual. Monsieur de Cadillan paid me some compliments the other night, and even asked George Barnes what my *dot* was. He is a widower, and has a wig and two daughters. Which do you think would be the greatest incumbrance, grand-mamma, — a hump-back, or a wig and two daughters? I like Madame de Florac; for the sake of the borough, I must try and like poor Madame de Montcontour, and I will go and see them whenever you please."

So Ethel went to see Madame de Florac. She was very kind to Madame de Préville's children, Madame

de Florac's grandchildren; she was gay and gracious with Madame de Montcontour. She went again and again to the Hôtel de Florac, not caring for Lady Kew's own circle of statesmen and diplomatists, Russian, and Spanish, and French, whose talk about the courts of Europe, — who was in favour at St. Petersburg, and who was in disgrace at Schoenbrunn, — naturally did not amuse the lively young person. The goodness of Madame de Florac's life, the tranquil grace and melancholy kindness with which the French lady received her, soothed and pleased Miss Ethel. She came and reposed in Madame de Florac's quiet chamber, or sate in the shade in the sober old garden of her hotel; away from all the trouble and chatter of the salons, the gossip of the embassies, the fluttering ceremonial of the Parisian ladies' visits in their fine toilettes, the *fadaises* of the dancing dandies, and the pompous mysteries of the old statesmen who frequented her grandmother's apartment. The world began for her at night; when she went in the train of the old Countess from hotel to hotel, and danced waltz after waltz with Prussian and Neapolitan secretaries, with princes' officers of ordonnance, — with personages even more lofty very likely, — for the court of the Citizen King was then in its splendour; and there must surely have been a number of nimble young royal highnesses who would like to dance with such a beauty as Miss Newcome. The Marquis of Farintosh had a share in these polite amusements. His English conversation was not brilliant as yet, although his French was eccentric; but at the court balls, whether he appeared in his uniform of the Scotch Archers, or in his native Glenlivat tartan, there certainly was not in his own or the public estimation

a handsomer young nobleman in Paris that season. It has been said that he was greatly improved in dancing; and, for a young man of his age, his whiskers were really extraordinarily large and curly.

Miss Newcome, out of consideration for her grandmother's strange antipathy to him, did not inform Lady Kew, that a young gentleman by the name of Clive occasionally came to visit the Hôtel de Florac. At first, with her French education, Madame de Florac never would have thought of allowing the cousins to meet in her house; but with the English it was different. Paul assured her that in the English chateaux, *les Meess* walked for entire hours with the young men, made parties of the fish, mounted to horse with them, the whole with the permission of the mothers. "When I was at Newcome, Miss Ethel rode with me several times," Paul said; "*à preuve* that we went to visit an old relation of the family, who adores Clive and his father." When Madame de Florac questioned her son about the young Marquis to whom it was said Ethel was engaged, Florac flouted the idea. "Engaged! This young Marquis is engaged to the Théâtre des Variétés, my mother. He laughs at the notion of an engagement. When one charged him with it of late at the club; and asked how Mademoiselle Louqsor — she is so tall, that they call her the Louqsor — she is an *Odalisque Obélisque*, ma mère; when one asked how the Louqsor would pardon his pursuit of Miss Newcome? my Écossois permitted himself to say in full club, that it was Miss Newcome pursued him, — that nymph, that Diane, that charming and peerless young creature! On which, as the others laughed, and his friend Monsieur Walleye applauded, I dared to say in

my turn, 'Monsieur le Marquis, as a young man, not familiar with our language, you have said what is not true, Milor, and therefore luckily not mischievous. I have the honour to count of my friends the parents of the young lady of whom you have spoken. You never could have intended to say that a young Miss who lives under the guardianship of her parents, and is obedient to them, whom you meet in society all the nights, and at whose door your carriage is to be seen every day, is capable of that with which you charge her so gaily. These things say themselves, Monsieur, in the *coulisses* of the theatre, of women from whom you learn our language; not of young persons pure and chaste, Monsieur de Farintosh! Learn to respect your compatriots; to honour youth and innocence everywhere, Monsieur! — and when you forget yourself, permit one who might be your father to point where you are wrong.'"

"And what did he answer?" asked the Countess.

"I attended myself to a *soufflet*," replied Florac; but his reply was much more agreeable. The young insulinary, with many blushes, and a *gros juron* as his polite way is, said he had not wished to say a word against that person. 'Of whom the name,' cried I, 'ought never to be spoken in these places.' Herewith our little dispute ended."

So, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet with his cousin at the Hôtel de Florac, where, I dare say, all the inhabitants wished he should have his desire regarding this young lady. The Colonel had talked early to Madame de Florac about this wish of his life, impossible then to gratify, because Ethel was engaged to Lord Kew. Clive, in the fulness of his heart, im-

parted his passion to Florac; and in answer to Paul's offer to himself, had shown the Frenchman that kind letter in which his father bade him carry aid to "Léonore de Florac's son," in case he should need it. The case was all clear to the lively Paul. "Between my mother and your good Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early days during the emigration." Clive owned his father had told him as much, at least that he himself had been attached to Mademoiselle de Blois. "It is for that that her heart yearns towards thee, that I have felt myself *entrained* toward thee since I saw thee" — Clive momentarily expected to be kissed again. "Tell thy father that I feel — am touched by his goodness with an eternal gratitude, and love every one that loves my mother." As far as wishes went, these two were eager promoters of Clive's little love affair; and Madame la Princesse became equally not less willing. Clive's good looks and good-nature had had their effects upon that good-natured woman, and he was as great a favourite with her as with her husband. And thus it happened that when Miss Ethel came to pay her a visit, and sat with Madame de Florac and her grandchildren in the garden, Mr. Newcome would sometimes walk up the avenue there, and salute the ladies.

If Ethel had not wanted to see him, would she have come? Yes; she used to say she was going to Madame de Préville's, not to Madame de Florac's, and would insist, I have no doubt, that it *was* Madame de Préville whom she went to see (whose husband was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a Conseiller d'État, or other French big-wig), and that she had no idea of going to meet Clive, or that he was more than

a casual acquaintance at the Hôtel de Florac. There was no part of her conduct in all her life which this lady, when it was impugned, would defend more strongly than this intimacy at the Hôtel de Florac. It is not with this I quarrel especially. My fair young readers, who have seen a half-dozen of seasons, can you call to mind the time when you had such a friendship for Emma Tomkins, that you were always at the Tomkins's, and notes were constantly passing between your house and hers? When her brother, Paget Tomkins, returned to India, did not your intimacy with Emma fall off? If your younger sister is not in the room, I know you will own as much to me. I think you are always deceiving yourselves and other people. I think the motive you put forward is very often not the real one; though you will confess, neither to yourself, nor to any human being, what the real motive is. I think that what you desire you pursue, and are as selfish in your way as your bearded fellow creatures are. And as for the truth being in you, of all the women in a great acquaintance, I protest there are but — never mind. A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, what a monster, I say, would such a female be! Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old; you worked on your papa's friends in the nurse's arms by the fascination of your lace frock and pretty new sash and shoes; when you could just toddle, you practised your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting

among the daisies; and *nunc in ovilia, mox in reluctantes dracones*, proceeding from the lambs to reluctant dragons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tomkins, who behaved so ill, and went to India without — without making those proposals which of course you never expected. Your intimacy was with Emma. It has cooled. Your sets are different. The Tomkins's are not *quite* &c. &c. You believe Captain Tomkins married a Miss O'Grady, &c. &c. Ah, my pretty, my sprightly Miss Hopkins, be gentle in your judgment of your neighbours!

CHAPTER XII.

Contains two or three Acts of a little Comedy.

ALL this story is told by one, who, if he was not actually present at the circumstances here narrated, yet had information concerning them, and could supply such a narrative of facts and conversations as is, indeed, not less authentic than the details we have of other histories. How can I tell the feelings in a young lady's mind; the thoughts in a young gentleman's bosom? — As Professor Owen or Professor Agassiz takes a fragment of a bone, and builds an enormous forgotten monster out of it, wallowing in primæval quagmires, tearing down leaves and branches of plants that flourished thousands of years ago, and perhaps may be coal by this time — so the novelist puts this and that together: from the footprint finds the foot; from the foot, the brute who trod on it; from the brute, the plant he browsed on, the marsh in which he swam — and thus in his humble way a physiologist too, depicts the habits, size, appearance of the beings whereof he has to treat; — traces this slimy reptile through the mud, and describes his habits filthy and rapacious; prods down this butterfly with a pin, and depicts his beautiful coat and embroidered waistcoat; points out the singular structure of yonder more important animal, the megatherium of his history.

Suppose then, in the quaint old garden of the

Hôtel de Florac, two young people are walking up and down in an avenue of lime-trees, which are still permitted to grow in that ancient place. In the centre of that avenue is a fountain, surmounted by a Triton so gray and moss-eaten, that though he holds his conch to his swelling lips, curling his tail in the arid basin, his instrument has had a sinecure for at least fifty years; and did not think fit even to play when the Bourbons, in whose time he was erected, came back from their exile. At the end of the lime-tree avenue is a broken-nosed damp Faun, with a marble panpipe, who pipes to the spirit ditties which I believe never had any tune. The *perron* of the hotel is at the other end of the avenue; a couple of Cæsars on either side of the door-window, from which the inhabitants of the hotel issue into the garden — Caracalla frowning over his mouldy shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the gray chateau have been dribbling for ever so many long years. There are more statues gracing this noble place. There is Cupid, who has been at the point of kissing Psyche this half-century at least, though the delicious event has never come off, through all those blazing summers and dreary winters: there is Venus and her Boy under the damp little dome of a cracked old temple. Through the alley of this old garden, in which their ancestors have disported in hoops and powder, Monsieur de Florac's chair is wheeled by St. Jean, his attendant; Madame de Préville's children trot about, and skip, and play at cache-cache. The R. P. de Florac (when at home) paces up and down and meditates his sermons; Madame de Florac sadly walks sometimes to look at her roses; and Clive and Ethel Newcome are marching up

and down; the children, and their *bonne* of course being there, jumping to and fro; and Madame de Florac, having just been called away to Monsieur le Comte, whose physician has come to see him.

Ethel says, "How charming and odd this solitude is: and how pleasant to hear the voices of the children playing in the neighbouring Convent-garden," of which they can see the new Chapel rising over the trees.

Clive remarks that "the neighbouring hotel has curiously changed its destination. One of the members of the Directory had it; and, no doubt, in the groves of its garden, Madame Tallien, and Madame Récamier, and Madame Beauharnais have danced under the lamps. Then a Marshal of the Empire inhabited it. Then it was restored to its legitimate owner, Monsieur le Marquis de Bricquabracque, whose descendants, having a law-suit about the Bricquabracque succession, sold the hotel to the Convent."

After some talk about nuns, Ethel says, "There were convents in England. She often thinks she would like to retire to one;" and she sighs as if her heart were in that scheme.

Clive, with a laugh, says, "Yes. If you could retire after the season, when you were very weary of the balls, a convent would be very nice. At Rome he had seen San Pietro in Montorio and Sant Onofrio, that delightful old place where Tasso died: people go and make a retreat there. In the ladies' convents, the ladies do the same thing — and he doubts whether they are much more or less wicked after their retreat, than gentlemen and ladies in England or France."

Ethel. Why do you sneer at all faith? Why should not a retreat do people good? Do you suppose the world is so satisfactory, that those who are in it never wish for a while to leave it? *(She heaves a sigh and looks down towards a beautiful new dress of many flounces, which Madame de Flouncival, the great milliner, has sent her home that very day.)*

Clive. I do not know what the world is, except from afar off. I am like the Peri who looks into Paradise and sees angels within it. I live in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square: which is not within the gates of Paradise. I take the gate to be somewhere in Davies Street, leading out of Oxford Street into Grosvenor Square. There's another gate in Hay Hill: and another in Bruton Street, Bond —

Ethel. Don't be a goose.

Clive. Why not? It is as good to be a goose, as to be a lady — no, a gentleman of fashion. Suppose I were a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, a Duke, would you say Goose? No, you would say Swan.

Ethel. Unkind and unjust! — ungenerous to make taunts which common people make: and to repeat to me those silly sarcasms which your low *Radical literary* friends are always putting in their books! Have I ever made any difference to *you*? Would I not sooner see you than the fine people? Would I talk with you, or with the young dandies most willingly? Are we not of the same blood, Clive; and of all the grandees I see about, can there be a grander gentleman than your dear old father? You need not squeeze my hand so. — Those little imps are look — that has nothing to do with the question. Viens Léonore! Tu connois

bien, Monsieur, n'est-ce-pas? qui te fait de si jolis dessins?

Léonore. Ah, oui! Vous m'en ferez toujours n'est-ce-pas, Monsieur Clive? des chevaux, et puis des petites filles avec leurs gouvernantes, et puis des maisons — et puis — et puis des maisons encore — où est bonne Maman? (*Exit little LEONORE down an alley.*)

Ethel. Do you remember when we were children, and you used to make drawings for us? I have some now that you did — in my geography book, which I used to read and read with Miss Quigley.

Clive. I remember all about our youth, Ethel.

Ethel. Tell me what you remember?

Clive. I remember one of the days, when I first saw you, I had been reading the "Arabian Nights" at school — and you came in in a bright dress of shot silk, amber and blue — and I thought you were like that fairy-princess who came out of the crystal box — because —"

Ethel. Because why?

Clive. Because I always thought that fairy some how must be the most beautiful creature in all the world — that is, 'why and because.' Do not make me May Fair curtsies. You know whether you are good-looking or not: and how long I have thought you so. I remember when I thought I would like to be Ethel's knight, and that if there was anything she would have me do, I would try and achieve it in order to please her. I remember when I was so ignorant I did not know there was any difference in rank between us.

Ethel. Ah, Clive!

Clive. Now it is altered. Now I know the dif-

ference between a poor painter and a young lady of the world. Why haven't I a title and a great fortune? Why did I ever see you, Ethel; or, knowing the distance which it seems fate has placed between us, why have I seen you again?

Ethel (innocently). Have I ever made any difference between us? Whenever I may see you, am I not too glad? Don't I see you sometimes when I should not — no — I do not say when I should not; but when others, whom I am bound to obey, forbid me? What harm is there in my remembering old days? Why should I be ashamed of our relationship? — no, not ashamed — why should I forget it? Don't do that, Sir; we have shaken hands twice already. Léonore! Xavier!

Clive. At one moment you like me: and at the next you seem to repent it. One day you seem happy when I come; and another day you are ashamed of me. Last Tuesday, when you came with those fine ladies to the Louvre, you seemed to blush when you saw me copying at my picture; and that stupid young lord looked quite alarmed because you spoke to me. My lot in life is not very brilliant; but I would not change it against that young man's — no, not with all his chances.

Ethel. What do you mean with all his chances?

Clive. You know very well. I mean I would not be as selfish, or as dull, or as ill-educated — I won't say worse of him — not to be as handsome, or as wealthy, or as noble as he is. I swear I would not now change my place against his, or give up being Clive Newcome to be my lord Marquis of Farintosh, with all his acres and titles of nobility.

Ethel. Why are you for ever harping about Lord Farintosh and his titles? I thought it was only women who were jealous — you gentlemen say so. — (*Hurriedly.*) — I am going to-night with grandmamma to the Minister of the Interior, and then to the Russian ball; and to-morrow to the Tuileries. We dine at the Embassy first; and on Sunday, I suppose, we shall go to the Rue d'Aguesseau. I can hardly come here before Mon —. Madame de Florac! Little Léonore is very like you — resembles you very much. My cousin says he longs to make a drawing of her.

Madame de Florac. My husband always likes that I should be present at his dinner. Pardon me, young people, that I have been away from you for a moment.

[*Exit CLIVE, ETHEL, and Madame DE F. into the house.*]

CONVERSATION II. — Scene 1.

Miss Newcome arrives in Lady Kew's carriage, which enters the court of the Hôtel de Florac.

Saint Jean. Mademoiselle — Madame la Comtesse is gone out: but Madame has charged me to say, that she will be at home to the dinner of M. le Comte, as to the ordinary.

Miss Newcome. Madame de Préville is at home?

Saint Jean. Pardon me, Madame is gone out with M. le Baron, and M. Xavier, and Mademoiselle de Préville. They are gone, Miss, I believe, to visit the parents of Monsieur le Baron; of whom, it is probably to-day the fête: for Mademoiselle Léonore carried a bouquet — no doubt for her grandpapa. Will it please

Mademoiselle to enter? I think Monsieur the Count sounds me. (*Bell rings.*)

Miss Newcome. Madame la Prince — Madame la Vicomtesse is at home? Monsieur St. Jean!

Saint Jean. I go to call the people of Madame la Vicomtesse.

[*Exit old SAINT JEAN to the carriage: a Lackey comes presently in a gorgeous livery, with buttons like little cheese-plates.*

The Lackey. The Princesse is at home, Miss, and will be most appy to see you, Miss. (*Miss trips up the great stair: a gentleman out of livery has come forth to the landing, and introduces her to the apartments of Madame la Princesse.*)

The Lackey to the Servants on the box. Good morning, Thomas. How dy' do, old Backstopper?

Backstopper. How de do, Jim. I say, you couldn't give a feller a drink of beer, could yer, Muncontour? It was precious *wet* last night, I can tell you. 'Ad to stop for three hours at the Napolitum Embassy, where we was a dancing. Me and some chaps went into Bob Parsom's and had a drain. Old Cat came out and couldn't find her carriage, not by no means, could she, Tommy? Blest if I didn't nearly drive her into a vegetable cart. I was so uncommon scruey! Who's this a hentering at your pot-coshare? Billy, my fine feller!

Clive Newcome (by the most singular coincidence). Madame la Princesse?

Lackey. We, Munseer. (*He rings a bell: the gentleman in black appears as before on the landing-place up the stair.*)

[*Exit CLIVE.*

Backstopper. I say, Bill: is that young chap

often a coming about here? They'd run pretty in a curricule, wouldn't they? Miss N. and Master N. Quiet old woman! Jest look to that mare's ead, will you, Billy? He's a fine young feller, that is. He gave me a sovering the other night. Whenever I sor him in the Park, he was always riding an ansun hanimal. What is he? They said in our 'all he was a hartis. I can 'ardly think that. Why, there used to be a hartis come to our club, and painted two or three of my 'osses, and my old woman too.

Lackey. There's hartises and hartises, Backystopper. Why there's some on 'em comes here with more stars on their coats than Dukes has got. Have you never 'eard of Mossyer Verny, or Mossyer Gundang?

Backystopper. They say this young gent is sweet on Miss N.; which, I guess, I wish he may git it.

Tommy. He! he! he!

Backystopper. Brayvo, Tommy. Tom ain't much of a man for conversation, but he's a precious one to drink. Do you think the young gent is sweet on her, Tommy? I sor him often prowling about our 'ouse in Queen Street, when we was in London.

Tommy. I guess he wasn't let in in Queen Street. I guess hour little Buttons was very near turned away for saying we was at home to him. I guess a footman's place is to keep his mouth hopen — no, his *hey*es hopen — and his mouth shut. (*He lapses into silence.*)

Lackey. I think Thomis is in love, Thomis is. Who was that young woman I saw you a dancing of at the Showmier, Thomis? How the young Marquis was a cuttin' of it about there! The pience was

obliged to come up and stop him dancing. His man told old Buzfuz up-stairs, that the Marquis's goings on is hawful. Up till four or five every morning; blind hookey, shampaign, the dooce's own delight. That party have had I don't know how much in diamonds — and they quarrel and swear at each other, and fling plates: it's tremendous.

Tommy. Why doesn't the Marquis man mind his own affairs? He's a supersellious beast: and will no more speak to a man, except he's out-a-livery, than he would to a chimibly swip. He! Cuss him, I'd fight 'im for 'alf a crown.

Lackey. And we'd back you, Tommy. Buzfuz up-stairs ain't supersellious; nor is the Prince's walet nether. That old Sangjang's a rum old guvnor. He was in England with the Count, fifty years ago — in the hemigration — in Queen Hann's time, you know. He used to support the old Count. He says he remembers a young Musseer Newcome then, that used to take lessons from the Shevallier, the Countess' father — there's my bell. [Exit Lackey.]

Backstopper. Not a bad chap that. Sports his money very free — sings an uncommon good song.

Thomas. Pretty voice, but no cultiwation.

Lackey (who re-enters). Be here at two o'clock for Miss N. Take anything? Come round the corner. — There's a capital shop round the corner.

[Exeunt Servants.]

SCENE II.

Ethel. I can't think where Madame de Montcontour has gone. How very odd it was that you should come here — that we should both come here to-day! How

surprised I was to see you at the Minister's! Grand-mamma was so angry! "That boy pursues us wherever we go," she said. I am sure I don't know why we shouldn't meet, Clive. It seems to be wrong even my seeing you by chance here. Do you know, Sir, what a scolding I had about — about going to Brighton with you? My grandmother did not hear of it till we were in Scotland, when that foolish maid of mine talked of it to her maid; and there was oh, such a tempest! If there were a Bastille here, she would like to lock you into it. She says that you are always upon our way — I don't know how, I am sure. She says, but for you I should have been — you know what I should have been: but I am thankful that I wasn't, and Kew has got a much nicer wife in Henrietta Pulleyn, than I could ever have been to him. She will be happier than Clara, Clive. Kew is one of the kindest creatures in the world — not very wise; not very strong: but he is just such a kind, easy, generous, little man as will make a girl like Henrietta quite happy.

Clive. But not you, Ethel?

Ethel. No, nor I him. My temper is difficult, Clive, and I fear few men would bear with me. I feel, somehow, always very lonely. How old am I? Twenty — I feel sometimes as if I was a hundred; and in the midst of all these admirations and fêtes and flatteries, so tired, oh, so tired! And yet if I don't have them, I miss them. How I wish I was religious like Madame de Florac: there is no day that she does not go to church. She is for ever busy with charities, clergymen, conversions; I think the Princess will be brought over ere long — that dear old Madame de Florac! and yet she is no happier than the rest of us. Hortense

is an empty little thing, who thinks of her prosy fat Camille with spectacles, and of her two children, and of nothing else in the world besides. Who is happy? Clive!

Clive. You say Barnes's wife is not.

Ethel. We are like brother and sister, so I may talk to you. Barnes is very cruel to her. At Newcome, last winter, poor Clara used to come into my room with tears in her eyes morning after morning. He calls her a fool; and seems to take a pride in humiliating her before company. My poor father has luckily taken a great liking to her: and before him, for he has grown very very hot-tempered since his illness, Barnes leaves poor Clara alone. We were in hopes that the baby might make matters better, but as it is a little girl, Barnes chooses to be very much disappointed. He wants papa to give up his seat in Parliament, but he clings to that more than anything. O dear me, who is happy in the world? What a pity Lord Highgate's father had not died sooner! He and Barnes have been reconciled. I wonder my brother's spirit did not revolt against it. The old lord used to keep a great sum of money at the bank, I believe: and the present one does so still: he has paid all his debts off: and Barnes is actually friends with him. He is always abusing the Dorkings, who want to borrow money from the bank, he says. This eagerness for money is horrible. If I had been Barnes I would never have been reconciled with Mr. Belsize, never! And yet they say he was quite right: and grandmamma is even pleased that Lord Highgate should be asked to dine in Park Lane. Poor papa is there: come to attend his parliamentary duties as he

allahabad strain college

thinks. He went to a division the other night; and was actually lifted out of his carriage and wheeled into the lobby in a chair. The ministers thanked him for coming. I believe he thinks he will have his peerage yet. O what a life of vanity ours is!

Enter Madame de Montcontour. What are you young folks a talkin' about — Balls and Operas? When first I was took to the Opera I did not like it — and fell asleep. But now, oh, it's 'eavenly to hear Grisi sing!

The Clock. Ting, Ting!

Ethel. Two o'clock already! I must run back to grandmamma. Good-bye, Madame de Montcontour; I am so sorry I have not been able to see dear Madame de Florac. I will try and come to her on Thursday — please tell her. Shall we meet you at the American minister's to-night, or at Madame de Brie's to-morrow? Friday is your own night — I hope grandmamma will bring me. How charming your last music was! Good-bye, mon cousin! You shall *not* come down stairs with me, I insist upon it, Sir: and had much best remain here, and finish your drawing of Madame de Montcontour.

Princess. I've put on the velvet, you see, Clive — though it's very 'ot in May. Good-bye, my dear.

[*Exit* ETHEL.]

As far as we can judge from the above conversation, which we need not prolong — as the talk between Madame de Montcontour and Monsieur Clive, after a few complimentary remarks about Ethel, had nothing to do with the history of the Newcomes — as far as we can judge, the above little colloquy took place on Monday: and about Wednesday, Madame la

Comtesse de Florac received a little note from Clive, in which he said, that one day when she came to the Louvre, where he was copying, she had admired a picture of a Virgin and Child, by Sasso Ferrato, since when he had been occupied in making a water-colour drawing after the picture, and hoped she would be pleased to accept the copy from her affectionate and grateful servant, Clive Newcome. The drawing would be done the next day, when he would call with it in his hand. Of course Madame de Florac received this announcement very kindly; and sent back by Clive's servant a note of thanks to that young gentleman.

Now on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, by one of those singular coincidences which &c. &c., who should come to the Hôtel de Florac but Miss Ethel Newcome? Madame la Comtesse was at home, waiting to receive Clive and his picture: but Miss Ethel's appearance frightened the good lady, so much so that she felt quite guilty at seeing the girl, whose parents might think — I don't know what they might not think — that Madame de Florac was trying to make a match between the young people. Hence arose the words uttered by the Countess, after a while, in

CONVERSATION III.

Madame de Florac (at work). And so you like to quit the world, and to come to our *triste* old hotel. After to-day you will find it still more melancholy, my poor child.

Ethel. And why?

Madame de F. Some one who has been here to *égayer* our little meetings will come no more.

Ethel. Is the Abbé de Florac going to quit Paris, Madame?

Madame de F. It is not of him that I speak, thou knowest it very well, my daughter. Thou hast seen my poor Clive twice here. He will come once again, and then no more. My conscience reproaches me that I have admitted him at all. But he is like a son to me, and was so confided to me by his father. Five years ago, when we met, after an absence — of how many years! — Colonel Newcome told me what hopes he had cherished for his boy. You know well, my daughter, with whom those hopes were connected. Then he wrote me that family arrangements rendered his plans impossible — that the hand of Miss Newcome was promised elsewhere. When I heard from my son Paul how these negotiations were broken, my heart rejoiced, Ethel, for my friend's sake. I am an old woman now, who have seen the world, and all sorts of men. Men more brilliant no doubt I have known, but such a heart as his, such a faith as his, such a generosity and simplicity as Thomas Newcome's — never!

Ethel (smiling). Indeed, dear lady, I think with you.

Madame de F. I understand thy smile, my daughter. I can say to thee, that when we were children almost, I knew thy good uncle. My poor father took the pride of his family into exile with him. Our poverty only made his pride the greater. Even before the emigration a contract had been passed between our family and the Count de Florac. I could not be wanting to the word given by my father. For how many long years have I kept it! But when I see a young girl who may be made the victim — the

subject of a marriage of convenience, as I was — my heart pities her. And if I love her, as I love you, I tell her my thoughts. Better poverty, Ethel: better a cell in a convent: than a union without love. Is it written eternally that men are to make slaves of us? Here in France, above all, our fathers sell us every day. And what a society ours is! Thou wilt know this when thou art married. There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them — or we die in keeping them. You smile. I have been nearly fifty years dying — *n'est-ce-pas?* — and am here an old woman, complaining to a young girl. It is because our recollections of youth are always young: and because I have suffered so, that I would spare those I love a like grief. Do you know that the children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do? They witness our differences and our indifferences, hear our recriminations, take one side or the other in our disputes, and are partisans for father or mother. We force ourselves to be hypocrites, and hide our wrongs from them; we speak of a bad father with false praises; we wear feint smiles over our tears and deceive our children — deceive them, do we? Even from the exercise of that pious deceit there is no woman but suffers in the estimation of her sons. They may shield her as champions against their father's selfishness or cruelty. In this case, what a war! What a home, where the son sees a tyrant in the father, and in the mother but a trembling victim! I speak not for myself — whatever may have been the course of our long wedded life, I have not to complain of these

ignoble storms. But when the family chief neglects his wife, or prefers another to her, the children too, courtiers as we are, will desert her. You look incredulous about domestic love. Tenez, my child, if I may so surmise, I think you cannot have seen it.

Ethel (blushing and thinking, perhaps, how she esteems her father, how her mother, and how much they esteem each other). My father and mother have been most kind to all their children, Madam; and no one can say that their marriage has been otherwise than happy. My mother is the kindest and most affectionate mother, and — *(Here a vision of Sir Brian alone in his room, and nobody really caring for him so much as his valet, who loves him to the extent of fifty pounds a-year and perquisites; or, perhaps, Miss Cann, who reads to him, and plays a good deal of evenings, much to Sir Brian's liking — here this vision, we say, comes, and stops Miss Ethel's sentence).*

Madame de F. Your father, in his infirmity — and yet he is five years younger than Colonel Newcome — is happy to have such a wife and such children. They comfort his age; they cheer his sickness; they confide their griefs and pleasures to him — is it not so? His closing days are soothed by their affection.

Ethel. Oh, no, no! And yet it is not his fault or ours, that he is a stranger to us. He used to be all day at the bank, or at night in the House of Commons, or he and mamma went to parties, and we young ones remained with the governess. Mamma is very kind. I have never, almost, known her angry; never with us; about us, sometimes, with the servants. As children, we used to see papa and mamma at breakfast; and then when she was dressing to go out.

Since he has been ill, she has given up all parties. I wanted to do so too. I feel ashamed in the world, sometimes, when I think of my poor father at home, alone. I wanted to stay, but my mother and my grandmother forbade me. Grandmamma has a fortune, which she says I am to have; since then they have insisted on my being with her. She is very clever, you know: she is kind too in her way; but she cannot live out of society. And I, who pretend to revolt, I like it too; and I, who rail and scorn flatterers — oh, I like admiration! I am pleased when the women hate me, and the young men leave them for me. Though I despise many of these, yet I can't help drawing them towards me. One or two of them I have seen unhappy about me, and I like it; and if they are indifferent I am angry, and never tire till they come back. I love beautiful dresses; I love fine jewels; I love a great name and a fine house — oh, I despise myself, when I think of these things! When I lie in bed, and say I have been heartless and a coquette, I cry with humiliation: and then rebel and say, Why not? — and to-night — yes, to-night — after leaving you, I shall be wicked, I know I shall.

Madame de F. (sadly). One will pray for thee, my child.

Ethel (sadly). I thought I might be good once. I used to say my own prayers then. Now I speak them but by rote, and feel ashamed — yes, ashamed to speak them. Is it not horrid to say them, and next morning to be no better than you were last night? Often I revolt at these as at other things, and am dumb. The Vicar comes to see us at Newcome, and eats so much dinner, and pays us such court, and

"Sir Brian's" papa, and "Your ladyship's" mamma. With grandmamma I go to hear a fashionable preacher — Clive's uncle, whose sister lets lodgings at Brighton; such a queer, blushing, pompous, honest old lady. Do you know that Clive's aunt lets lodgings at Brighton?

Madame de F. My father was an usher in a school. Monsieur de Florac gave lessons in the emigration. Do you know in what?

Ethel. O, the old nobility! that is different, you know. That Mr. Honeyman is so affected that I have no patience with him!

Madame de F. (with a sigh). I wish you could attend the services of a better church. And when was it you thought you might be good, Ethel?

Ethel. When I was a girl. Before I came out. When I used to take long rides with my dear Uncle Newcome; and he used to talk to me in his sweet simple way; and he said I reminded him of some one he once knew.

Madame de F. Who — who was that, Ethel?

Ethel (looking up at Gerard's picture of the Countess de Florac). What odd dresses you wore in the time of the Empire, Madame de Florac! How could you ever have such high waists, and such wonderful *fraises*! (*MADAME DE FLORAC kisses ETHEL. Tableau.*)

Enter SAINT JEAN, preceding a gentleman with a drawing-board under his arm.

Saint Jean. Monsieur Claive! [*Exit SAINT JEAN.*]

Clive. How do you do, Madame le Comtesse? Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.

Madame de F. Do you come from the Louvre? Have you finished that beautiful copy, mon ami?

Clive. I have brought it for you. It is not very

good. There are always so many *petites demoiselles* copying that Sasso Ferrato; and they chatter about it so, and hop from one easel to another; and the young artists are always coming to give them advice — so that there is no getting a good look at the picture. But I have brought you the sketch; and am so pleased that you asked for it.

Madame de F. (surveying the sketch). It is charming — charming! What shall we give to our painter for his chef-d'œuvre?

Clive (kisses her hand). There is my pay! And you will be glad to hear that two of my portraits have been received at the Exhibition. My uncle, the clergyman, and Mr. Butts, of the Life-Guards.

Ethel. Mr. Butts — quel nom! Je ne connois aucun M. Butts!

Clive. He has a famous head to draw. They refused Crackthorpe, and — and one or two other heads I sent in.

Ethel (tossing up hers). Miss Mackenzie's, I suppose!

Clive. Yes, Miss Mackenzie's. It is a sweet little face; too delicate for my hand though.

Ethel. So is a wax-doll's a pretty face. Pink cheeks; china-blue eyes, and hair the colour of old Madame Hempenfeld's — not her last hair — her last but one. (*She goes to a window that looks into the court.*)

Clive (to the Countess). Miss Mackenzie speaks more respectfully of other people's eyes and hair. She thinks there is nobody in the world to compare to Miss Newcome.

Madame de F. (aside). And you, mon ami? This is the last time, entendez-vous? You must never come

here again. If M. le Comte knew it, he never would pardon me. Encore! (*He kisses her ladyship's hand again*).

Clive. A good action gains to be repeated. Miss Newcome, does the view of the court-yard please you? The old trees and the garden are better. That dear old Faun without a nose! I must have a sketch of him: the creepers round the base are beautiful.

Miss N. I was looking to see if the carriage had come for me. It is time that I return home.

Clive. That is my brougham. May I carry you anywhere? I hire him by the hour; and I will carry you to the end of the world.

Miss N. Where are you going, Madame de Florac? — to show that sketch to M. le Comte? Dear me! I don't fancy that M. de Florac can care for such things! I am sure I have seen many as pretty on the quays for twenty-five sous. I wonder the carriage is not come for me.

Clive. You can take mine without my company, as that seems not to please you.

Miss N. Your company is sometimes very pleasant — when you please. Sometimes, as last night, for instance, you are not particularly lively.

Clive. Last night, after moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to Madame de Brie — I say, heaven and earth, that is a French phrase — I arrive there; I find Miss Newcome engaged for almost every dance, waltzing with M. de Klingenspohr, galloping with Count de Capri, galloping and waltzing with the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh. She will scarce speak to me during the evening; and when I wait till midnight, her grandmamma whisks her home, and I am left

alone for my pains. Lady Kew is in one of her high moods, and the only words she condescends to say to me are, "O, I thought you had returned to London," with which she turns her venerable back upon me.

Miss N. A fortnight ago you said you were going to London. You said the copies you were about here would not take you another week, and that was three weeks since.

Clive. It were best I had gone.

Miss N. If you think so, I cannot but think so.

Clive. Why do I stay and hover about you, and follow you — you know I follow you. Can I live on a smile vouchsafed twice a week, and no brighter than you give to all the world? What do I get, but to hear your beauty praised, and to see you, night after night, happy and smiling and triumphant, the partner of other men? Does it add zest to your triumph, to think that I behold it? I believe you would like a crowd of us to pursue you.

Miss N. To pursue me; and if they find me alone, by chance to compliment me with such speeches as you make? That would be pleasure indeed! Answer me here in return, Clive. Have I ever disguised from any of my friends the regard I have for you? Why should I? Have not I taken your part when you were maligned? In former days, when — when Lord Kew asked me, as he had a right to do then — I said it was as a brother I held you; and always would. If I have been wrong, it has been for two or three times in seeing you at all — or seeing you thus; in letting you speak to me as you do — injure me as you do. Do you think I have not had hard enough words said to me about you, but that you must attack me too in

turn? Last night only, because you were at the ball. It was very, very wrong of me to tell you I was going there. As we went home, Lady Kew — Go, Sir. I never thought you would have seen in me this humiliation.

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made Ethel Newcome shed tears? O, dry them, dry them. Forgive me, Ethel, forgive me! I have no right to jealousy, or to reproach you — I know that. If others admire you, surely I ought to know that they — they do but as I do: I should be proud, not angry, that they admire my Ethel — my sister, if you can be no more.

Ethel. I will be that always, whatever harsh things you think or say of me. There, Sir, I am not going to be so foolish as to cry again. Have you been studying very hard? Are your pictures good at the Exhibition? I like you with your mustachios best, and order you not to cut them off again. The young men here wear them. I hardly knew Charles Beardmore when he arrived from Berlin the other day, like a sapper and miner. His little sisters cried out, and were quite frightened by his apparition. Why are you not in diplomacy? That day, at Brighton, when Lord Farintosh asked, whether you were in the army? I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. A man in the army may pretend to anything, *n'est-ce-pas?* He wears a lovely uniform. He may be a General, a K. C. B., a Viscount, an Earl. He may be valiant in arms, and wanting a leg, like the lover in the song. It is peace-time, you say? so much the worse career for a soldier. My father would not have me, he said, for ever dangling in barracks, or

smoking in country billiard rooms. I have no taste for law: and as for diplomacy, I have no relations in the Cabinet, and no uncles in the House of Peers. Could my uncle, who is in Parliament, help me much, do you think; or would he, if he could? — or Barnes, his noble son and heir, after him?

Ethel (musing). Barnes would not, perhaps, but papa might even still, and you have friends who are fond of you.

Clive. No — no one can help me: and my art, Ethel, is not only my choice and my love, but my honour too. I shall never distinguish myself in it: I may take smart likenesses, but that is all. I am not fit to grind my friend Ridley's colours for him. Nor would my father, who loves his own profession so, make a good general probably. He always says so. I thought better of myself when I began as a boy; and was a conceited youngster, expecting to carry it all before me. But as I walked the Vatican, and looked at Raphael, and at the great Michael — I knew I was but a poor little creature; and in contemplating his genius, shrunk up till I felt myself as small as a man looks under the dome of St. Peter's. Why should I wish to have a great genius? — Yes, there is one reason why I should like to have it.

Ethel. And that is?

Clive. To give it you, if it pleased you, Ethel. But I might wish for the roc's egg: there is no way of robbing the bird. I must take a humble place, and you want a brilliant one. A brilliant one! O, Ethel, what a standard we folks measure fame by! To have your name in the "Morning Post," and to go to three balls every night. To have your dress described at

the Drawing Room; and your arrival, from a round of visits in the country, at your town house; and the entertainment of the Marchioness of Farin —

Ethel. Sir, if you please, no calling names.

Clive. I wonder at it. For you are in the world, and you love the world, whatever you may say. And I wonder that one of your strength of mind should so care for it. I think my simple old father is much finer than all your grandees: his single-mindedness more lofty than all their bowing, and haughtiness, and scheming. What are you thinking of, as you stand in that pretty attitude, like Mnemosyne — with your finger on your chin?

Ethel. Mnemosyne! who was she? I think I like you best when you are quiet and gentle, and not when you are flaming out and sarcastic, Sir. And so you think you will never be a famous painter? They are quite in society here. I was so pleased, because two of them dined at the Tuileries when grandmamma was there; and she mistook one, who was covered all over with crosses, for an ambassador, I believe, till the Queen called him Monsieur Delaroche. She says, there is no knowing people in this country. And do you think you will never be able to paint as well as M. Delaroche?

Clive. No — never.

Ethel. And — and — you will never give up painting?

Clive. No — never. That would be like leaving your friend who was poor; or deserting your mistress, because you were disappointed about her money. They do those things in the great world, Ethel.

Ethel (with a sigh). Yes.

Clive. If it is so false, and base, and hollow, this great world — if its aims are so mean, its successes so paltry, the sacrifices it asks of you so degrading, the pleasures it gives you so wearisome, shameful even, why does Ethel Newcome cling to it? Will you be fairer, dear, with any other name than your own? Will you be happier, after a month, at bearing a great title, with a man whom you can't esteem, tied for ever to you, to be the father of Ethel's children, and the lord and master of her life and actions? The proudest woman in the world consents to bend herself to this ignominy, and own that a coronet is a bribe sufficient for her honour! What is the end of a Christian life, Ethel; a girl's pure nurture — it can't be this! Last week, as we walked in the garden here, and heard the nuns singing in their chapel, you said how hard it was that poor women should be imprisoned so, and were thankful that in England we had abolished that slavery. Then you cast your eyes to the ground, and mused as you paced the walk; and thought, I know, that perhaps their lot was better than some others'.

Ethel. Yes, I did. I was thinking, that almost all women are made slaves one way or other, and that these poor nuns perhaps were better off than we are.

Clive. I never will quarrel with nun or matron for following her vocation. But for our women, who are free, why should they rebel against Nature, shut their hearts up, sell their lives for rank and money, and forego the most precious right of their liberty? Look, Ethel, dear. I love you so, that if I thought another had your heart, an honest man, a loyal gentleman, like — like him of last year even, I think I could go

back with a God bless you, and take to my pictures again, and work on in my own humble way. You seem like a queen to me, somehow; and I am but a poor, humble fellow, who might be happy, I think, if you were. In those balls, where I have seen you surrounded by those brilliant young men, noble and wealthy, admirers like me, I have often thought, "How could I aspire to such a creature, and ask her to forego a palace to share the crust of a poor painter?"

Ethel. You spoke quite scornfully of palaces just now, Clive. I won't say a word about the — the regard which you express for me. I think you have it. Indeed, I do. But it were best not said, Clive; best for me, perhaps, not to own that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy — and you will please not to make any more, or I never can see you or speak to you again, never — you forgot one part of a girl's duty; obedience to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one below — any one whose union would not be advantageous in a worldly point of view. I never would give such pain to the poor father, or to the kind soul who never said a harsh word to me since I was born. My grand-mamma is kind, too, in her way. I came to her of my own free will. When she said she would leave me her fortune, do you think it was for myself alone that I was glad? My father's passion is to make an estate, and all my brothers and sisters will be but slenderly portioned. Lady Kew said she would help them if I came to her — and — it is the welfare of those little people that depends upon me, Clive. Now do you see, *brother*, why you must speak to me so no more? There is the carriage. God bless you, dear Clive.

(Clive sees the carriage drive away after Miss Newcome has entered it without once looking up to the window where he stands. When it is gone, he goes to the opposite windows of the salon, which are open, towards the garden. The chapel music begins to play from the convent, next door. As he hears it, he sinks down, his head in his hands.)

Enter Madame de Florac (She goes to him with anxious looks.) What hast thou, my child? Hast thou spoken?

Clive (very steadily). Yes.

Madame de F. And she loves thee? I know she loves thee.

Clive. You hear the organ of the convent?

Madame de F. Qu' as-tu?

Clive. I might as well hope to marry one of the sisters of yonder convent, dear lady. *(He sinks down again, and she kisses him.)*

Clive. I never had a mother; but you seem like one.

Madame de F. Mon fils, O mon fils!

CHAPTER XIII.

In which Benedick is a married man.

WE have all heard of the dying French Duchess, who viewed her coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily, because she said she was sure that Heaven must deal politely with a person of her quality; — I suppose Lady Kew had some such notions regarding people of rank: her long-suffering towards them was extreme; in fact, there were vices which the old lady thought pardonable, and even natural, in a young nobleman of high station, which she never would have excused in persons of vulgar condition.

Her ladyship's little knot of associates and scandal-bearers — elderly roués and ladies of the world, whose business it was to know all sorts of noble intrigues and exalted tittle-tattle; what was happening among the devotees of the exiled court at Frohsdorf; what among the citizen princes of the Tuileries; who was the reigning favourite of the Queen Mother at Aranjuez; who was smitten with whom at Vienna or Naples; and the last particulars of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Paris and London; — Lady Kew, I say, must have been perfectly aware of my Lord Farintosh's amusements, associates, and manner of life, and yet she never, for one moment, exhibited any anger or dislike towards that nobleman. Her amiable heart was so full of kindness and forgiveness towards the young

prodigal, that, even without any repentance on his part, she was ready to take him to her old arms, and give him her venerable benediction. Pathetic sweetness of nature! Charming tenderness of disposition! With all his faults and wickednesses, his follies and his selfishness, there was no moment when Lady Kew would not have received the young lord, and endowed him with the hand of her darling Ethel.

But the hopes which this fond forgiving creature had nurtured for one season, and carried on so resolutely to the next, were destined to be disappointed yet a second time, by a most provoking event, which occurred in the Newcome family. Ethel was called away suddenly from Paris by her father's third and last paralytic seizure. When she reached her home, Sir Brian could not recognize her. A few hours after her arrival, all the vanities of the world were over for him: and Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, reigned in his stead. The day after Sir Brian was laid in his vault at Newcome — a letter appeared in the local papers addressed to the Independent Electors of that Borough, in which his orphaned son, feelingly alluding to the virtue, the services, and the political principles of the deceased, offered himself as a candidate for the seat in Parliament now vacant. Sir Barnes announced, that he should speedily pay his respects in person to the friends and supporters of his lamented father. That he was a staunch friend of our admirable constitution, need not be said. That he was a firm, but conscientious, upholder of our Protestant religion, all who knew Barnes Newcome must be aware. That he would do his utmost to advance the interests of this great agricultural, this great manufacturing county and

Borough, we may be sure he avowed: as that he would be (if returned to represent Newcome in Parliament) the advocate of every rational reform, the unhesitating opponent of every reckless innovation. In fine, Barnes Newcome's manifesto to the Electors of Newcome was as authentic a document, and gave him credit for as many public virtues, as that slab over poor Sir Brian's bones in the chancel of Newcome church; which commemorated the good qualities of the defunct, and the grief of his heir.

In spite of the virtues, personal and inherited, of Barnes, his seat for Newcome was not got without a contest. The dissenting interest and the respectable liberals of the borough wished to set up Samuel Higg, Esq., against Sir Barnes Newcome: and now it was that Barnes's civilities of the previous year, aided by Madame de Montcontour's influence over her brother, bore their fruit. Mr. Higg declined to stand against Sir Barnes Newcome, although Higg's political principles were by no means those of the honourable Baronet; and the candidate from London, whom the Newcome extreme radicals set up against Barnes, was nowhere on the poll when the day of election came. So Barnes had the desire of his heart; and, within two months after his father's demise, he sate in Parliament as Member for Newcome.

The bulk of the late Baronet's property descended, of course, to his elder son: who grumbled, nevertheless, at the provision made for his brothers and sisters, and that the town-house should have been left to Lady Ann, who was too poor to inhabit it. But Park Lane is the best situation in London, and Lady Ann's means were greatly improved by the annual produce of the house

in Park Lane: which, as we all know, was occupied by a foreign minister for several subsequent seasons. Strange mutations of fortune; old places; new faces; what Londoner does not see and speculate upon them every day? Cœlia's boudoir, who is dead with the daisies over her at Kensal Green, is now the chamber where Delia is consulting Dr. Locock, or Julia's children are romping: Florio's dining-tables have now Pollio's wine upon them: Calista, being a widow, and (to the surprise of everybody who knew Trimalchio, and enjoyed his famous dinners) left but very poorly off, lets the house and the rich, chaste, and appropriate planned furniture, by Dowbiggin, and the proceeds go to keep her little boys at Eton. The next year, as Mr. Clive Newcome rode by the once familiar mansion (whence the hatchment had been removed, announcing that there was *in Cœlo Quies* for the late Sir Brian Newcome, Bart.) alien faces looked from over the flowers in the balconies. He got a card for an entertainment from the occupant of the mansion, H. E. the Bulgarian minister; and there was the same crowd in the reception room and on the stairs, the same grave men from Gunter's distributing the refreshments in the dining-room, the same old Smee, R. A., (always in the room where the edibles were) cringing and flattering to the new occupants; and the same effigy of poor Sir Brian, in his deputy lieutenant's uniform, looking blankly down from over the side-board, at the feast which his successors were giving. A dreamy old ghost of a picture. Have you ever looked at those round George IV.'s banquetting hall at Windsor? Their frames still hold them, but they smile ghostly smiles, and swagger in robes and velvets which are quite faint

and faded: their crimson coats have a twilight tinge: the lustre of their stars has twinkled out: they look as if they were about to flicker off the wall and retire to join their originals in limbo.

Nearly three years had elapsed since the good Colonel's departure for India, and during this time certain changes had occurred in the lives of the principal actors and the writer of this history. As regards the latter, it must be stated that the dear old firm of Lamb Court had been dissolved, the junior member having contracted another partnership. The chronicler of these memoirs was a bachelor no longer. My wife and I had spent the winter at Rome, (favourite resort of young married couples); and had heard from the artists there Clive's name affectionately repeated; and many accounts of his sayings and doings, his merry supper-parties, and the talents of young Ridley, his friend. When we came to London in the spring, almost our first visit was to Clive's apartments in Charlotte Street, whither my wife delightedly went to give her hand to the young painter.

But Clive no longer inhabited that quiet region. On driving to the house, we found a bright brass plate, with the name of Mr. J. J. Ridley on the door, and it was J. J.'s hand which I shook (his other being engaged with a great palette, and a sheaf of painting-brushes), when we entered the well-known quarters. Clive's picture hung over the mantel-piece, where his father's head used to hang in our time — a careful and beautifully executed portrait of the lad in a velvet coat, and a Roman hat, with that golden beard which was sacrificed to the exigencies of London fashion.

I showed Laura the likeness until she could become acquainted with the original. On her expressing her delight at the picture, the painter was pleased to say, in his modest blushing way, that he would be glad to execute my wife's portrait too, nor as I think, could any artist find a subject more pleasing.

After admiring others of Mr. Ridley's works, our talk naturally reverted to his predecessor. Clive had migrated to much more splendid quarters. Had we not heard? he had become a rich man, a man of fashion. "I fear he is very lazy about the arts," J. J. said, with regret on his countenance; "though I begged and prayed him to be faithful to his profession. He would have done very well in it, in portrait-painting especially. Look here, and here, and here!" said Ridley, producing fine vigorous sketches of Clive's. "He had the art of seizing the likeness, and of making all his people look like gentlemen, too. He was improving every day, when this abominable bank came in the way, and stopped him."

What bank? I did not know the new Indian bank of which the Colonel was a director? Then of course I was aware that the mercantile affair in question was the Bundelcund Bank, about which the Colonel had written to me, from India more than a year since, announcing that fortunes were to be made by it, and that he had reserved shares for me in the company. Laura admired all Clive's sketches, which his affectionate brother artist showed to her, with the exception of one representing the reader's humble servant; which, Mrs. Pendennis considered, by no means did justice to the original.

Bidding adieu to the kind J. J., and leaving him

to pursue his art, in that silent serious way in which he daily laboured at it, we drove to Fitzroy Square hard by, where I was not displeased to show the good old hospitable James Binnie the young lady who bore my name. But here too we were disappointed. Placards wafered in the windows announced that the old house was to let. The woman who kept it, brought a card in Mrs. Mackenzie's frank hand-writing, announcing Mr. James Binnie's address was "Poste restante Pau in the Pyrenees," and that his London Agents were Messrs. So-and-so. The woman said she believed the gentleman had been unwell. The house, too, looked very pale, dismal, and disordered; we drove away from the door, grieving to think that ill-health, or any other misfortunes, had befallen good old James.

Mrs. Pendennis drove back to our lodgings, Brixham's, in Jermyn Street, while I sped to the City, having business in that quarter. It has been said that I kept a small account with Hobson Brothers, to whose bank I went, and entered the parlour with that trepidation which most poor men feel on presenting themselves before City magnates and capitalists. Mr. Hobson Newcome shook hands most jovially and good-naturedly, congratulated me on my marriage, and so forth, and presently Sir Barnes Newcome made his appearance, still wearing his mourning for his deceased father.

Nothing could be more kind, pleasant, and cordial than Sir Barnes's manner. He seemed to know well about my affairs; complimented me on every kind of good fortune; had heard that I had canvassed the borough in which I lived; hoped sincerely to see me

in parliament and on the right side; was most anxious to become acquainted with Mrs. Pendennis, of whom Lady Rockminster said all sorts of kind things; and asked for our address, in order that Lady Clara Newcome might have the pleasure of calling on my wife. This ceremony was performed soon afterwards; and an invitation to dinner from Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome speedily followed it.

Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., M. P., I need not say, no longer inhabited the small house which he had occupied immediately after his marriage; but dwelt in a much more spacious mansion in Belgravia, where he entertained his friends. Now that he had come into his kingdom, I must say that Barnes was by no means so insufferable as in the days of his bachelorhood. He had sown his wild oats, and spoke with regret and reserve of that season of his moral culture. He was grave, sarcastic, statesmanlike; did not try to conceal his baldness (as he used before his father's death, by bringing lean wisps of hair over his forehead from the back of his head); talked a great deal about the House; was assiduous in his attendance there and in the City; and conciliating with all the world. It seemed as if we were all his constituents, and though his efforts to make himself agreeable were rather apparent, the effect succeeded pretty well. We met Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and Clive, and Miss Ethel looking beautiful in her black robes. It was a family party, Sir Barnes said, giving us to understand, with a decorous solemnity in face and voice, that no *large* parties as yet could be received in that house of mourning.

To this party was added, rather to my surprise,
The Newcomes. III.

my Lord Highgate, who under the sobriquet of Jack Belsize has been presented to the reader of this history. Lord Highgate gave Lady Clara his arm to dinner, but went and took a place next Miss Newcome, on the other side of her; that immediately by Lady Clara being reserved for a guest who had not as yet made his appearance.

Lord Highgate's attentions to his neighbour, his laughing and talking, were incessant; so much so that Clive, from his end of the table, scowled in wrath at Jack Belsize's assiduities: it was evident that the youth, though hopeless, was still jealous and in love with his charming cousin.

Barnes Newcome was most kind to all his guests: from Aunt Hobson to your humble servant there was not one, but the master of the house had an agreeable word for him. Even for his cousin Samuel Newcome, a gawky youth with an eruptive countenance, Barnes had appropriate words of conversation, and talked about King's College, of which the lad was an ornament, with the utmost affability. He complimented that institution and young Samuel, and by that shot knocked not only over Sam but his mamma too. He talked to Uncle Hobson about his crops; to Clive about his pictures; to me about the great effect which a certain article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" had produced in the House, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer was perfectly livid with fury, and Lord John bursting out laughing at the attack: in fact, nothing could be more amiable than our host on this day. Lady Clara was very pretty; grown a little stouter since her marriage, the change only became her. She was a little silent, but then she had Uncle Hobson on

her left-hand side, between whom and her ladyship there could not be much in common, and the place at the right hand was still vacant. The person with whom she talked most freely was Clive, who had made a beautiful drawing of her and her little girl, for which the mother and the father too, as it appeared, were very grateful.

What had caused this change in Barnes's behaviour? Our particular merits or his own private reform? In the two years over which this narrative has had to run in the course of as many chapters, the writer had inherited a property so small that it could not occasion a banker's civility; and I put down Sir Barnes Newcome's politeness to a sheer desire to be well with me. But with Lord Highgate and Clive the case was different, as you must now hear.

Lord Highgate, having succeeded to his father's title and fortune, had paid every shilling of his debts, and had sowed his wild oats to the very last corn. His lordship's account at Hobson Brothers was very large. Painful events of three years' date, let us hope, were forgotten — gentlemen cannot go on being in love and despairing, and quarreling for ever. When he came into his funds, Highgate behaved with uncommon kindness to Rooster, who was always straitened for money: and when the late Lord Dorking died and Rooster succeeded to him, there was a meeting at Chanticlere between Highgate and Barnes Newcome and his wife, which went off very comfortably. At Chanticlere, the Dowager Lady Kew and Miss Newcome were also staying, when Lord Highgate announced his prodigious admiration for the young lady; and, it was said, corrected Farintosh, as a low-minded

foul-tongued young cub for daring to speak disrespectfully of her. Nevertheless, *vous concevez*, when a man of the Marquis's rank was supposed to look with the eyes of admiration upon a young lady, Lord Highgate would not think of spoiling sport, and he left Chanticleere declaring that he was always destined to be unlucky in love. When old Lady Kew was obliged to go to Vichy for her lumbago, Highgate said to Barnes, "Do ask your charming sister to come to you in London; she will bore herself to death with the old woman at Vichy, or with her mother at Rugby" (whither Lady Ann had gone to get her boys educated), and accordingly Miss Newcome came on a visit to her brother and sister, at whose house we have just had the honour of seeing her.

When Rooster took his seat in the House of Lords, he was introduced by Highgate and Kew, as Highgate had been introduced by Kew previously. Thus these three gentlemen all rode in gold coaches; had all got coronets on their heads; as you will, my respected young friend, if you are the eldest son of a peer who dies before you. And now they were rich, they were all going to be very good boys, let us hope. Kew, we know, married one of the Dorking family, that second Lady Henrietta Pulleyn, whom we described as frisking about at Baden, and not in the least afraid of him. How little the reader knew, to whom we introduced the girl in that chatty off-hand way, that one day the young creature would be a countess! But *we* knew it all the while — and, when she was walking about with the governess, or romping with her sisters; and when she had dinner at one o'clock; and when she wore a pinafore very likely — we secretly re-

spected her as the future countess of Kew, and mother of the Viscount Walham.

Lord Kew was very happy with his bride, and very good to her. He took Lady Kew to Paris, for a marriage trip; but they lived almost altogether at Kewbury afterwards, where his lordship sowed tame oats now after his wild ones, and became one of the most active farmers of his county. He and the Newcomes were not very intimate friends; for Lord Kew was heard to say that he disliked Barnes more after his marriage than before. And the two sisters, Lady Clara and Lady Kew, had a quarrel on one occasion, when the latter visited London just before the dinner at which we have just assisted, nay, at which we are just assisting, took place — a quarrel about Highgate's attentions to Ethel very likely. Kew was dragged into it — and hot words passed between him and Jack Belsize; and Jack did not go down to Kewbury afterwards, though Kew's little boy was christened after him. All these interesting details, about people of the very highest rank, we are supposed to whisper in the reader's ear as we are sitting at a Belgravian dinner-table. My dear Barmecide friend: isn't it pleasant to be in such fine company?

And now we must tell how it is that Clive Newcome, Esq., whose eyes are flashing fire across the flowers of the table at Lord Highgate, who is making himself so agreeable to Miss Ethel — now we must tell how it is, that Clive and his cousin Barnes are grown to be friends again.

The Bundelcund Bank, which had been established for four years, had now grown to be one of the most flourishing commercial institutions in Bengal. Founded,

as the prospectus announced, at a time when all private credit was shaken by the failure of the great Agency Houses, of which the downfall had carried dismay and ruin throughout the presidency; the B. B. had been established on the *only* sound principle of commercial prosperity — that of association. The native capitalists headed by the great firm of Rummun Lall & Co. of Calcutta, had largely embarked in the B. B., and the officers of the two services and the European mercantile body of Calcutta had been invited to take shares in an institution which to merchants, native and English, civilians and military men, was alike advantageous and indispensable. How many young men of the latter services had been crippled for life by the ruinous cost of agencies, of which the profits to the agents themselves were so enormous! The shareholders of the B. B. were their own agents; and the greatest capitalist in India as well as the youngest Ensign in the service might invest at the largest and safest premium, and borrow at the smallest interest, by becoming, according to his means, a shareholder in the B. B. Their correspondents were established in each presidency and in every chief city of India, as well as at Sidney, Singapore, Canton, and, of course, London. With China they did an immense opium trade, of which the profits were so great, that it was only in private sittings of the B. B. managing committee that the details and accounts of these operations could be brought forward. Otherwise the books of the bank were open to every share-holder; and the Ensign or the young civil servant was at liberty at any time to inspect his own private account as well as the common ledger. With New South Wales they carried on

a vast trade in wool, supplying that great colony with goods, which their London agents enabled them to purchase in such a way as to give them the command of the market. As if to add to their prosperity, copper-mines were discovered on lands in the occupation of the B. Banking Company, which gave the most astonishing returns. And throughout the vast territories of British India, through the great native firm of Rummun Lall & Co., the Bundelcund Banking Company had possession of the native markets. The order from Birmingham for idols alone (made with their copper and paid in their wool) was enough to make the low church party in England cry out; and a debate upon this subject actually took place in the House of Commons, of which the effect was to send up the shares of the Bundelcund Banking Company very considerably upon the London Exchange.

The fifth half-yearly dividend was announced at twelve and a quarter per cent. of the paid up capital: the accounts from the copper mine sent the dividend up to a still greater height, and carried the shares to an extraordinary premium. In the third year of the concern, the house of Hobson Brothers, of London, became the agents of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India: and amongst our friends, James Binnie, who had prudently held out for some time, and Clive Newcome, Esq., became shareholders, Clive's good father having paid the first instalments of the lad's shares up in Calcutta, and invested every rupee he could himself command in this enterprise. When Hobson Brothers joined it, no wonder James Binnie was convinced; Clive's friend, the Frenchman, and through that connexion the house of Higg, of Newcome and

Manchester, entered into the affair, and amongst the minor contributors in England we may mention Miss Cann, who took a little fifty pound note share, and dear old Miss Honeyman; and J. J., and his father Ridley, who brought a small bag of saving — all knowing that their Colonel, who was eager that his friends should participate in his good fortune, would never lead them wrong. To Clive's surprise Mrs. Mackenzie, between whom and himself there was a considerable coolness, came to his chambers, and with a solemn injunction that the matter between them should be quite private, requested him to purchase 1500*l.* worth of Bundelcund shares for her and her darling girls, which he did, astonished to find the thrifty widow in possession of so much money. Had Mr. Pendennis's mind not been bent at this moment on quite other subjects, he might have increased his own fortune by the Bundelcund Bank speculation: but in these two years I was engaged in matrimonial affairs (having Clive Newcome, Esq., as my groom's man on a certain interesting occasion). When we returned from our tour abroad the India Bank shares were so very high that I did not care to purchase, though I found an affectionate letter from our good Colonel (enjoining me to make my fortune) awaiting me at the agent's, and my wife received a pair of beautiful Cashmere shawls from the same kind friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

Contains at least six more courses and two desserts.

THE banker's dinner party over, we returned to our apartments, having dropped Major Pendennis at his lodgings, and there, as the custom is amongst most friendly married couples, talked over the company and the dinner. I thought my wife would naturally have liked Sir Barnes Newcome, who was very attentive to her, took her to dinner as the bride, and talked ceaselessly to her during the whole entertainment.

Laura said No — she did not know why — could there be any better reason? There was a tone about Sir Barnes Newcome she did not like — especially in his manner to women.

I remarked that he spoke sharply and in a sneering manner to his wife, and treated one or two remarks which she made as if she was an idiot.

Mrs. Pendennis flung up her head as much as to say, "And so she is."

Mr. Pendennis. What the wife too! my dear Laura! I should have thought such a pretty, simple, innocent, young woman, with just enough good looks to make her pass muster, who is very well bred and not brilliant at all, — I should have thought such a one might have secured a sister's approbation.

Mrs. Pendennis. You fancy we are all jealous of one another. No protests of ours can take that notion out of your heads. My dear Pen, I do not intend to

try. We are not jealous of mediocrity: we are not patient of it. I dare say we are angry because we see men admire it so. You gentlemen, who pretend to be our betters, give yourselves such airs of protection, and profess such a lofty superiority over us, prove it by quitting the cleverest woman in the room for the first pair of bright eyes and dimpled cheeks that enter. It was those charms which attracted you in Lady Clara, Sir.

Pendennis. I think she is very pretty, and very innocent, and artless.

Mrs. P. Not very pretty, and perhaps not so very artless.

Pendennis. How can you tell, you wicked woman? Are you such a profound deceiver yourself, that you can instantly detect artifice in others? O Laura?

Mrs. P. We can detect all sorts of things. The inferior animals have instincts you know. (I must say my wife is always very satirical upon this point of the relative rank of the sexes). One thing I am sure of is that she is not happy; and O Pen! that she does not care much for her little girl.

Pendennis. How do you know that, my dear?

Mrs. P. We went up-stairs to see the child after dinner. It was at my wish. The mother did not offer to go. The child was awake and crying. Lady Clara did not offer to take it. Ethel — Miss Newcome took it, rather to my surprise, for she seems very haughty, and the nurse, who I suppose was at supper, came running up at the noise, and then the poor little thing was quiet.

Pendennis. I remember we heard the music as the dining-room door was open; and Newcome

said "That is what you will have to expect, Pendennis."

Mrs. P. Hush, Sir! If my baby cries, I think you must expect me to run out of the room. I liked Miss Newcome after seeing her with the poor little thing. She looked so handsome as she walked with it! I longed to have it myself.

Pendennis. *Tout vient à fin, à qui sait...*

Mrs. P. Don't be silly. What a dreadful dreadful place this great world of yours is, Arthur; where husbands do not seem to care for their wives; where mothers do not love their children; where children love their nurses best; where men talk what they call galantry!

Pendennis. What?

Mrs. P. Yes, such as that dreary, languid, pale, bald, cadaverous, leering man whispered to me. O, how I dislike him! I am sure he is unkind to his wife. I am sure he has a bad temper; and if there is any excuse for —

Pendennis. For what?

Mrs. P. For nothing. But you heard yourself that he had a bad temper, and spoke sneeringly to his wife. What could make her marry him?

Pendennis. Money, and the desire of papa and mamma. For the same reason Clive's flame, poor Miss Newcome, was brought out to-day; that vacant seat at her side was for Lord Farintosh, who did not come. And the Marquis not being present, the Baron took his innings. Did you not see how tender he was to her, and how fierce poor Clive looked?

Mrs. P. Lord Highgate was very attentive to Miss Newcome, was he?

Pendennis. And some years ago, Lord Highgate was breaking his heart about whom do you think? about Lady Clara Pulleyn, our hostess of last night. He was Jack Belsize then; a younger son, plunged over head and ears in debt; and of course there could be no marriage. Clive was present at Baden when a terrible scene took place, and carried off poor Jack to Switzerland and Italy, where he remained till his father died, and he came into the title in which he rejoices. And now he is off with the old love, Laura, and on with the new. Why do you look at me so? Are you thinking that other people have been in love two or three times too?

Mrs. P. I am thinking that I should not like to live in London, Arthur.

And this was all that Mrs. Laura could be brought to say. When this young woman chooses to be silent, there is no power that can extract a word from her. It is true that she is generally in the right; but that is only the more aggravating. Indeed, what can be more provoking, after a dispute with your wife, than to find it is you, and not she, who has been in the wrong?

Sir Barnes Newcome politely caused us to understand that the entertainment of which we had just partaken was given in honour of the bride. Clive must needs not be outdone in hospitality; and invited us and others to a fine feast at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where Mrs. Pendennis was placed at his right hand. I smile as I think how much dining has been already commemorated in these veracious pages; but the story is an everyday record; and does not dining form a certain part of the pleasure and busi-

ness of every day? It is at that pleasant hour that our sex has the privilege of meeting the other. The morning man and woman alike devote to business; or pass mainly in the company of their own kind. John has his office; Jane her household, her nursery, her milliner, her daughters, and their masters. In the country he has his hunting, his fishing, his farming, his letters; she her schools, her poor, her garden, or what not. Parted through the shining hours, and improving them let us trust, we come together towards sunset only, we make merry and amuse ourselves. We chat with our pretty neighbour, or survey the young ones sporting; we make love and are jealous; we dance, or obsequiously turn over the leaves of Cecilia's music-book; we play whist, or go to sleep in the arm-chair, according to our ages and conditions. Snooze gently in thy arm-chair, thou easy bald-head! play your whist, or read your novel, or talk scandal over your work, ye worthy dowagers and fogies! Meanwhile the young ones frisk about, or dance, or sing, or laugh; or whisper behind curtains in moonlit-windows; or shirk away into the garden, and come back smelling of cigars; nature having made them so to do.

Nature at this time irresistibly impelled Clive Newcome towards love-making. It was pairing-season with him. Mr. Clive was now some three-and-twenty years old: enough has been said about his good looks, which were in truth sufficient to make him a match for the young lady on whom he had set his heart, and from whom, during this entertainment which he gave to my wife, he could never keep his eyes away for three minutes. Laura's did not need to be so keen as

they were in order to see what poor Clive's condition was. She did not in the least grudge the young fellow's inattention to herself; or feel hurt that he did not seem to listen when she spoke; she conversed with J. J., her neighbour, who was very modest and agreeable; while her husband, not so well pleased, had Mrs. Hobson Newcome for his partner during the chief part of the entertainment. Mrs. Hobson and Lady Clara were the matrons who gave the sanction of their presence to this bachelor-party. Neither of their husbands could come to Clive's little fête; had they not the City and the House of Commons to attend? My uncle, Major Pendennis, was another of the guests; who for his part found the party was what you young fellows call very slow. Dreading Mrs. Hobson and her powers of conversation, the old gentleman nimbly skipped out of her neighbourhood, and fell by the side of Lord Highgate, to whom the Major was inclined to make himself very pleasant. But Lord Highgate's broad back was turned upon his neighbour, who was forced to tell stories to Captain Crackthorpe which had amused dukes and marquises in former days, and were surely quite good enough for any baron in this realm. "Lord Highgate sweet upon *la belle* Newcome, is he?" said the testy Major afterwards. "He seemed to me to talk to Lady Clara the whole time. When I awoke in the garden after dinner as Mrs. Hobson was telling one of her confounded long stories, I found her audience was diminished to one. Crackthorpe, Lord Highgate, and Lady Clara, we had all been sitting there when the bankeress cut in (in the midst of a very good story I was telling them, which entertained them very much), and never

ceased talking till I fell off into a doze. When I roused myself, begad, she was still going on. Crackthorpe was off, smoking a cigar on the terrace: my Lord and Lady Clara were nowhere; and you four, with the little painter, were chatting cozily in another arbour. Behaved himself very well, the little painter. Doosid good dinner Ellis gave us. But as for Highgate being *aux soins* with *la belle Banquière*, trust me my boy he is. . . upon my word, my dear, it seemed to me his thoughts went quite another way. To be sure, Lady Clara is a *belle Banquière* too now. He, he, he! How could he say he had no carriage to go home in? He came down in Crackthorpe's cab, who passed us just now, driving back young Whatdyecall the painter."

Thus did the Major discourse, as we returned towards the City. I could see in the open carriage which followed us (Lady Clara Newcome's) Lord Highgate's white hat, by Clive's on the back seat.

Laura looked at her husband. The same thought may have crossed their minds, though neither uttered it; but although Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome offered us other civilities during our stay in London, no inducements could induce Laura to accept the proffered friendship of that lady. When Lady Clara called, my wife was not at home; when she invited us, Laura pleaded engagements. At first she bestowed on Miss Newcome too a share of this haughty dislike, and rejected the advances which that young lady, who professed to like my wife very much, made towards an intimacy. When I appealed to her (for Newcome's house was after all a very pleasant one — and you met the best people there), my wife looked at me with

an expression of something like scorn, and said: "Why don't I like Miss Newcome? of course because I am jealous of her — all women, you know, Arthur, are jealous of such beauties." I could get for a long while no better explanation than these sneers, for my wife's antipathy towards this branch of the Newcome family; but an event came presently which silenced my remonstrances, and showed to me that Laura had judged Barnes and his wife only too well.

Poor Mrs. Hobson Newcome had reason to be sulky at the neglect which all the Richmond party showed her, for nobody, not even Major Pendennis, as we have seen, would listen to her intellectual conversation; nobody, not even Lord Highgate, would drive back to town in her carriage, though the vehicle was large and empty, and Lady Clara's barouche, in which his Lordship chose to take a place, had already three occupants within it: — but in spite of these rebuffs and disappointments, the virtuous lady of Bryanstone Square was bent upon being good-natured and hospitable; and I have to record, in the present chapter, yet one more feast of which Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis partook at the expense of the most respectable Newcome family.

Although Mrs. Laura here also appeared, and had the place of honour in her character of bride, I am bound to own my opinion that Mrs. Hobson only made us the pretext of her party, and that in reality it was given to persons of a much more exalted rank. We were the first to arrive, our good old Major, the most punctual of men, bearing us company. Our hostess was arrayed in unusual state and splendour; her fat neck was ornamented with jewels, rich brace-

lets decorated her arms, and this Bryanstone Square Cornelia had likewise her family jewels distributed round her, priceless male and female Newcome gems, from the King's College youth with whom we have made a brief acquaintance, and his elder sister, now entering into the world, down to the last little ornament of the nursery, in a prodigious new sash, with ringlets hot and crisp from the tongs of a Marylebone hairdresser. We had seen the cherub faces of some of these darlings pressed against the drawing-room windows as our carriage drove up to the door; when, after a few minutes' conversation, another vehicle arrived, away they dashed to the windows again, the innocent little dears crying out "Here's the Marquis;" and in sadder tones, "No, it isn't the Marquis," by which artless expressions they showed how eager they were to behold an expected guest of a rank only inferior to Dukes in this great empire.

Putting two and two together, as the saying is, it was not difficult for me to guess who the expected Marquis was — and, indeed, the King's College youth set that question at once to rest, by wagging his head at me, and winking his eye, and saying, "We expect Farintosh."

"Why, my dearest children," Matronly Virtue exclaimed, "this anxiety to behold the young Marquis of Farintosh, whom we expect at our modest table, Mrs. Pendennis, to-day? Twice you have been at the window in your eagerness to look for him. Louisa, you silly child, do you imagine that his lordship will appear in his robes and coronet? Rodolf, you absurd boy, do you think that a Marquis is other than a man? I have never admired aught but intellect, Mrs. Pen-

dennis; *that*, let us be thankful, is the only true title to distinction in our country now-a-days."

"Begad, Sir," whispers the old Major to me, "intellect may be a doosid fine thing, but in my opinion, a Marquisate and eighteen or twenty thousand a-year; I should say the Farintosh property, with the Glenlivat estate, and the Roy property in England, must be worth nineteen thousand a-year at the very lowest figure; and I remember when this young man's father was only Tom Roy, of the 42nd, with no hope of succeeding to the title, and doosidly out at elbows too ... I say what does the bankeress mean by chattering about intellect? Hang me, a Marquis is a Marquis; and Mrs. Newcome knows it as well as I do." My good Major was growing old, and was not unnaturally a little testy at the manner in which his hostess received him. Truth to tell, she hardly took any notice of him; and cut down a couple of the old gentleman's stories before he had been five minutes in the room.

To our party presently comes the host in a flurried countenance, with a white waistcoat, holding in his hand an open letter, towards which his wife looks with some alarm. "How dy' doo, Lady Clara; how dy' doo, Ethel?" he says, saluting those ladies whom the second carriage had brought to us. "Sir Barnes is not coming, that's one place vacant; that Lady Clara you won't mind, you see him at home: but here's a disappointment for you, Miss Newcome, Lord Farintosh can't come."

At this, two of the children cry out "O! O!" with such a melancholy accent, that Miss Newcome and Lady Clara burst out laughing.

"Got a dreadful tooth-ache!" said Mr. Hobson; "here's his letter."

"Hang it, what a bore!" cries artless young King's College.

"Why a bore, Samuel? A bore, as you call it, for Lord Farintosh I grant; but do you suppose that the high in station are exempt from the ills of mortality? I know nothing more painful than a tooth-ache," exclaims a virtuous matron, using the words of philosophy but showing the countenance of anger.

"Hang it, why didn't he have it out?" says Samuel.

Miss Ethel laughed. "Lord Farintosh would not have that tooth out for the world, Samuel," she cried, gaily. "He keeps it in on purpose, and it always aches when he does not want to go out to dinner."

"I know *one* humble family who will never ask him again," Mrs. Hobson exclaims, rustling in all her silks, and tapping her fan and her foot. The eclipse, however, passes off her countenance and light is restored; when at this moment, a cab having driven up during the period of darkness, the door is flung open, and Lord Highgate is announced by a loud-voiced butler.

My wife being still the bride on this occasion, had the honour of being led to the dinner-table by our banker and host. Lord Highgate was reserved for Mrs. Hobson, who, in an engaging manner, requested poor Clive to conduct his cousin Maria to dinner, handing over Miss Ethel to another guest. Our Major gave his arm to Lady Clara, and I perceived that my wife looked very grave as he passed the place where she sat, and seated Lady Clara in the next chair to that which Lord Highgate chanced to occupy. Feeling

himself *en veine*, and the company being otherwise rather mum and silent, my uncle told a number of delightful anecdotes about the beau monde of his time, about the Peninsular war, the Regent, Brummell, Lord Steyne, Pea Green Payne, and so forth. He said the evening was very pleasant, though some others of the party, as it appeared to me, scarcely seemed to think so. Clive had not a word for his cousin Maria, but looked across the table at Ethel all dinner time. What could Ethel have to say to her partner, old Colonel Sir Donald McCraw, who gobbled and drank as his wont is, and if he had a remark to make, imparted it to Mrs. Hobson, at whose right hand he was sitting, and to whom, during the whole course, or courses, of the dinner, my Lord Highgate scarcely uttered one single word.

His lordship was whispering all the while into the ringlets of Lady Clara; they were talking a jargon which their hostess scarcely understood, of people only known to her by her study of the peerage. When we joined the ladies after dinner, Lord Highgate again made way towards Lady Clara, and at an order from her as I thought, left her ladyship, and strove hard to engage in a conversation with Mrs. Newcome. I hope he succeeded in smoothing the frowns in that round little face. Mrs. Laura, I own, was as grave as a judge all the evening; very grave even and reserved with my uncle, when the hour for parting came, and we took him home.

"He, he!" said the old man, coughing, and nodding his old head and laughing in his senile manner, when I saw him on the next day, "That was a pleasant evening we had yesterday; doosid pleasant, and I think

my two neighbours seemed to be uncommonly pleased with each other; not an amusing fellow, that young painter of yours, though he is good-looking enough, but there's no conversation in him. Do you think of giving a little dinner, Arthur, in return for these hospitalities? Greenwich, hey, or something of that sort? I'll go you halves, Sir, and we'll ask the young banker and bankress — not yesterday's *Amphitryon* nor his wife; no, no, hang it! but Barnes Newcome is a devilish clever, rising man, and moves in about as good society as any in London. We'll ask him and Lady Clara and Highgate, and one or two more, and have a pleasant party."

But to this proposal when the old man communicated it to her, in a very quiet, simple, artful way, Laura, with a flushing face said no quite abruptly, and quitted the room, rustling in her silks, and showing at once dignity and indignation.

Not many more feasts was Arthur Pendennis, senior, to have in this world. Not many more great men was he to flatter, nor schemes to wink at, nor earthly pleasures to enjoy. His long days were well nigh ended: on his last couch, — which Laura tended so affectionately, with his last breath almost, he faltered out to me, "I had other views for you, my boy, and once hoped to see you in a higher position in life; but I begin to think now, Arthur, that I was wrong; and as for that girl, Sir, I am sure she is an angel."

May I not inscribe the words with a grateful heart? Blessed he, — blessed though maybe undeserving, who has the love of a good woman.

CHAPTER XV.

Clive in New Quarters.

My wife was much better pleased with Clive than with some of his relatives to whom I had presented her. His face carried a recommendation with it that few honest people could resist. He was always a welcome friend in our lodgings, and even our uncle the Major signified his approval of the lad as a young fellow of very good manners and feelings who, if he chose to throw himself away and be a painter, *ma foi*, was rich enough no doubt to follow his own caprices. Clive executed a capital head of Major Pendennis, which now hangs in our drawing-room at Fair Oaks; and reminds me of that friend of my youth. Clive occupied ancient lofty chambers in Hanover Square now. He had furnished them in an antique manner, with hangings, cabinets, carved-work, Venice glasses, fine prints, and water-colour sketches of good pictures by his own and other hands. He had horses to ride, and a liberal purse full of paternal money. Many fine equipages drew up opposite to his chambers: few artists had such luck as young Mr. Clive. And above his own chambers were other three, which the young gentleman had hired, and where, says he, "I hope ere very long my dear old father will be lodging with me. In another year he says he thinks he will be able to come home: when the affairs of the Bank are quite settled. You shake your head! why? The

shares are worth four times what we gave for them. We are men of fortune, Pen, I give you my word. You should see how much they make of me at Baynes and Jolly's, and how civil they are to me at Hobson Brothers! I go into the City now and then, and see our manager, Mr. Blackmore. He tells me such stories about indigo, and wool, and copper, and sicca rupees, and Company's rupees. I don't know anything about the business, but my father likes me to go and see Mr. Blackmore. Dear Cousin Barnes is for ever asking me to dinner: I might call Lady Clara Clara if I liked, as Sam Newcome does in Bryanstone Square. You can't think how kind they are to me there. My aunt reproaches me tenderly for not going there oftener — it's not very good fun dining in Bryanstone Square, is it? And she praises my Cousin Maria to me — you should hear my aunt praise her! I have to take Maria down to dinner; to sit by the piano and listen to her songs in all languages. Do you know Maria can sing Hungarian and Polish, besides your common German, Spanish, and Italian. Those I have at our *other* agents, Baynes and Jolly's — Baynes's that is in the Regent's Park, where the girls are prettier and just as civil to me as at Aunt Hobson's." And here Clive would amuse us by the accounts which he gave us of the snares which the Misses Baynes, those young syrens of Regent's Park, set for him; of the songs which they sang to enchant him, the albums in which they besought him to draw — the thousand winning ways which they employed to bring him into their cave in York Terrace. But neither Circe's smiles nor Calypso's blandishments had any effect on him; his ears were stopped to their music, and his eyes rendered dull to their charms by

those of the flighty young enchantress with whom my wife had of late made acquaintance.

Capitalist though he was, our young fellow was still very affable. He forgot no old friends in his prosperity: and the lofty antique chambers would not unfrequently be lighted up at nights to receive F. B. and some of the old cronies of the Haunt, and some of the Gandishites, who, if Clive had been of a nature that was to be spoiled by flattery, had certainly done mischief to the young man. Gandish himself, when Clive paid a visit to that illustrious artist's Academy, received his former pupil as if the young fellow had been a sovereign prince almost, accompanied him to his horse, and would have held his stirrup as he mounted, whilst the beautiful daughters of the house waved adieus to him from the parlour-window. To the young men assembled in his studio, Gandish was never tired of talking about Clive. The Professor would take occasion to inform them that he had been to visit his distinguished young friend, Mr. Newcome, son of Colonel Newcome; that last evening he had been present at an elegant entertainment at Mr. Newcome's new apartments. Clive's drawings were hung up in Gandish's gallery, and pointed out to visitors by the worthy Professor. On one or two occasions I was allowed to become a bachelor again, and participate in these jovial meetings. How guilty my coat was on my return home; how haughty the looks of the mistress of my house, as she bade Martha carry away the obnoxious garment! How grand F. B. used to be as president of Clive's smoking party, where he laid down the law, talked the most talk, sang the jolliest song, and consumed the most drink of all the jolly talkers and

drinkers! Clive's popularity rose prodigiously; not only youngsters, but old practitioners of the fine arts, lauded his talents. What a shame that his pictures were all refused this year at the Academy! Alfred Smee, Esq., R.A., was indignant at their rejection, but J. J. confessed with a sigh, and Clive owned good-naturedly, that he had been neglecting his business, and that his pictures were not so good as those of two years before. I am afraid Mr. Clive went to too many balls and parties, to clubs and jovial entertainments, besides losing yet more time in that other pursuit we wot of. Meanwhile J. J. went steadily on with his work, no day passed without a line: and Fame was not very far off, though this he heeded but little; and Art, his sole mistress, rewarded him for his steady and fond pursuit of her.

"Look at him," Clive would say with a sigh. "Isn't he the mortal of all others the most to be envied? He is so fond of his art that in all the world there is no attraction like it for him. He runs to his easel at sunrise, and sits before it caressing his picture all day till nightfall. He takes leave of it sadly when dark comes, spends the night in a Life Academy, and begins next morning *da capo*. Of all the pieces of good fortune which can befall a man, is not this the greatest: to have your desire and then never tire of it? I have been in such a rage with my own short-comings that I have dashed my foot through the canvases, and vowed I would smash my palette and easel. Sometimes I succeed a little better in my work, and then it will happen for half an hour that I am pleased, but pleased of what? pleased at drawing Mr. Muggins's head rather like Mr. Muggins. Why a thousand fellows can do

better, and when one day I reach my very best, yet thousands will be able to do better still. Ours is a trade for which nowadays there is no excuse unless one can be great in it: and I feel I have not the stuff for that. No. 666. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq., Newcome, Great George Street. No. 979. Portrait of Mrs. Muggins, on her grey poney, Newcome. No. 579. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq.'s dog Toby, Newcome — this is what I'm fit for. These are the victories I have set myself on achieving. O Mrs. Pendennis! isn't it humiliating? Why isn't there a war? Why can't I go and distinguish myself somewhere and be a general? Why haven't I a genius? I say, Pen, Sir, why haven't I a genius? There is a painter who lives hard by, and who sends sometimes to beg me to come and look at his work. He is in the Muggins line too. He gets his canvases with a good light upon them: excludes the contemplation of all other objects, stands beside his pictures in an attitude himself, and thinks that he and they are masterpieces. Masterpieces! O me, what drivelling wretches we are! Fame! — except that of just the one or two — what's the use of it? I say, Pen, would you feel particularly proud now if you had written Hayley's poems? And as for a second place in painting, who would care to be Caravaggio or Caracci? I wouldn't give a straw to be Caracci or Caravaggio. I would just as soon be yonder artist who is painting up Foker's Entire, over the public house at the corner. He will have his payment afterwards, five shillings a-day, and a pot of beer. Your head a little more to the light, Mrs. Pendennis, if you please. I am tiring you, I dare say, but then, O I am doing it so badly!"

I, for my part, thought Clive was making a very pretty drawing of my wife, and having affairs of my own to attend to, would often leave her at his chambers as a sitter, or find him at our lodgings visiting her. They became the very greatest friends. I knew the young fellow could have no better friend than Laura; and not being ignorant of the malady under which he was labouring, concluded naturally and justly that Clive grew so fond of my wife not for her sake entirely, but for his own, because he could pour his heart out to her, and her sweet kindness and compassion would soothe him in his unhappy condition.

Miss Ethel, I have said, also professed a great fondness for Mrs. Pendennis; and there was that charm in the young lady's manner which speedily could overcome even female jealousy. Perhaps Laura determined magnanimously to conquer it: perhaps she hid it so as to vex me and prove the injustice of my suspicions: perhaps, honestly, she was conquered by the young beauty, and gave her a regard and admiration which the other knew she could inspire whenever she had the will. My wife was fairly captivated by her at length. The untameable young creature was docile and gentle in Laura's presence; modest, natural, amiable, full of laughter and spirits, delightful to see and to hear; her presence cheered our quiet little household; her charm fascinated my wife as it had subjugated poor Clive. Even the reluctant Farintosh was compelled to own her power, and confidentially told his male friends, that hang it, she was so handsome, and so clever, and so confoundedly pleasant and fascinating, and that — that he had been on the point of popping the fatal question ever so many

times, by Jove. "And hang it, you know," his lordship would say, "I don't want to marry until I have had my fling; you know." As for Clive, Ethel treated him like a boy, like a big brother. She was jocular, kind, pert, pleasant with him, ordered him on her errands, accepted his bouquets and compliments, admired his drawings, liked to hear him praised, and took his part in all companies; laughed at his sighs, and frankly owned to Laura her liking for him and her pleasure in seeing him. "Why," said she, "should not I be happy as long as the sunshine lasts? Tomorrow, I know, will be glum and dreary enough. When grandmamma comes back I shall scarcely be able to come and see you. When I am settled in life — eh! I shall be settled in life! Do not grudge me my holiday, Laura. O, if you knew how stupid it is to be in the world, and how much pleasanter to come and talk, and laugh, and sing, and be happy with you, than to sit in that dreary Eaton Place with poor Clara!"

"Why do you stay in Eaton Place?" asks Laura.

"Why? because I must go out with somebody. What an unsophisticated little country creature you are! Grandmamma is away, and I cannot go about to parties by myself."

"But why should you go to parties, and why not go back to your mother?" says Mrs. Pendennis, gently.

"To the nursery, and my little sisters and Miss Cann? I like being in London best, thank you. You look grave? You think a girl should like to be with her mother and sisters best? My dear, mamma wishes me to be here, and I stay with Barnes and Clara by grandmamma's orders. Don't you know that I have

been made over to Lady Kew, who has adopted me? Do you think a young lady of my pretensions can stop at home in a damp house in Warwickshire and cut bread-and-butter for little boys at school? Don't look so very grave and shake your head so, Mrs. Pendennis! If you had been bred as I have, you would be as I am. I know what you are thinking, Madam."

"I am thinking," said Laura, blushing and bowing her head — "I am thinking, if it pleases God to give me children, I should like to live at home at Fair Oaks." My wife's thoughts, though she did not utter them, and a certain modesty and habitual awe kept her silent upon subjects so very sacred, went deeper yet. She had been bred to measure her actions by a standard, which the world may nominally admit, but which it leaves for the most part unheeded. Worship, love, duty, as taught her by the devout study of the Sacred Law which interprets and defines it — if these formed the outward practice of her life, they were also its constant and secret endeavours and occupation. She spoke but very seldom of her religion, though it filled her heart and influenced all her behaviour. Whenever she came to that sacred subject, her demeanour appeared to her husband so awful, that he scarcely dared to approach it in her company, and stood without as this pure creature entered into the Holy of Holies. What must the world appear to such a person? Its ambitious rewards, disappointments, pleasures, worth how much? Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has Life to offer? I see before me now her sweet grave face as she looks

out from the balcony of the little Richmond villa we occupied during the first happy year after our marriage, following Ethel Newcome, who rides away, with a staid groom behind her, to her brother's summer residence, not far distant. Clive had been with us in the morning, and had brought us stirring news. The good Colonel was by this time on his way home. "If Clive could tear himself away from London," the good man wrote (and we thus saw he was acquainted with the state of the young man's mind), "why should not Clive go and meet his father at Malta?" He was feverish and eager to go; and his two friends strongly counselled him to take the journey. In the midst of our talk Miss Ethel came among us. She arrived, flushed and in high spirits; she rallied Clive upon his gloomy looks; she turned rather pale, as it seemed to us, when she heard the news. Then she coldly told him she thought the voyage must be a pleasant one, and would do him good: it was pleasanter than that journey she was going to take herself with her grandmother, to those dreary German springs which the old Countess frequented year after year. Mr. Pendennis having business, retired to his study, whither presently Mrs. Laura followed, having to look for her scissors, or a book she wanted, or upon some pretext or other. She sate down in the conjugal study; not one word did either of us say for awhile about the young people left alone in the drawing-room yonder. Laura talked about our own home at Fair Oaks, which our tenants were about to vacate. She vowed and declared that we must live at Fair Oaks; that Clavering, with all its tittle-tattle and stupid inhabitants, was better than this wicked London. Besides, there were some new and

very pleasant families settled in the neighbourhood. Clavering Park was taken by some delightful people — “and you know, Pen, you were always very fond of fly-fishing, and may fish the Brawl, as you used in old days, when —” The lips of the pretty satirist who alluded to these unpleasant by-gones were silenced as they deserved to be by Mr. Pendennis. “Do you think, Sir, I did not know,” says the sweetest voice in the world, “when you went out on your fishing excursions with Miss Amory?” Again the flow of words is checked by the styptic previously applied.

“I wonder,” says Mr. Pendennis, archly, bending over his wife’s fair hand — “I wonder whether this kind of thing is taking place in the drawing-room?”

“Nonsense, Arthur. It is time to go back to them. Why, I declare, I have been three quarters of an hour away!”

“I don’t think they will much miss you, my dear,” says the gentleman.

“She is certainly very fond of him. She is always coming here. I am sure it is not to hear you read Shakespeare, Arthur; or your new novel, though it is very pretty. I wish Lady Kew and her sixty thousand pounds were at the bottom of the sea.”

“But she says she is going to portion her younger brothers with a part of it; she told Clive so,” remarks Mr. Pendennis.

“For shame! Why does not Barnes Newcome portion his younger brothers? I have no patience with that — Why! Goodness! There is Clive going away, actually! Clive! Mr. Newcome!” But though my wife ran to the study-window and beckoned our friend, he

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only shook his head, jumped on his horse, and rode away gloomily.

"Ethel had been crying when I went into the room," Laura afterwards told me. I knew she had; but she looked up from some flowers over which she was bending, began to laugh and rattle, would talk about nothing but Lady Hautboi's great breakfast the day before, and the most insufferable May-Fair jargon; and then declared it was time to go home and dress for Mrs. Booth's *déjeuner*, which was to take place that afternoon.

And so Miss Newcome rode away — back amongst the roses and the rouges — back amongst the fiddling, flirting, flattery, falseness — and Laura's sweet serene face looked after her departing. Mrs. Booth's was a very grand *déjeuner*. We read in the newspapers a list of the greatest names there. A Royal Duke and Duchess; a German Highness, a Hindoo Nabob, &c.; and, amongst the Marquises, Farintosh; and, amongst the Lords, Highgate; and Lady Clara Newcome, and Miss Newcome, who looked killing, our acquaintance Captain Crackthorpe informs us, and who was in perfectly stunning spirits. "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Farintosh is wild about her," the Captain said, "and our poor young friend Clive may just go and hang himself. Dine with us at the Star and Garter? Jolly party. O, I forgot! married man now!" So saying, the Captain entered the hostelry near which I met him, leaving this present chronicler to return to his own home.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Old Friend.

I MIGHT open the present chapter, as a cotemporary writer of Romance is occasionally in the habit of commencing his tales of Chivalry, by a description of a November afternoon, with falling leaves, tawny forests, gathering storms, and other autumnal phenomena; and two horsemen winding up the romantic road which leads from — from Richmond Bridge to the Star and Garter. The one rider is youthful, and has a blonde mustache: the cheek of the other has been browned by foreign suns; it is easy to see by the manner in which he bestrides his powerful charger that he has followed the profession of arms. He looks as if he had faced his country's enemies on many a field of Eastern battle. The cavaliers alight before the gate of a cottage on Richmond Hill, where a gentleman receives them with eager welcome. Their steeds are accommodated at a neighbouring hostelry, — I pause in the midst of the description, for the reader has made the acquaintance of our two horsemen long since. It is Clive returned from Malta, from Gibraltar, from Seville, from Cadiz, and with him our dear old friend the Colonel. His campaigns are over, his sword is hung up, he leaves Eastern suns and battles to warm younger blood. Welcome back to England, dear Colonel and kind friend! How quickly the years have

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passed since he has been gone! There is a streak or two more silver in his hair. The wrinkles about his honest eyes are somewhat deeper, but their look is as steadfast and kind as in the early, almost boyish days when first we knew them.

We talk awhile about the Colonel's voyage home, the pleasures of the Spanish journey, the handsome new quarters in which Clive has installed his father and himself, my own altered condition in life, and what not. During the conversation a little querulous voice makes itself audible above stairs, at which noise Mr. Clive begins to laugh, and the Colonel to smile. It is for the first time in his life Mr. Clive listens to the little voice; indeed, it is only since about six weeks that that small organ has been heard in the world at all. Laura Pendennis believes its tunes to be the sweetest, the most interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and pathetic, that ever baby uttered; which opinions, of course, are backed by Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is not so rapturous; but, let us trust, behaves in a way becoming a man and a father. We forego the description of his feelings as not pertaining to the history at present under consideration. A little while before the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to greet her husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, which has nothing to do with the story to be sure, but which, 'if properly hit off, might fill half a page very prettily. For is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she has been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy

give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what serene brightness to her eyes?

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made his very beautifullest bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity never exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pendennis. Of course from the very moment they beheld one another they became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instantaneous? Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one of the Colonel's shawls — the crimson one, with the red palm leaves and the border of many colours. As for the white one, the priceless, the gossamer, the fairy web, which might pass through a ring, *that*, every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet of Master Pendennis.

So we all became the very best of friends; and during the winter months whilst we still resided at Richmond, the Colonel was my wife's constant visitor. He often came without Clive. He did not care for the world which the young gentleman frequented, and was more pleased and at home by my wife's fireside than at more noisy and splendid entertainments. And, Laura being a sentimental person interested in pathetic novels and all unhappy attachments, of course she and the Colonel talked a great deal about Mr. Clive's little affair, over which they would have such deep confabulations that even when the master of the house appeared, Pater Familias, the man whom, in the

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presence of the Rev. Dr. Portman, Mrs. Laura had sworn to love, honour, &c., these two guilty ones would be silent, or change the subject of conversation, not caring to admit such an unsympathizing person as myself into their conspiracy.

From many a talk which they have had together since the Colonel and his son embraced at Malta, Clive's father had been led to see how strongly the passion which our friend had once fought and mastered, had now taken possession of the young man. The unsatisfied longing left him indifferent to all other objects of previous desire or ambition. The misfortune darkened the sunshine of his spirit, and clouded the world before his eyes. He passed hours in his painting-room, though he tore up what he did there. He forsook his usual haunts, or appeared amongst his old comrades moody and silent. From cigar smoking, which I own to be a reprehensible practice, he plunged into still deeper and darker dissipation; for I am sorry to say, he took to pipes and the strongest tobacco, for which there is *no* excuse. Our young man was changed. During the last fifteen or twenty months, the malady had been increasing on him, of which we have not chosen to describe at length the stages; knowing very well that the reader (the male reader at least) does not care a fig about other people's sentimental perplexities, and is not wrapped up heart and soul in Clive's affairs like his father, whose rest was disturbed if the boy had a headache, or who would have stripped the coat off his back to keep his darling's feet warm.

The object of this hopeless passion had, meantime, returned to the custody of the dark old duenna, from

which she had been liberated for a while. Lady Kew had got her health again, by means of the prescriptions of some doctors, or by the efficacy of some baths; and was again on foot and in the world, tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure. Lady Julia, we are led to believe, had retired upon half-pay, and into an inglorious exile at Brussels, with her sister, the outlaw's wife, by whose bankrupt fire-side she was perfectly happy. Miss Newcome was now her grandmother's companion, and they had been on a tour of visits in Scotland, and were journeying from country-house to country-house about the time when our good Colonel returned to his native shores.

The Colonel loved his nephew Barnes no better than before perhaps, though we must say, that since his return from India the young Baronet's conduct had been particularly friendly. "No doubt marriage had improved him; Lady Clara seemed a good-natured young woman enough; besides," says the Colonel, wagging his good old head knowingly, "Tom Newcome, of the Bundelcund Bank, is a personage to be conciliated; whereas Tom Newcome, of the Bengal Cavalry, was not worth Master Barnes's attention. He has been very good and kind on the whole; so have his friends been uncommonly civil. There was Clive's acquaintance, Mr. Belsize that was, Lord Highgate who is now, entertained our whole family sumptuously last week — wants us and Barnes and his wife to go to his country-house at Christmas — is as hospitable, my dear Mrs. Pendennis, as man can be. He met you at Barnes's, and as soon as we were alone," says the Colonel, turning round to Laura's

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husband, "I will tell you in what terms Lady Clara speaks of your wife. Yes. She is a good-natured kind little woman, that Lady Clara." Here Laura's face assumed that gravity and severeness, which it always wore when Lady Clara's name was mentioned, and the conversation took another turn.

Returning home from London one afternoon, I met the Colonel who hailed me on the omnibus, and rode on his way towards the City. I knew, of course, that he had been colloquing with my wife; and taxed that young woman with these continued flirtations. "Two or three times a-week, Mrs. Laura, you dare to receive a Colonel of Dragoons. You sit for hours closeted with the young fellow of sixty; you change the conversation when your own injured husband enters the room, and pretend to talk about the weather, or the baby. You little arch hypocrite, you know you do. — Don't try to humbug *me*, Miss; what will Richmond, what will society, what will Mrs. Grundy in general say to such atrocious behaviour?"

"O! Pen," says my wife, closing my mouth in a way which I do not choose farther to particularize; "that man is the best, the dearest, the kindest creature. I never knew such a good man; you ought to put him into a book. Do you know, Sir, that I felt the very greatest desire to give him a kiss when he went away; and that one which you had just now, was intended for him."

"Take back thy gift, false girl!" says Mr. Pen-dennis; and then, finally, we come to the particular circumstance which had occasioned so much enthusiasm on Mrs. Laura's part.

Colonel Newcome had summoned heart of grace, and in Clive's behalf had regularly proposed him to Barnes, as a suitor to Ethel; taking an artful advantage of his nephew Barnes Newcome, and inviting that Baronet to a private meeting, where they were to talk about the affairs of the Bundelcund Banking Company.

Now this Bundelcund Banking Company, in the Colonel's eyes, was in reality his son Clive. But for Clive there might have been a hundred banking companies established, yielding a hundred per cent. in as many districts of India, and Thomas Newcome, who had plenty of money for his own wants, would never have thought of speculation. His desire was to see his boy endowed with all the possible gifts of fortune. Had he built a palace for Clive, and been informed that a roc's egg was required to complete the decoration of the edifice, Tom Newcome would have travelled to the world's end in search of the wanting article. To see Prince Clive ride in a gold coach with a princess beside him, was the kind old Colonel's ambition; that done, he would be content to retire to a garret in the prince's castle, and smoke his cheroot there in peace. So the world is made. The strong and eager covet honour and enjoyment for themselves; the gentle and disappointed (once, they may have been strong and eager, too,) desire these gifts for their children. I think Clive's father never liked or understood the lad's choice of a profession. He acquiesced in it, as he would in any of his son's wishes. But not being a poet himself, he could not see the nobility of that calling; and felt secretly that his son was demeaning himself by pursuing the art of paint-

Clive had them all

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ing. "Had he been a soldier, now," thought Thomas Newcome, "(though I prevented that), had he been richer than he is, he might have married Ethel, instead of being unhappy as he now is, God help him! I remember my own time of grief well enough: and what years it took before my wound was scarred over."

So with these things occupying his brain, Thomas Newcome artfully invited Barnes, his nephew, to dinner, under pretence of talking of the affairs of the great B. B. C. With the first glass of wine at dessert, and according to the Colonel's good old-fashioned custom of proposing toasts, they drank the health of the B. B. C. Barnes drank the toast with all his generous heart. The B. B. C. sent to Hobson Brothers and Newcome a great deal of business, was in a most prosperous condition, kept a great balance at the bank, — a balance that would not be overdrawn as Sir Barnes Newcome very well knew. Barnes was for having more of these bills, provided there were remittances to meet the same. Barnes was ready to do any amount of business with the Indian bank, or with any bank, or with any individual, Christian or heathen, white or black, who could do good to the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome. He spoke upon this subject with great archness and candour: of course as a City man he would be glad to do a profitable business any where, and the B. B. C.'s business *was* profitable. But the interested motive which he admitted frankly as a man of the world, did not prevent other sentiments more agreeable. "My dear Colonel," says Barnes, "I am happy, most happy, to think that our house and our name should have been useful, as I

know they have been, in the establishment of a concern in which one of our family is interested; one whom we all so sincerely respect and regard." And he touched his glass with his lips and blushed a little, as he bowed towards his uncle. He found himself making a little speech, indeed; and to do so before one single person seems rather odd. Had there been a large company present, Barnes would not have blushed at all, but have tossed off his glass, struck his waistcoat possibly, and looked straight in the face of his uncle as the chairman; well, he *did* very likely believe that he respected and regarded the Colonel.

The Colonel said — "Thank you, Barnes, with all my heart. It is always good for men to be friends, much more for blood relations, as we are."

"A relationship which honours me, I'm sure!" says Barnes, with a tone of infinite affability. You see he believed that Heaven had made him the Colonel's superior.

"And I am very glad," the elder went on, "that you and my boy are good friends."

"Friends! of course. It would be unnatural if such near relatives were otherwise than good friends."

"You have been hospitable to him, and Lady Clara very kind, and he wrote to me telling me of your kindness. Ahem! this is tolerable claret. I wonder where Clive gets it?"

"You were speaking about that indigo, Colonel!" here Barnes interposes. "Our house has done very little in that way to be sure: but I suppose that our credit is *about* as good as Battie's and Jolly's, and if —" but the Colonel is in a brown study.

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"Clive will have a good bit of money when I die," resumes Clive's father.

"Why, you are a hale man — upon my word, quite a young man, and may marry again, Colonel," replies the nephew fascinatingly.

"I shall never do that," replies the other. "Ere many years are gone, I shall be seventy years old, Barnes."

"Nothing in this country, my dear Sir! positively nothing. Why, there was Titus, my neighbour in the country — when will you come down to Newcome? — who married a devilish pretty girl, of very good family, too, Miss Burgeon, one of the Devonshire Burgeons. He looks, I am sure, twenty years older than you do. Why should not you do likewise?"

"Because I like to remain single, and want to leave Clive a rich man. Look here, Barnes, you know the value of our bank shares, now?"

"Indeed I do; rather speculative; but of course I know what some sold for last week," says Barnes.

"Suppose I realize now. I think I am worth six lakhs. I had nearly two from my poor father. I saved some before and since I invested in this affair; and could sell out to-morrow with sixty thousand pounds.

"A very pretty sum of money, Colonel," says Barnes.

"I have a pension of a thousand a-year."

"My dear Colonel, you are a capitalist! we know it very well," remarks Sir Barnes.

"And two hundred a-year is as much as I want for myself," continues the capitalist, looking into the fire, and jingling his money in his pockets. "A hundred a-year for a horse; a hundred a-year for pocket-money, for I calculate you know that Clive will give me a bed-room and my dinner."

"He — He! If your son won't, your *nephew* will, my dear Colonel!" says the affable Barnes, smiling sweetly.

"I can give the boy a handsome allowance, you see," resumes Thomas Newcome.

"You can make him a handsome allowance now, and leave him a good fortune when you die!" says the nephew, in a noble and courageous manner, — and as if he said Twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four, and you have Sir Barnes Newcome's authority — Sir Barnes Newcome's, mind you — to say so.

"Not when I die, Barnes," the uncle goes on. "I will give him every shilling I am worth to-morrow morning, if he marries as I wish him."

"*Tant mieux pour lui!*" cries the nephew; and thought to himself, "Lady Clara must ask Clive to dinner instantly. Confound the fellow! I hate him — always have; but what luck he has."

"A man with that property may pretend to a good wife, as the French say; hey, Barnes?" asks the Colonel, rather eagerly looking up in his nephew's face.

That countenance was lighted up with a generous enthusiasm. "To any woman, in any rank — to a

prince. Besides his sport in Norfolk, was

nobleman's daughter, my dear Sir!" exclaims Sir Barnes.

"I want your sister; I want my dear Ethel for him, Barnes," cries Thomas Newcome, with a trembling voice, and a twinkle in his eyes. "That was the hope I always had till my talk with your poor father stopped it. Your sister was engaged to my Lord Kew then; and my wishes of course were impossible. The poor boy is very much cut up, and his whole heart is bent upon possessing her. She is not, she can't be, indifferent to him. I am sure she would not be, if her family in the least encouraged him. Can either of these young folks have a better chance of happiness again offered to them in life? There's youth, there's mutual liking, there's wealth for them almost — only saddled with the incumbrance of an old dragoon, who won't be much in their way. Give us your good word, Barnes, and let them come together; and upon my word the rest of my days will be made happy if I can eat my meal at their table."

Whilst the poor Colonel was making his appeal, Barnes had time to collect his answer; which, since in our character of historians we take leave to explain gentlemen's motives as well as record their speeches and actions, we may thus interpret. "Confound the young beggar!" thinks Barnes, then. "He will have three or four thousand a-year, will he? Hang him, but it's a good sum of money. What a fool his father is to give it away! Is he joking? No, he was always half crazy — the Colonel. Highgate seemed uncommonly sweet on her, and was always hanging about our house. Farintosh has not been brought to book

yet; and perhaps neither of them will propose for her. My grandmother, I should think, won't hear of her making a low marriage, as this certainly is: but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a-year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed briskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fire-place, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear Colonel," said Barnes; "my dear, kind Colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us, as much as your extraordinary generosity surprises me. I never heard anything like it — never. Could I consult my own wishes — I would at once. I would, permit me to say, from sheer admiration of your noble character, say yes, with all my heart, to your proposal. But, alas, I haven't that power."

"Is — is she engaged?" asks the Colonel, looking as blank and sad as Clive himself when Ethel had conversed with him.

"No — I cannot say engaged — though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention. But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it — an influence which I, I am sure, had most gladly exercised in your favour. My grandmother, Lady Kew, has adopted her; purposes, I believe, to leave Ethel the greater part of her fortune, upon certain conditions; and, of course, expects the — the obedience, and so forth, which is customary in such cases. By the way, Colonel, is our young *soupirant* aware that papa is pleading his cause for him?"

The Colonel said no; and Barnes lauded the cau-

prince. Besides his sport in North...

tion which his uncle had displayed. It was quite as well for the young man's interests (which Sir Barnes had most tenderly at heart) that Clive Newcome should not himself move in the affair, or present himself to Lady Kew. Barnes would take the matter in hand at the proper season; the Colonel might be sure it would be most eagerly, most ardently pressed. Clive came home at this juncture, whom Barnes saluted affectionately. He and the Colonel had talked over their money business; their conversation had been most satisfactory, thank you. "Has it not, Colonel?" The three parted the very best of friends.

As Barnes Newcome professed that extreme interest for his cousin and uncle, it is odd he did not tell them that Lady Kew and Miss Ethel Newcome were at that moment within a mile of them, at her ladyship's house in Queen Street, May Fair. In the hearing of Clive's servant, Barnes did not order his brougham to drive to Queen Street, but waited until he was in Bond Street before he gave the order.

And, of course, when he entered Lady Kew's house, he straightway asked for his sister, and communicated to her the generous offer which the good Colonel had made.

You see Lady Kew was in town, and not in town. Her ladyship was but passing through, on her way from a tour of visits in the north, to another tour of visits somewhere else. The newspapers were not even off the blinds. The proprietor of the house cowered over a bed-candle and a furtive tea-pot in the back drawing-room. Lady Kew's *gens* were not here. The tall canary ones with white polls, only showed their

plumage and sang in spring. The solitary wretch who takes charge of London houses, and the two servants specially affected to Lady Kew's person, were the only people in attendance. In fact her ladyship was *not* in town. And that is why, no doubt, Barnes Newcome said nothing about her being there.

prince. Besides his sport in the forest,

CHAPTER XVII.

Family Secrets.

THE figure cowering over the furtive tea-pot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered; and an old voice said — "Ho, it's you!"

"I have brought you the notes, Ma'am," says Barnes, taking a packet of those documents from his pocket-book. "I could not come sooner, I have been engaged upon bank business until now."

"I dare say! You smell of smoke like a courier."

"A foreign capitalist: he would smoke. They will, Ma'am. I didn't smoke, upon my word."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never get anything out of me whether you do or don't. How is Clara? Is she gone to the country with the children? Newcome is the best place for her."

"Doctor Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight. The boy has had a little —"

"A little fiddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and makes that fool, Bambury, advise her not going away. I tell you to send her to Newcome. The air is good for her."

"By that confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew?"

"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to stay Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them is shameful, it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, Ma'am, I propose to manage my own affairs without your ladyship's assistance," cries Barnes, starting up; "and did not come at this time of night to hear this kind of —"

"Of good advice. I sent for you to give it you. When I wrote to you to bring me the money I wanted, it was but a pretext; Barkins might have fetched it from the city in the morning. I want you to send Clara and the children to Newcome. They ought to go, Sir. That is why I sent for you; to tell you that. Have you been quarrelling as much as usual?"

"Pretty much as usual," says Barnes, drumming on his hat.

"Don't beat that devil's tattoo; you *agacez* my poor old nerves. When Clara was given to you she was as well broke a girl as any in London."

Sir Barnes responded by a groan.

"She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natured a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but you men like dolls for your wives; and now in three years you have utterly spoiled her. She is restive, she is artful, she flies into rages, she fights you and beats you. He! he! and that comes of your beating her!"

"I didn't come to hear this, Ma'am," says Barnes, livid with rage.

"You struck her, you know you did, Sir Barnes Newcome. She rushed over to me last year on the night you did it, you know she did."

"Great God, Ma'am! You know the provocation," screams Barnes.

"Provocation or not, I don't say. But from that moment she has beat you. You fool, to write her a letter and ask her pardon! If I had been a man I would rather have strangled my wife, than have humiliated myself so before her. She will never forgive that blow."

"I was mad when I did it; and she drove me mad," says Barnes. "She has the temper of a fiend, and the ingenuity of the devil. In two years an entire change has come over her. If I had used a knife to her I should not have been surprised. But it is not with you to reproach me about Clara. Your ladyship found her for me."

"And you spoilt her after she was found, Sir. She told me part of her story that night she came to me. I know it is true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, Sir."

"I know that she makes my life miserable, and there is no help for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. "Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to sleep after her journey? What do you think, Ma'am, I have brought for her? A proposal."

"*Bon Dieu!* You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was in earnest!" cries the dowager. "I always thought it was a —"

"It is not from Lord Highgate, Ma'am," Sir Barnes said, gloomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was not in earnest; and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You have not? That would be the very thing to

make the world talk," says the dowager, with some anxiety.

"No," answers Barnes. "He knows well enough that there can be no open rupture. We had some words the other day at a dinner he gave at his own house; Colonel Newcome, and that young beggar, Clive, and that fool, Mr. Hobson, were there. Lord Highgate was confoundedly insolent. He told me that I did not dare to quarrel with him because of the account he kept at our house. I should like to have massacred him! She has told him that I struck her, — the insolent brute! — he says he will tell it at my clubs; and threatens personal violence to me, there, if I do it again. Lady Kew, I'm not safe from that man and that woman," cries poor Barnes, in an agony of terror.

"Fighting is Jack Belsize's business, Barnes Newcome; banking is yours, luckily," said the dowager. "As old Lord Highgate was to die, and his eldest son, too, it is a pity certainly they had not died a year or two earlier, and left poor Clara and Charles to come together. You should have married some woman in the serious way; my daughter Walham could have found you one. Frank, I am told, and his wife go on very sweetly together; her mother-in-law governs the whole family. They have turned the theatre back into a chapel again: they have six little ploughboys dressed in surplices to sing the service; and Frank and the Vicar of Kewbury play at cricket with them on holidays. Stay, why should not Clara go to Kewbury?"

"She and her sister have quarrelled about this very affair with Lord Highgate. Some time ago it appears

they had words about it, and when I told Kew that bygones had best be bygones, that Highgate was very sweet upon Ethel now, and that I did not choose to lose such a good account as his, Kew was very insolent to me; his conduct was blackguardly, Ma'am, quite blackguardly, and you may be sure but for our relationship I would have called him to —"

Here the talk between Barnes and his ancestress was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Ethel Newcome, taper in hand, who descended from the upper regions enveloped in a shawl.

"How do you do, Barnes! How is Clara? I long to see my little nephew. Is he like his pretty papa?" cries the young lady, giving her fair cheek to her brother.

"Scotland has agreed with our Newcome rose," says Barnes, gallantly. "My dear Ethel, I never saw you in greater beauty."

"By the light of one bed-room candle! what should I be if the whole room were lighted? You would see my face then was covered all over with wrinkles, and quite pale and wo-begone, with the dreariness of the Scotch journey. Oh, what a time we have spent! haven't we, grandmamma? I never wish to go to a great castle again; above all, I never wish to go to a little shooting-box. Scotland may be very well for men; but for women — allow me to go to Paris when next there is talk of a Scotch expedition. I had rather be in a boarding-school in the Champs Elysées, than in the finest castle in the highlands. If it had not been for a blessed quarrel with Fanny Follington, I think I should have died at Glen Shorthorn. Have

you seen my dear, dear uncle, the Colonel? When did he arrive?"

"Is he come? Why is he come?" asks Lady Kew.

"Is he come? Look here, grandmamma! did you ever see such a darling shawl! I found it in a packet in my room."

"Well it is beautiful," cries the Dowager, bending her ancient nose over the web. "Your Colonel is a *galant homme*. That must be said of him; and in this does not quite take after the rest of the family. Hum! hum! Is he going away again soon?"

"He has made a fortune, a very considerable fortune for a man in that rank in life," says Sir Barnes. "He cannot have less than sixty thousand pounds."

"Is that much?" asks Ethel.

"Not in England, at our rate of interest; but his money is in India, where he gets a great per centage. His income must be five or six thousand pounds, Ma'am," says Barnes, turning to Lady Kew.

"A few of the Indians were in society in my time, my dear," says Lady Kew, musingly. "My father has often talked to me about Barwell, of Stanstead, and his house in St. James's-square; the man who ordered 'more curricles' when there were not carriages enough for his guests. I was taken to Mr. Hastings's trial. It was very stupid and long. The young man, the painter, I suppose will leave his paint-pots now, and set up as a gentleman. I suppose they were very poor, or his father would not have put him to such a profession. Barnes, why did you not make him a clerk in the bank, and save him from the humiliation?"

"Humiliation! why he is proud of it. My uncle is as proud as a Plantagenet; though he is as humble as — as what? Give me a simile, Barnes. Do you know what my quarrel with Fanny Follington was about? She said we were not descended from the barber-surgeon, and laughed at the Battle of Bosworth. She says our great grandfather was a weaver. Was he a weaver?"

"How should I know? and what on earth does it matter, my child? Except the Gaunts, the Howards, and one or two more, there is scarcely any good blood in England. You are lucky in sharing some of mine. My poor Lord Kew's grandfather was an apothecary at Hampton Court, and founded the family by giving a dose of rhubarb to Queen Caroline. As a rule, nobody is of a good family. Didn't that young man, that son of the Colonel's, go about last year? How did he get in society? Where did we meet him? Oh! at Baden, yes; when Barnes was courting, and my grandson — yes my grandson, acted so wickedly." Here she began to cough, and to tremble so, that her old stick shook under her hand. "Ring the bell for Ross. Ross, I will go to bed. Go you too, Ethel. You have been travelling enough to-day."

"Her memory seems to fail her a little," Ethel whispered to her brother; "or she will only remember what she wishes. Don't you see that she has grown very much older?"

"I will be with her in the morning. I have business with her," said Barnes.

"Good night. Give my love to Clara, and kiss the little ones for me. Have you done what you promised me, Barnes?"

"What?"

"To be — to be kind to Clara. Don't say cruel things to her. She has a high spirit, and she feels them, though she says nothing."

"Doesn't she?" said Barnes, grimly.

"Ah, Barnes, be gentle with her. Seldom as I saw you together, when I lived with you in the spring, I could see that you were harsh, though she affected to laugh when she spoke of your conduct to her. Be kind. I am sure it is the best, Barnes; better than all the wit in the world. Look at grandmamma, how witty she was and is; what a reputation she had, how people were afraid of her; and see her now — quite alone."

"I'll see her in the morning quite alone, my dear," says Barnes, waving a little gloved hand. "Bye bye!" and his brougham drove away. While Ethel Newcome had been under her brother's roof, where I and friend Clive, and scores of others had been smartly entertained, there had been quarrels, and recriminations, misery, and heart-burning, cruel words, and shameful struggles, the wretched combatants in which appeared before the world with smiling faces, resuming their battle when the feast was concluded, and the company gone.

On the next morning, when Barnes came to visit his grandmother, Miss Newcome was gone away to see her sister-in-law, Lady Kew said, with whom she was going to pass the morning; so Barnes and Lady Kew had an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, in which the former acquainted the old lady with the proposal which Colonel Newcome had made to him on the previous night.

Lady Kew wondered what the impudence of the world would come to. An artist propose for Ethel. One of her footmen might propose next, and she supposed Barnes would bring the message. The father came and proposed for this young painter, and you didn't order him out of the room!

Barnes laughed. "The Colonel is one of my constituents. I can't afford to order the Bundlecund Banking Company out of its own room."

"You did not tell Ethel this pretty news, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't tell Ethel. Nor did I tell the Colonel that Ethel was in London. He fancies her in Scotland with your ladyship at this moment."

"I wish the Colonel were at Calcutta, and his son with him. I wish he was in the Ganges, I wish he was under Juggernaut's car," cried the old lady. "How much money has the wretch really got? If he is of importance to the bank, of course you must keep well with him. Five thousand a-year, and he says he will settle it all on his son? He must be crazy. There is nothing some of these people will not do, no sacrifice they will not make, to ally themselves with good families. Certainly you must remain on good terms with him and his bank. And we must say nothing of the business to Ethel, and trot out of town as quickly as we can. Let me see. We go to Drummington on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Barkins, you will keep the front drawing-room shutters shut, and remember we are not in town, unless Lady Glenlivat or Lord Farintosh should call."

"Do you think Farintosh will — will call, Ma'am?" asks Sir Barnes demurely.

"He will be going through to Newmarket. He has been where we have been at two or three places in Scotland," replies the lady, with equal gravity. "His poor mother wishes him to give up his bachelor's life — as well she may — for you young men are terribly dissipated. Rossmont is quite a regal place. His Norfolk house is not inferior. A young man of that station ought to marry, and live at his places, and be an example to his people, instead of frittering away his time at Paris and Vienna amongst the most odious company."

"Is he going to Drummington?" asks the grandson.

"I believe he has been invited. We shall go to Paris for November, he probably will be there," answered the Dowager casually; "and tired of the dissipated life he has been leading, let us hope he will mend his ways, and find a virtuous, well-bred young woman to keep him right." With this her ladyship's apothecary is announced, and her banker and grandson takes his leave.

Sir Barnes walked into the city with his umbrella, read his letters, conferred with his partners and confidential clerks; was for awhile not the exasperated husband, or the affectionate brother, or the amiable grandson, but the shrewd, brisk banker, engaged entirely with his business. Presently he had occasion to go on Change, or elsewhere, to confer with brother capitalists, and in Cornhill behold he meets his uncle, Colonel Newcome, riding towards the India House, a groom behind him.

The Colonel springs off his horse, and Barnes

greeted him in the blandest manner. "Have you any news for me, Barnes?" cries the officer.

"The accounts from Calcutta are remarkably good. That cotton is of admirable quality, really. Mr. Briggs, of our house, who knows cotton as well as any man in England, says —"

"It's not the cotton, my dear Sir Barnes," cries the other.

"The bills are perfectly good; there's no sort of difficulty about them. Our house will take half a million of 'em if —"

"You are talking of bills, and I am thinking of poor Clive," the Colonel interposes. "I wish you could give me good news for him, Barnes."

"I wish I could. I heartily trust that I may some day. My good wishes you know are enlisted in your son's behalf," cries Barnes, gallantly. "Droll place to talk sentiment in — Cornhill, isn't it? But Ethel, as I told you, is in the hands of higher powers, and we must conciliate Lady Kew if we can. She has always spoken very highly of Clive; very."

"Had I not best go to her?" asks the Colonel.

"Into the north, my good Sir? She is — ah — she is travelling about. I think you had best depend upon me. Good morning. In the city we have no hearts you know, Colonel. Be sure you shall hear from me as soon as Lady Kew and Ethel come to town."

And the banker hurried away, shaking his fingertips to his uncle, and leaving the good Colonel utterly surprised at his statements. For the fact is, the Colonel knew that Lady Kew was in London, having been apprized of the circumstance in the simplest

manner in the world, namely, by a note from Miss Ethel, which billet he had in his pocket, whilst he was talking with the head of the house of Hobson Brothers.

"My dear uncle" (the note said) "how glad I shall be to see you! How shall I thank you for the beautiful shawl, and the kind, kind remembrance of me? I found your present yesterday evening on our arrival from the north. We are only here *en passant*, and see *nobody* in Queen Street but Barnes, who has just been about business, and he does not count, you know. I shall go and see Clara to-morrow, and make her take me to see your pretty friend, Mrs. Pendennis. How glad I should be if you *happened* to pay Mrs. P. a visit *about two*. Good night. I thank you a thousand times, and am always your affectionate — E.

"Queen Street. Tuesday night. *Twelve o'clock*."

This note came to Colonel Newcome's breakfast table, and he smothered the exclamation of wonder which was rising to his lips, not choosing to provoke the questions of Clive, who sate opposite to him. Clive's father was in a woful perplexity all that forenoon. Tuesday night, twelve o'clock, thought he. Why, Barnes must have gone to his grandmother from my dinner-table; and he told me she was out of town, and said so again just now when we met in the city. (The Colonel was riding towards Richmond at this time.) What cause had the young man to tell me these lies? Lady Kew may not wish to be at home for me, but need Barnes Newcome say what is untrue to mislead me? The fellow actually went away simpering, and kissing his hand to me, with a false-

hood on his lips! What a pretty villain! A fellow would deserve, and has got, a horse-whipping for less. And to think of a Newcome doing this to his own flesh and blood; a young Judas! Very sad and bewildered, the Colonel rode towards Richmond, where he was to happen to call on Mrs. Pendennis.

It was not much of a fib that Barnes had told. Lady Kew announcing that she was out of town, her grandson, no doubt, thought himself justified in saying so, as any other of her servants would have done. But if he had recollected how Ethel came down with the colonel's shawl on her shoulders, how it was possible she might have written to thank her uncle, surely Barnes Newcome would not have pulled that unlucky long bow. The Banker had other things to think of than Ethel and her shawl.

When Thomas Newcome dismounted at the door of Honeymoon Cottage, Richmond, the temporary residence of A. Pendennis, Esq., one of the handsomest young women in England ran into the passage with outstretched arms, called him her dear old uncle, and gave him two kisses, that I daresay brought blushes on his lean sun-burnt cheeks. Ethel clung always to his affection. She wanted that man, rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her. When she was with him, she was the amiable and simple, the loving impetuous creature of old times. She chose to think of no other. Worldliness, heartlessness, eager scheming, cold flirtations, marquis-hunting, and the like, disappeared for a while — and were not, as she sate at that honest man's side. Oh me! that we should have to record such charges against Ethel Newcome!

"He was come home for good now? He would

never leave that boy he spoiled so, who was a good boy, too: she wished she could see him oftener. At Paris, at Madame de Florac's — I found out all about Madame de Florac, Sir," says Miss Ethel, with a laugh: "we used often to meet there; and here, sometimes, in London. But in London it was different. You know what peculiar notions some people have; and as I live with grandmamma, who is most kind to me and my brothers, of course I must obey her, and see her friends rather than my own. She likes going out into the world, and I am bound in duty to go with her," &c. &c. Thus the young lady went on talking, defending herself whom nobody attacked, protesting her dislike to gaiety and dissipation — you would have fancied her an artless young country lass, only longing to trip back to her village, milk her cows at sunrise, and sit spinning of winter evenings by the fire.

"Why do you come and spoil my tête-à-tête with my uncle, Mr. Pendennis?" cries the young lady to the master of the house, who happens to enter. "Of all the men in the world the one I like best to talk to! Does he not look younger than when he went to India? When Clive marries that pretty little Miss Mackenzie, you will marry again, uncle, and I will be jealous of your wife."

"Did Barnes tell you that we had met last night, my dear?" asks the Colonel.

"Not one word. Your shawl and your dear kind note told me you were come. Why did not Barnes tell us? Why do you look so grave?"

"He has not told her that I was here, and would have me believe her absent," thought Newcome, as

prince. Besides his sport in Norfolk, w

his countenance fell. "Shall I give her my own message, and plead my poor boy's cause with her?" I know not whether he was about to lay his suit before her; he said himself subsequently that his mind was not made up, but at this juncture, a procession of nurses and babies made their appearance, followed by the two mothers, who had been comparing their mutual prodigies (each lady having her own private opinion) — Lady Clara and my wife — the latter for once gracious to Lady Clara Newcome, in consideration of the infantine company with which she came to visit Mrs. Pendennis.

Luncheon was served presently. The carriage of the Newcomes drove away, my wife smilingly pardoning Ethel for the assignation which the young person had made at our house. And when those ladies were gone, our good Colonel held a council of war with us his two friends, and told us what had happened between him and Barnes on that morning and the previous night. His offer to sacrifice every shilling of his fortune to young Clive seemed to him to be perfectly simple (though the recital of the circumstance brought tears into my wife's eyes) — he mentioned it by the way, and as a matter that was scarcely to call for comment, much less praise.

Barnes's extraordinary statements respecting Lady Kew's absence puzzled the elder Newcome; and he spoke of his nephew's conduct with much indignation. In vain I urged that her ladyship desiring to be considered absent from London, her grandson was bound to keep her secret. "Keep her secret, yes. Tell me lies, no!" cries out the Colonel. Sir Barnes's conduct was in fact indefensible, though not altogether un-

usual — the worst deduction to be drawn from it, in my opinion, was, that Clive's chance with the young lady was but a poor one, and that Sir Barnes Newcome, inclined to keep his uncle in good humour, would therefore give him no disagreeable refusal.

Now this gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and everything a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once roused in his simple mind and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudices gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent; and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness.

As ill luck would have it, that very same evening, at his return to town, Thomas Newcome entered Bays's club, of which, at our request, he had become a member during his last visit to England, and there was Sir Barnes as usual on his way homewards from the city. Barnes was writing at a table, and sealing and closing a letter, as he saw the Colonel enter: he thought he had been a little inattentive and curt with his uncle in the morning; had remarked, perhaps, the expression of disapproval on the Colonel's countenance. He simpered up to his uncle as the latter entered the club-room, and apologized for his haste when they met in the city in the morning — all city men were so busy! "And I have been writing about that little affair, just as you came in," he said; "quite a moving letter to Lady Kew, I assure you, and I do hope and trust we shall have a favourable answer in a day or two."

"You said her ladyship was in the north, I think?" said the Colonel, drily.

prince. Besides his sports in the park,

"O yes — in the north, at — at Lord Wallsend's — great coal-proprietor, you know."

"And your sister is with her?"

"Ethel is always with her."

"I hope you will send her my very best remembrances," said the Colonel.

"I'll open the letter, and add 'em in a postscript," said Barnes.

"Confounded liar!" cried the Colonel, mentioning the circumstance to me afterwards, "why does not somebody pitch him out of the bow-window?"

If we were in the secret of Sir Barnes Newcome's correspondence, and could but peep into that particular letter to his grandmother, I daresay we should read that he had seen the Colonel, who was very anxious about his darling youth's suit, but pursuant to Lady Kew's desire, Barnes had stoutly maintained that her ladyship was still in the north, enjoying the genial hospitality of Lord Wallsend. That of course he should say nothing to Ethel, except with Lady Kew's full permission: that he wished her a pleasant trip to —, and was, &c., &c.

Then if we could follow him, we might see him reach his Belgravian mansion, and fling an angry word to his wife as she sits alone in the darkling drawing-room, poring over the embers. He will ask her, probably with an oath, why the — she is not dressed? and if she always intends to keep her company waiting? An hour hence, each with a smirk, and the lady in smart raiment with flowers in her hair, will be greeting their guests as they arrive. Then will come dinner and such conversation as it brings. Then at night Sir Barnes will issue forth,

cigar in mouth; to return to his own chamber at his own hour; to breakfast by himself; to go city-wards, money-getting. He will see his children once a fortnight: and exchange a dozen sharp words with his wife twice in that time.

More and more sad does the Lady Clara become from day to day; liking more to sit lonely over the fire; careless about the sarcasms of her husband; the prattle of her children. She cries sometimes over the cradle of the young heir. She is aweary, aweary. You understand, the man to whom her parents sold her does not make her happy, though she has been bought with diamonds, two carriages, several large footmen, a fine country-house with delightful gardens and conservatories, and with all this she is miserable — is it possible?

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which kinsmen fall out.

NOT the least difficult part of Thomas Newcome's present business was to keep from his son all knowledge of the negotiation in which he was engaged on Clive's behalf. If my gentle reader has had sentimental disappointments, he or she is aware that the friends who have given him most sympathy under these calamities have been persons who have had dismal histories of their own at some time of their lives, and I conclude Colonel Newcome in his early days must have suffered very cruelly in that affair of which we have a slight cognizance, or he would not have felt so very much anxiety about Clive's condition.

A few chapters back and we described the first attack, and Clive's manful cure: then we had to indicate the young gentleman's relapse, and the noisy exclamations of the youth under this second outbreak of fever — calling him back after she had dismissed him, and finding pretext after pretext to see him. Why did the girl encourage him, as she certainly did? I allow, with Mrs. Grundy and most moralists, that Miss Newcome's conduct in this matter was highly reprehensible; that if she did not intend to marry Clive she should have broken with him altogether; that a virtuous young woman of high principle, &c. &c., having once determined to reject a suitor should separate from him utterly

then and there — never give him again the least chance of a hope, or re-illumine the extinguished fire in the wretch's bosom.

But coquetry, but kindness, but family affection, and a strong, very strong partiality for the rejected lover — are these not to be taken in account, and to plead as excuses for her behaviour to her cousin? The least unworthy part of her conduct, some critics will say, was that desire to see Clive and be well with him: as she felt the greatest regard for him the showing it was not blameable; and every flutter which she made to escape out of the meshes which the world had cast about her, was but the natural effort at liberty. It was her prudence which was wrong; and her submission, wherein she was most culpable. In the early church story, do we not read how young martyrs constantly had to disobey worldly papas and mammas, who would have had them silent, and not utter their dangerous opinions? how their parents locked them up, kept them on bread and water, whipped and tortured them, in order to enforce obedience? — nevertheless they would declare the truth: they would defy the gods by law established, and deliver themselves up to the lions or the tormentors. Are not there Heathen Idols enshrined among us still? Does not the world worship them, and persecute those who refuse to kneel? Do not many timid souls sacrifice to them; and other, bolder spirits rebel, and, with rage at their hearts, bend down their stubborn knees at their altars? See! I began by siding with Mrs. Grundy and the world, and at the next turn of the seesaw have lighted down on Ethel's side, and am disposed to think that the very best part of her conduct has been those escapades which — which

right-minded persons most justly condemn. At least that a young beauty should torture a man with alternate liking and indifference; allure, dismiss, and call him back out of banishment; practise arts to please upon him, and ignore them when rebuked for her coquetry — these are surely occurrences so common in young women's history as to call for no special censure: and, if on these charges Miss Newcome is guilty, is she, of all her sex, alone in her criminality?

So Ethel and her duenna went away upon their tour of visits to mansions so splendid, and among hosts and guests so polite that the present modest historian does not dare to follow them. Suffice it to say, that Duke This and Earl That were, according to their hospitable custom, entertaining a brilliant circle of friends at their respective castles, all whose names the "Morning Post" gave; and among them those of Dowager Countess of Kew, and Miss Newcome.

During her absence Thomas Newcome grimly awaited the result of his application to Barnes. That baronet showed his uncle a letter, or rather a postscript, from Lady Kew, which had probably been dictated by Barnes himself, in which the Dowager said she was greatly touched by Colonel Newcome's noble offer; that though she owned she had very different views for her granddaughter, Miss Newcome's choice of course lay with herself. Meanwhile, Lady K. and Ethel were engaged in a round of visits to the country, and there would be plenty of time to resume this subject when they came to London for the season. And, lest dear Ethel's feelings should be needlessly agitated by a discussion of the subject, and the Colonel should take a

fancy to write to her privately, Lady Kew gave orders that all letters from London should be dispatched under cover to her ladyship, and carefully examined the contents of the packet before Ethel received her share of the correspondence.

To write to her personally on the subject of the marriage, Thomas Newcome had determined was not a proper course for him to pursue. "They consider themselves," says he, "above us, forsooth, in their rank of life (Oh, mercy! what pigmies we are! and don't angels weep at the brief authority in which we dress ourselves up!), and of course the approaches on our side must be made in regular form, and the parents of the young people must act for them. Clive is too honourable a man to wish to conduct the affair in any other way. He might try the influence of his *beaux yeux*, and run off to Gretna with a girl who had nothing; but the young lady being wealthy, and his relation, Sir, we must be on the point of honour; and all the Kews in Christendom sha'n't have more pride than we in this matter."

All this time we are keeping Mr. Clive purposely in the background. His face is so wo-begone that we do not care to bring it forward in the family picture. His case is so common that surely its lugubrious symptoms need not be described at length. He works away fiercely at his pictures, and in spite of himself improves in his art. He sent a "Combat of Cavalry," and a picture of "Sir Brian the Templar carrying off Rebecca," to the British Institution this year; both of which pieces were praised in other journals besides the "Pall Mall Gazette." He did not care for the

newspaper praises. He was rather surprised when a dealer purchased his "Sir Brian the Templar." He came and went from our house a melancholy swain. He was thankful for Laura's kindness and pity. J. J.'s studio was his principal resort; and I dare say, as he set up his own easel there, and worked by his friend's side, he bemoaned his lot to his sympathizing friend.

Sir Barnes Newcome's family was absent from London during the winter. His mother, and his brothers and sisters, his wife and his two children, were gone to Newcome for Christmas. Some six weeks after seeing him, Ethel wrote her uncle a kind, merry letter. They had been performing private theatricals at the country house where she and Lady Kew were staying. "Captain Crackthorpe made an admirable Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind.' Lord Farintosh broke down lamentably as Fusbos in 'Bombastes Furioso.' Miss Ethel had distinguished herself in both of these facetious little comedies. I should like Clive to paint me as Miss Plainways," she wrote. "I wore a powdered front, painted my face all over wrinkles, imitated old Lady Griffin as well as I could, and looked sixty at least."

Thomas Newcome wrote an answer to his fair niece's pleasant letter: "Clive," he said, "would be happy to bargain to paint her, and nobody else but her, all the days of his life; and," the Colonel was sure, "would admire her at sixty as much as he did now, when she was forty years younger." But, determined on maintaining his appointed line of conduct respecting Miss Newcome, he carried his letter to Sir Barnes, and desired him to forward it to his sister.

Sir Barnes took the note, and promised to dispatch it. The communications between him and his uncle had been very brief and cold, since the telling of those little fibs concerning old Lady Kew's visits to London, which the Baronet dismissed from his mind as soon as they were spoken, and which the good Colonel never could forgive. Barnes asked his uncle to dinner once or twice, but the Colonel was engaged. How was Barnes to know the reason of the elder's refusal? A London man, a banker, and a member of Parliament has a thousand things to think of; and no time to wonder that friends refuse his invitations to dinner. Barnes continued to grin and smile most affectionately when he met the Colonel; to press his hand, to congratulate him on the last accounts from India, unconscious of the scorn and distrust with which his senior mentally regarded him. "Old boy is doubtful about the young cub's love affair," the Baronet may have thought. "We'll ease his old mind on that point some time hence." No doubt Barnes thought he was conducting the business very smartly and diplomatically.

I heard myself news at this period from the gallant Crackthorpe, which, being interested in my young friend's happiness, filled me with some dismay. "Our friend the painter and glazier has been hankering about our barracks at Knightsbridge" (the noble Life Guards Green had now pitched their tents in that suburb), "and pumping me about *la belle cousine*. I don't like to break it to him — I don't really, now. But it's all up with his chance, I think. Those private theatricals at Fallowfield have done Farintosh's business. He used to rave about the Newcome to me,

as we were riding home from hunting. He gave Bob Henchman the lie, who told a story which Bob got from his man, who had it from Miss Newcome's lady's maid, about — about some journey to Brighton, which the cousins took." Here Mr. Crackthorpe grinned most facetiously. "Farintosh swore he'd knock Honeyman down; and vows he will be the death of — will murder our friend Clive when he comes to town. As for Henchman, he was in a desperate way. He lives on the Marquis, you know, and Farintosh's anger or his marriage will be the loss of free quarters, and ever so many good dinners a-year to him." I did not deem it necessary to impart Crackthorpe's story to Clive, or explain to him the reason why Lord Farintosh scowled most fiercely upon the young painter, and passed him without any other sign of recognition one day as Clive and I were walking together in Pall Mall. If my lord wanted a quarrel, young Clive was not a man to baulk him; and would have been a very fierce customer to deal with, in his actual state of mind.

A pauper child in London at seven years old knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish or the nicest ham-bone, to nurse Mary Jane of three, — to conduct a hundred operations of trade or house-keeping, which a little Belgravian does not perhaps acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness on the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shop-lifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I daresay little Princes know the laws of etiquette as regards themselves, and the respect due to their rank

at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us according to his degree can point to the Princekins of private life who are flattered and worshipped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon ground.

It is a wonder what human nature will support: and that considering the amount of flattery some people are crammed with from their cradles they do not grow worse and more selfish than they are. Our poor little pauper just mentioned is dosed with Daffy's Elixir, and somehow survives the drug. Princekin or lordkin from his earliest days has nurses, dependents, governesses, little friends, school-fellows, school-masters, fellow-collegians, college tutors, stewards and valets, led-captains of his suite, and women innumerable flattering him and doing him honour. The tradesman's manner, which to you and me is decently respectful, becomes straightway frantically servile before Princekin. Honest folks at Railway Stations whisper to their families, "That's the Marquis of Farintosh," and look hard at him as he passes. Landlords cry, "This way, my lord, this room for your lordship." They say at public schools Princekin is taught the beauties of equality, and thrashed into some kind of subordination. Psha! Toadeaters in pinafores surround Princekin. Do not respectable people send their children so as to be at the same school with him; don't they follow him to college: and eat his toads through life?

And as for women — O my dear friends and brethren in this vale of tears — did you ever see anything so curious, monstrous and amazing as the way in which women court Princekin when he is marriage-

able, and pursue him with their daughters? Who was the British nobleman in old old days who brought his three daughters to the king of Mercia, that His Majesty might choose one after inspection? Mercia was but a petty province and its king in fact a Princekin. Ever since those extremely ancient and venerable times the custom exists not only in Mercia, but in all the rest of the provinces inhabited by the Angles, and before Princekins the daughters of our nobles are trotted out.

There was no day of his life which our young acquaintance, the Marquis of Farintosh, could remember on which he had not been flattered; and no society which did not pay him court. At a private school he could recollect the master's wife stroking his pretty curls and treating him furtively to goodies: at college he had the tutor simpering and bowing as he swaggered over the grass-plat — old men at clubs would make way for him and fawn on him — not your mere pique assiettes and penniless parasites, but most respectable toadeaters, fathers of honest families, gentlemen themselves of good station: who respected this young gentleman as one of the institutions of their country, and admired the wisdom of the nation that set him to legislate over us. When Lord Farintosh walked the streets at night he felt himself like Haroun Alraschid (that is, he would have felt so had he ever heard of the Arabian potentate) — a monarch in disguise affably observing and promenading the city. And let us be sure there was a Mesrour in his train to knock at the doors for him and run the errands of this young caliph. Of course he met with scores of men in life who neither flattered him nor would suffer his

airs: but he did not like the company of such, or for the sake of truth to undergo the ordeal of being laughed at: he preferred toadies generally speaking. "I like," says he, "you know, those fellows who are always saying pleasant things, you know, and who would run from here to Hammersmith if I asked 'em — much better than those fellows who are always making fun of me, you know." A man of his station who likes flatterers need not shut himself up: he can get plenty of society.

As for women it was his lordship's opinion that every daughter of Eve was bent on marrying him. A Scotch marquis, an English earl, of the best blood in the empire, with a handsome person, and a fortune of fifteen thousand a-year, how could the poor creatures do otherwise than long for him? He blandly received their caresses: took their coaxing and cajolery as matters of course: and surveyed the beauties of his time as the Caliph the moonfaces of his harem. My lord intended to marry certainly. He did not care for money, nor for rank: he expected consummate beauty and talent, and some day would fling his handkerchief to the possessor of these; and place her by his side upon the Farintosh throne.

At this time there were but two or three young ladies in society endowed with the necessary qualifications, or who found favour in his eyes. His lordship hesitated in his selection from these beauties. He was not in a hurry, he was not angry at the notion that Lady Kew (and Miss Newcome with her) hunted him. What else should they do but pursue an object so charming? Everybody hunted him. The other

young ladies, whom we need not mention, languished after him still more longingly. He had little notes from these: presents of purses worked by them, and cigar-cases embroidered with his coronet. They sang to him in cosy boudoirs — mamma went out of the room and sister Ann forgot something in the drawing-room. They ogled him as they sang. Trembling they gave him a little foot to mount them, that they might ride on horseback with him. They tripped along by his side from the Hall to the pretty country church on Sundays. They warbled hymns: sweetly looking at him the while mamma whispered confidentially to him, "What an angel Cecilia is!" And so forth and so forth — with which chaff our noble bird was by no means to be caught. When he had made up his great mind, that the time was come and the woman: he was ready to give a Marchioness of Farintosh to the English nation.

Miss Newcome has been compared ere this to the statue of Huntress Diana at the Louvre, whose haughty figure and beauty the young lady indeed somewhat resembled. I was not present when Diana and Diana's grandmother hunted the noble Scottish stag of whom we have just been writing; nor care to know how many times Lord Farintosh escaped, and how at last he was brought to bay and taken by his resolute pursuers. Paris, it appears, was the scene of his fall and capture. The news was no doubt well known amongst Lord Farintosh's brother dandies, among exasperated matrons and virgins in May Fair, and in polite society generally, before it came to simple Tom Newcome and his son. Not a word on the subject had Sir Barnes

mentioned to the Colonel: perhaps not choosing to speak till the intelligence was authenticated, perhaps not wishing to be the bearer of tidings so painful.

Though the Colonel may have read in his "Pall Mall Gazette" a paragraph which announced an approaching MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE, "between a noble young marquis and an accomplished and beautiful young lady, daughter and sister of a northern baronet," he did not know who were the fashionable persons about to be made happy, nor until he received a letter from an old friend who lived at Paris was the fact conveyed to him. Here is the letter preserved by him along with all that he ever received from the same hand.

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris, 10 Fev.

"So behold you of return my friend! you quit for ever the sword and those arid plains where you have passed so many years of your life, separated from those to whom, at the commencement, you held very nearly. Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they enlaced together? Ah, mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is as across a grave I review them. Yet another parting, and tears and regrets are finished. *Tenez*, I do not believe them when they say there is no meeting for us afterwards, there above. To what good to have seen you, friend, if we are to part here, and in Heaven too? I have not altogether forgotten your language, is it not so? I remember it because it

was yours, and that of my happy days. I radote like an old woman as I am. M. de Florac has known my history from the commencement. May I not say that after so many of years I have been faithful to him and to all my promises? When the end comes with its great absolution, I shall not be sorry. One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded; ah, when shall they be over?

"You return and I salute you with wishes for parting. How much egotism! I have another project which I please myself to arrange. You know how I am arrived to love Clive as my own child. I very quick surprised his secret, the poor boy, when he was here it is twenty months. He looked so like you as I repeat me of you in the old time! He told me he had no hope of his beautiful cousin. I have heard of the fine marriage that one makes her. Paul, my son, has been at the English Ambassade last night and has made his congratulations to M. de Farintosh. Paul says him handsome, young, not too spiritual, rich, and haughty, like all, all noble Montagnards.

"But it is not of M. de Farintosh I write, whose marriage, without doubt, has been announced to you. I have a little project, very foolish, perhaps. You know Mr. the Duke of Ivry has left me guardian of his little daughter Antoinette, whose *affreuse* mother no one sees more. Antoinette is pretty and good, and soft, and with an affectionate heart. I love her already as my infant. I wish to bring her up, and that Clive should marry her. They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only

company, — I live but of the past; and play with its souvenirs as the detained caress little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the happiness; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of Heaven I oppose myself. It is man, who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

"This marriage of the young Scotch marquis and the fair Ethel (I love her in spite of all, and shall see her soon and congratulate her, for, do you see, I might have stopped this fine marriage, and did my best and more than my duty for our poor Clive) shall make itself in London next spring, I hear. You shall assist scarcely at the ceremony; he, poor boy, shall not care to be there! Bring him to Paris to make the court to my little Antoinette: bring him to Paris to his good friend, COMTESSE DE FLORAC.

"I read marvels of his works in an English Journal, which one sends me."

Clive was not by when this letter reached his father. Clive was in his painting-room, and lest he should meet his son, and in order to devise the best means of breaking the news to the lad, Thomas Newcome retreated out of doors; and from the Oriental he crossed Oxford-street, and from Oxford-street he stalked over the roomy pavements of Gloucester-place, and there he bethought him how he had neglected Mrs. Hobson Newcome of late, and the interesting family of Bryanstone-square. So he went to leave his card at Maria's door: her daughters, as we have said, are quite grown girls. If they have been lectured, and

learning, and back-boarded, and practising, and using the globes, and laying in a store of ologies, ever since, what a deal they must know! Colonel Newcome was admitted to see his nieces, and Consummate Virtue, their parent. Maria was charmed to see her brother-in-law; she greeted him with reproachful tenderness: "Why, why," her fine eyes seemed to say, "have you so long neglected us? Do you think because I am wise, and gifted, and good, and you are, it must be confessed, a poor creature with no education, I am not also affable? Come, let the prodigal be welcomed by his virtuous relatives: come and lunch with us, Colonel!" He sate down accordingly to the family tiffin.

When the meal was over, the mother, who had *matter of importance to impart to him*, besought him to go to the drawing-room, and there poured out such a eulogy upon her children's qualities, as fond mothers know how to utter. They knew this and they knew that. They were instructed by the most eminent professors; that wretched Frenchwoman, whom you may remember here, Mademoiselle Lenoir, Maria remarked parenthetically, turned out O frightfully! She taught the girls the *worst* accent, it appears. Her father was *not* a colonel; he was — Oh! never mind! It is a mercy I got rid of that *fiendish woman*, and before my precious ones knew *what* she was! And then followed details of the perfections of the two girls, with occasional side-shots at Lady Ann's family, just as in the old time. "Why don't you bring your boy, whom I have always loved as a son, and who avoids me? Why does not Clive know his cousins? They are very different from others of his kinswomen, who think best of the *heartless world*."

"I fear, Maria, there is too much truth in what you say," sighs the Colonel, drumming on a book on the drawing-room table, and looking down sees it is a great, large, square, gilt peerage, open at FARINTOSH, MARQUIS OF. Fergus Angus Malcolm Mungo Roy, Marquis of Farintosh, Earl of Glenlivat, in the peerage of Scotland; also Earl of Rossmont, in that of the United Kingdom. Son of Angus Fergus Malcolm, Earl of Glenlivat, and grandson and heir of Malcolm Mungo Angus, first Marquis of Farintosh, and twenty-fifth Earl, &c. &c.

"You have heard the news regarding Ethel?" remarks Mrs. Hobson.

"I have just heard," says the poor Colonel.

"I have a letter from Ann this morning," Maria continues. "They are of course delighted with the match. Lord Farintosh is wealthy, handsome; has been a little wild, I hear; is not such a husband as I would choose for *my* darlings, but poor Brian's family have been educated to love the world; and Ethel no doubt is flattered by the prospects before her. I *have* heard that some one else was a little *épris* in that quarter. How does Clive bear the news, my dear Colonel?"

"He has long expected it," says the Colonel, rising; "and I left him very cheerful at breakfast this morning."

"Send him to see us, the naughty boy!" cries Maria. "*We* don't change; we remember old times, to us he will ever be welcome!" And with this confirmation of Madame de Florac's news, Thomas Newcome walked sadly homewards.

And now Thomas Newcome had to break the news to his son; who received the shot in such a way as caused his friends and confidants to admire his high spirit. He said he had long been expecting some such announcement: it was many months since Ethel had prepared him for it. Under her peculiar circumstances he did not see how she could act otherwise than she had done. And he narrated to the Colonel the substance of the conversation which the two young people had had together several months before, in Madame de Florac's garden.

Clive's father did not tell his son of his own bootless negotiation with Barnes Newcome. There was no need to recall that now; but the Colonel's wrath against his nephew exploded in conversation with me, who was the confidant of father and son in this business. Ever since that luckless day, when Barnes thought proper to — to give a wrong address for Lady Kew, Thomas Newcome's anger had been growing. He smothered it yet for a while, sent a letter to Lady Ann Newcome, briefly congratulating her on the choice which he had heard Miss Newcome had made; and in acknowledgment of Madame de Florac's more sentimental epistle he wrote a reply which has not been preserved, but in which he bade her rebuke Miss Newcome for not having answered him when he wrote to her, and not having acquainted her old uncle with her projected union.

To this message, Ethel wrote back a brief, hurried reply; it said: —

"I saw Madame de Florac last night at her daughter's reception, and she gave me my dear uncle's

messages. *Yes, the news is true* which you have heard from Madame de Florac, and in Bryanstone Square. I did not like to write it to you, because I know one whom I regard as a brother (and a great, great deal better), and to whom I know it will give pain. He knows that I have done *my duty*, and *why* I have acted as I have done. God bless him and his dear father.

"What is this about a letter which I never answered? Grandmamma knows nothing about a letter. Mamma has enclosed to me that which you wrote to her, but there has been *no letter* from T. N. to his sincere and affectionate —

E. N.

, "Rue de Rivoli. Friday."

This was too much, and the cup of Thomas Newcome's wrath overflowed. Barnes had lied about Ethel's visit to London: Barnes had lied in saying that he delivered the message with which his uncle charged him: Barnes had lied about the letter which he had received, and never sent. With these accusations firmly proven in his mind against his nephew, the Colonel went down to confront that sinner.

Wherever he should find Barnes, Thomas Newcome was determined to tell him his mind. Should they meet on the steps of a church, on the flags of Change, or in the newspaper-room at Bays's, at evening-paper time, when men most do congregate, Thomas the Colonel was determined upon exposing and chastising his father's grandson. With Ethel's letter in his pocket, he took his way into the city, penetrated into the unsuspecting back parlour of Hobson's bank, and was disappointed at first at only finding his half-brother

Hobson there engaged over his newspaper. The Colonel signified his wish to see Sir Barnes Newcome. "Sir Barnes was not come in yet. You've heard about the marriage," says Hobson. "Great news for the Barnes's, aint it? The head of the house is as proud as a peacock about it. Said he was going out to Samuels, the diamond merchants; going to make his sister some uncommon fine present. Jolly to be uncle to a marquis, ain't it, Colonel? I'll have nothing under a duke for my girls. I say, I know whose nose is out of joint. But young fellows get over these things, and Clive won't die this time, I dare say."

While Hobson Newcome made these satiric and facetious remarks, his half-brother paced up and down the glass parlour, scowling over the panes into the bank where the busy young clerks sate before their ledgers. At last he gave an "Ah!" as of satisfaction. Indeed he had seen Sir Barnes Newcome enter into the bank.

The Baronet stopped and spoke with a clerk, and presently entered, followed by that young gentleman into his private parlour. Barnes tried to grin when he saw his uncle, and held out his hand to greet the Colonel; but the Colonel put both his behind his back, that which carried his faithful bamboo cane shook nervously. Barnes was aware that the Colonel had the news. "I was going to — to write to you this morning, with — with some intelligence that I am — very — very sorry to give."

"This young gentleman is one of your clerks?" asked Thomas Newcome, blandly.

"Yes; Mr. Boltby, who has your private account. This is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Boltby," says Sir Barnes, in some wonder.

"Mr. Boltby, brother Hobson, you heard what Sir Barnes Newcome said just now respecting certain intelligence which he grieved to give me?"

At this the three other gentlemen respectively wore looks of amazement.

"Allow me to say in your presence, that I don't believe one single word Sir Barnes Newcome says, when he tells me that he is very sorry for some intelligence he has to communicate. He lies, Mr. Boltby; he is very glad. I made up my mind that in whatsoever company I met him, and on the very first day I found him — hold your tongue, Sir; you shall speak afterwards and tell more lies when I have done — I made up my mind, I say, that on the very first occasion I would tell Sir Barnes Newcome that he was a liar and a cheat. He takes charge of letters and keeps them back. Did you break the seal, Sir? There was nothing to steal in my letter to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town, whom he goes to see in the next street, after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half an hour before he lies to me about their absence."

"D—n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk.

"Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room I shall — I shall —"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man, and my father's brother, or you know very well I would —"

"You would what, Sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo cane came from the rear and formed in front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. I repeat, Sir, that I consider you guilty of treachery, falsehood and knavery. And if ever I see you at Bays's Club, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the west end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, Sir; and it shall be my business to make men of honour aware of your character. Mr. Boltby, will you have the kindness to make out my account? Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I should deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, Sir." And the Colonel twirled his mustachios, and waved his cane in an ominous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its dangerous circle.

What Mr. Boltby's sentiments may have been regarding this extraordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure; — whether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected with the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to himself, I cannot say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B's subsequent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers; and let us presume that Barnes *thought* Mr. B. had told all the other clerks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us imagine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt was rejoiced at Barnes's discomfiture; he had been insolent and domineering beyond measure

of late to his vulgar good-natured uncle, whereas after the above interview with the Colonel, he became very humble and quiet in his demeanour, and for a long, long time never said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an account of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in Bryanstone Square; for Sam Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, called the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly; asked after Clara and Ethel; and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays's; of course Tom Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had been beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the committee in a complaint which he made about the Club-cookery, Sir Barnes Newcome never came to Bays's, and at the end of the year took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ready with an impromptu reply to the Colonel and his cane, could not allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indited a letter which Thomas Newcome kept along with some others previously quoted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows: —

Belgrave St., Feb. 15, 18—.

"Colonel Newcome, C. B. *private*.]

"Sir, — The incredible insolence and violence of your behaviour to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own), cannot be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession, a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one

of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion, that considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew when you uttered them, I could not call you to account.

"There is some truth in that," said the Colonel. "He couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I could not help speaking my mind."

"I gathered from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ towards a disarmed man, the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me, that I deceived you in stating that my relative, Lady Kew, was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

"To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

"I declare upon my honour as a gentleman, that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you entrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

"Our books show the amount of *xx. xs. xd.* to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as of course all intercourse must cease henceforth between you and

"Yours, &c.,

"B. NEWCOME NEWCOME."

"I think, Sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Pendennis remarked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

"It would be a good case if I believed a single word of it, Arthur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old grey mustache. "If you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges against you, I should cry *mea culpa* and apologize with all my heart. But as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is a lie, what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would not believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and if he lied till he was black in the face. Give me the walnuts. I wonder who Sir Barnes's military friend was."

Barnes's military friend was our gallant acquaintance General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who a short while afterwards talked over the quarrel with the Colonel, and manfully told him that (in Sir George's opinion) he was wrong. "The little beggar behaved very well I thought, in the first business. You bullied him so, and in the front of his regiment, too, that it was almost past bearing; and when he deplored, with tears in his eyes, almost, the little humbug! that his relationship prevented him calling you out, ecod, I believed

him! It was in the second affair that poor little Barney showed he was a cocktail."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcome.

"Don't you know! He! he! this is famous!" cries Sir George. "Why, Sir, two days after your business, he comes to me with another letter and a face as long as my mare's, by Jove. And that letter, Newcome, was from your young 'un. Stop, here it is!" and from his padded bosom General Sir George Tufto drew a pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a copy of a letter, inscribed, Clive Newcome, Esq., to Sir B.N. Newcome. There's no mistake about *your* fellow, Colonel. No, — him!" and the man of war fired a volley of oaths as a salute to Clive.

And the Colonel, on horseback, riding by the other cavalry officer's side, read as follows: —

"George Street, Hanover Square, February 16.

"Sir, — Colonel Newcome this morning showed me a letter bearing your signature, in which you state —
1. That Colonel Newcome has uttered calumnious and insolent charges against you. 2. That Colonel Newcome so spoke, knowing that you could take no notice of his charges of falsehood and treachery, on account of the relationship subsisting between you.

"Your statements would evidently imply that Colonel Newcome has been guilty of ungentlemanlike conduct, and of cowardice towards you.

"As there can be no reason why *we* should not meet in any manner that you desire, I here beg leave to state, on my own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been

guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honour and courage, is another wilful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

"And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend, Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt reply,

"Believe me, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

CLIVE NEWCOME.

"Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., M.P., &c."

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually, just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about — about a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and dispatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so you say, General, the Baronet did not like the *poulet*?"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal

pretty sister of his, who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantness to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it's an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel, sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine. It is curious how we have disliked that Barnes ever since we set eyes on him."

"Well, Newcome," Sir George resumed, as his mettled charger suddenly jumped and curvetted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry-seat to perfection. "Quiet, old lady! — easy, my dear! Well, Sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way I said to him, 'Dash me, Sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me? Yesterday you talked as if you would bite the Colonel's head off, and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, Sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman. A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome.' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very night."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel, quite peaceably, "any more than he can make himself six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for *me*?" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice; and presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting-room. We knew our lad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days: we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from some favourite verses of mine and George's; those charming lines of Scott's: —

“He turned his charger as he spake,
Beside the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!”

Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out

"Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to the painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustache.

"And — and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said, slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father!" says he, "what a — what an — old — trump you are!" My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced.

CHAPTER XIX.

Has a tragical ending.

CLIVE presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter, by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of Cavendish now, but on which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote, that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary, in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons which prevented Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's shameful and ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive Newcome very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was offered, or outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should resort to the police for protection; that he was about to quit London, and certainly should not delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's monstrous proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an odious subject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat with kindness, but from whom, from youth upwards, Sir Barnes Newcome had received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill-will."

"He is an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "I don't think he has ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

"Pooh! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive; "Barnes wanted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined: in fact, I think he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely on his shins, and that wasn't fair in war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me," cries the Colonel; "I have always felt the fellow was my enemy: and my mind is relieved now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypocrisy with me to shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct; and I have been struggling against it these ten years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice, and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instincts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what friend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villain as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere, and away from his contemplation. He ill treats every one he comes near; or, if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been contemplating his ways with wonder and curiosity. How much superior Nature's rogues are, Pen, to the villains you novelists put into your books! This man goes about his life business with a natural propensity to darkness and evil — as a bug crawls, and stings, and stinks. I don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat that runs away with a mutton chop. I recognize the Evil Spirit, Sir,

and do honour to Ahrimanes, in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town — is it not natural? deserted her and her children — don't you recognize the beast? married for rank — could you expect otherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgate to his house in consideration of his balance at the bank; — Sir, unless somebody's heel shall crunch him on the way, there is no height to which this aspiring vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist, and an exalted Peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument, and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a Divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome, Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, will proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honoured father!'"

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the story about the deserted children."

"How should you? O you guileless man!" cries Warrington. "I am not in the ways of scandal-hearing myself much: but this tale I had from Sir Barnes Newcome's own country. Mr. Batters, of the 'Newcome Independent' is my esteemed client. I write leading articles for his newspaper, and when he was in town last spring he favoured me with the anecdote; and proposed to amuse the member for Newcome by publishing it in his journal. This kind of writing is

not much in my line: and, out of respect to you and your young one, I believe — I strove with Mr. Batters, and entreated him and prevailed with him, not to publish the story. That is how I came to know it."

I sate with the Colonel in the evening, when he commented on Warrington's story and Sir Barnes's adventures in his simple way. He said his brother Hobson had been with him the morning after the dispute, reiterating Barnes's defence of his conduct: and professing on his own part nothing but good will towards his brother. "Between ourselves, the young baronet carries matters with rather a high-hand sometimes, and I am not sorry that you gave him a little dressing. But you were too hard upon him, Colonel — really you were." "Had I known that child-deserting story I would have given it harder still, Sir," says Thomas Newcome, twirling his mustachios: "but my brother had nothing to do with the quarrel, and very rightly did not wish to engage in it. He has an eye to business has Master Hobson too," my friend continued: "for he brought me a cheque for my private account, which of course, he said, could not remain after my quarrel with Barnes. But the Indian bank account, which is pretty large, he supposed need not be taken away? and indeed why should it? So that, which is little business of mine, remains where it was; and brother Hobson and I remain perfectly good friends.

"I think Clive is much better since he has been quite put out of his suspense. He speaks with a great deal more kindness and good nature about the mar-

riage than I am disposed to feel regarding it: and depend on it has too high a spirit to show that he is beaten. But I know he is a good deal cut up, though he says nothing; and he agreed willingly enough to take a little journey, Arthur, and be out of the way when this business takes place. We shall go to Paris: I don't know where else besides. These misfortunes do good in one way, hard as they are to bear: they unite people who love each other. It seems to me my boy has been nearer to me, and likes his old father better than he has done of late." And very soon after this talk our friends departed.

The Crimean minister having been recalled, and Lady Ann Newcome's house in Park Lane being vacant, her ladyship and her family came to occupy the mansion for this eventful season, and sate once more in the dismal dining-room under the picture of the defunct Sir Brian. A little of the splendour and hospitality of old days was revived in the house: entertainments were given by Lady Ann: and amongst other festivities a fine ball took place, where pretty Miss Alice, Miss Ethel's youngest sister, made her first appearance in the world, to which she was afterwards to be presented by the Marchioness of Farintosh. All the little sisters were charmed, no doubt, that the beautiful Ethel was to become a beautiful Marchioness, who, as they came up to womanhood one after another, would introduce them severally to amiable young earls, dukes, and marquises, when they would be married off and wear coronets and diamonds of their own right. At Lady Ann's ball I saw my acquaintance, young Mumford, who was going to Oxford

next October, and about to leave Rugby, where he was at the head of the school, looking very dismal as Miss Alice whirled round the room dancing in Viscount Bustington's arms; — Miss Alice, with whose mamma he used to take tea at Rugby, and for whose pretty sake Mumford did Alfred Newcome's verses for him and let him off his thrashings. Poor Mumford! he dismally went about under the protection of young Alfred, a fourth form boy — not one soul did he know in that rattling London ball-room; his young face was as white as the large white-tie, donned two hours since at the Tavistock with such nervousness and beating of heart!

With these lads, and decorated with a tie equally splendid, moved about young Sam Newcome, who was shirking from his sister and his mamma. Mr. Hobson had actually assumed clean gloves for this festive occasion. Sam stared at all the "Nobs:" and insisted upon being introduced to "Farintosh," and congratulated his lordship with much graceful ease: and then pushed about the rooms perseveringly hanging on to Alfred's jacket. "I say I wish you wouldn't call me Al," I heard Master Alfred say to his cousin. Seeing my face Mr. Samuel ran up to claim acquaintance. He was good enough to say he thought Farintosh seemed devilish haughty. Even my wife could not help saying, that Mr. Sam was an odious little creature.

So it was for young Alfred, and his brothers and sisters, who would want help and protection in the world, that Ethel was about to give up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her

life on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting herself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful, moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that, with my lord's lordly relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially; faintly smiling as he spoke now and again, doing the honours of her mother's house. Lady after lady of his lordship's clan and kinsfolk, complimented the girl and her pleased mother. Old Lady Kew was radiant (if one can call radiance the glances of those darkling old eyes). She sate in a little room apart, and thither people went to pay their court to her. Unwillingly I came in on this levee with my wife on my arm: Lady Kew scowled at me over her crutch, but without a sign of recognition. What an awful countenance that old woman has! Laura whispered as we retreated out of that gloomy presence.

And Doubt (as its wont is) whispered too a question in my ear, "Is it for her brothers and sisters only that Miss Ethel is sacrificing herself? Is it not for the coronet, and the triumph, and the fine houses?" When two motives may actuate a friend, we surely may try and believe in the good one, says Laura. But, but I am glad Clive does not marry her — poor fellow — he would not have been happy with her. She belongs to this great world: she has spent all her life in it: Clive would have entered into it, very likely in her train; "and you know, Sir, it is not good that we should be our husbands' superiors," adds Mrs. Laura, with a curtesy.

She presently pronounced that the air was very hot in the rooms, and in fact wanted to go home to see her child. As we passed out, we saw Sir Barnes Newcome, eagerly smiling, smirking, bowing, and in the fondest conversation with his sister and Lord Farintosh. By Sir Barnes presently brushed Lieutenant General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who, when he saw on whose foot he had trodden, grunted out, "Hm, beg your pardon!" and turning his back on Barnes, forthwith began complimenting Ethel and the Marquis. "Served with your lordship's father in Spain; glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," says Sir George. Ethel bows to us as we pass out of the rooms, and we hear no more of Sir George's conversation.

In the cloak-room sits Lady Clara Newcome, with a gentleman bending over her, just in such an attitude as the bride is in Hogarth's *Marriage-à-la-mode* as the counsellor talks to her. Lady Clara starts up as a crowd of blushes come into her wan face, and tries to smile, and rises to greet my wife, and says something about its being so dreadfully hot in the upper rooms, and so very tedious waiting for the carriages. The gentleman advances towards me with a military stride, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? How's our young friend, the painter?" I answer Lord Highgate civilly enough, whereas my wife will scarce speak a word in reply to Lady Clara Newcome.

Lady Clara asked us to her ball, which my wife declined altogether to attend. Sir Barnes published a series of quite splendid entertainments on the happy occasion of his sister's betrothal. We read the names of all the clan Farintosh in the *Morning Post*, as at-

tending these banquets. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in Bryanstone Square, gave also signs of rejoicing at their niece's marriage. They had a grand banquet, followed by a tea, to which latter amusement the present biographer was invited. Lady Ann and Lady Kew, and her grand-daughter, and the Baronet and his wife, and my Lord Highgate, and Sir George Tufto attended the dinner; but it was rather a damp entertainment. "Farintosh," whispers Sam Newcome, "sent word just before dinner, that he had a sore throat, and Barnes was as sulky as possible. Sir George wouldn't speak to him, and the dowager wouldn't speak to Lord Highgate. Scarcely anything was drank," concluded Mr. Sam, with a slight hiccup. "I say, Pendennis, how sold Clive will be!" And the amiable youth went off to commune with others of his parents' guests.

• Thus the Newcomes entertained the Farintoshes, and the Farintoshes entertained the Newcomes. And the Dowager Countess of Kew went from assembly to assembly every evening, and to jewellers and upholsterers, and dress-makers every morning; and Lord Farintosh's town house was splendidly re-decorated in the newest fashion; and he seemed to grow more and more attentive as the happy day approached, and he gave away all his cigars to his brother Rob; and his sisters were delighted with Ethel, and constantly in her company, and his mother was pleased with her, and thought a girl of her spirit and resolution would make a good wife for her son: and select crowds flocked to see the service of plate at Handyman's, and the diamonds which were being set for the lady; and

Smee, R.A., painted her portrait, as a *souvenir* for mamma when Miss Newcome should be Miss Newcome no more; and Lady Kew made a will leaving all she could leave to her beloved granddaughter, Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Brian Newcome, Baronet; and Lord Kew wrote an affectionate letter to his cousin, congratulating her, and wishing her happiness with all his heart; and I was glancing over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast one morning, when I laid it down with an exclamation which caused my wife to start with surprise.

"What is it?" cries Laura, and I read as follows.

"DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KEW. — We regret to have to announce the awfully sudden death of this venerable lady. Her ladyship, who had been at several parties of the nobility the night before last, seemingly in perfect health, was seized with a fit as she was waiting for her carriage, and about to quit Lady Pallgrave's assembly. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and her ladyship was carried to her own house, in Queen Street, May Fair. But she never rallied, or, we believe, spoke, after the first fatal seizure, and sank at eleven o'clock last evening. The deceased, Louisa Joanna Gaunt, widow of Frederic, first Earl of Kew, was daughter of Charles, Earl of Gaunt, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Marquis of Steyne. The present Earl of Kew is her ladyship's grandson, his lordship's father, Lord Waltham, having died before his own father, the first earl. Many noble families are placed in mourning by this sad event. Society has to deplore the death of a lady

who has been its ornament for more than half a century, and who was known, we may say, throughout Europe for her remarkable sense, extraordinary memory, and brilliant wit."

END OF VOL. III.

